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PROCEEDINGS OF THE BRITISH PARLIAMENT.

THE proceedings of the British Senate—the name at least is lofty—have only confirmed all our opinions. Some of our contemporaries had conjectured that the Horse-Guards' Ministry could not stand; that the palpable mediocrity of all its component parts must sink it; that a British King would grow weary of throwing the public respect for the kingly character, as a shield, between an insulted people and an apostate cabinet, and that the good name of Parliament itself would be redeemed by some act of that indignation, which in such times belongs to justice and virtue.

We, on the contrary, pronounced that all this theory was Utopian; that every measure of the cabinet would be carried; and, utterly scorning the official ability of Ministers, utterly hating their principles, political and personal; and burning upon them the deepest brand of ignominy for that one odious measure of tergiversation, duplicity, and apostacy, by which they have made themselves memorable for ever in the history of a protestant people; we said, unhesitatingly, that the Ministry would stand.

The vices of a cabinet may produce its own dissolution. Or, the most eager ambition will sometimes grow ashamed of reaching its height by steps of ignoble materials. The pride of the chief incendiary may revolt from the use of vulgar evil, fling away the reeds and twigs that every marsh could have cheaply furnished, and feed his flame with more costly sustenance. The great leader may at length disdain the miserable mob that he drives into the breach as food for the sword, and feel that the honours of the conquest will be tarnished by such contemptible associates of the toil. But we expect no such things; for there may be ambition without dignity, pride without delicacy in its choice of means, and the haughtiest determination to carry things in the last resort by force, coupled with the most crouching readiness to avail itself of the most paltry contrivances. It is not in the page of poetry alone that the master spirit of ruin extinguishes his kingly shape and stature, squats down into the toad, and insinuates his evil in dreams into the sleeping ear of vanity and folly, to spring up a giant armed. The page of politics has exhibited the whole process in every age. We have there the whole picture of the haughty aspiration and the mean compliance, the thirster

for honours, content to slake his thirst in the lowest depths of the muddiest pool; the man for whose capacity of overthrow, the ruin of all that earth has noblest and most venerable, was not large enough, turning himself with pliant subtlety to work the fall of the weakest and most tottering fragment that encumbers the champaign of human nature.

We, of course, do not apply this language to the premier and the clerks composing his cabinet. But we repeat our conviction that no circumstance has occurred to give the nation the satisfactory hope that the present ministry will be cast out by the present parliament. There has been no true sign of parliamentary loss of strength. The paucity of votes for the Treasury, on the first night of the session, was to be accounted for on the well understood principle of "looking before you leap"—"seeing which way the wind blows," and all the other homely but practical maxims which the necessity of keeping up an appearance of ten thousand a-year, when a man has but a fourth of the rental, turn into the daily wisdom of so many worthy gentlemen.

The extinction of the twin sinecures of Messrs. Bathurst and Dundas, a few nights ago, was one of those little explosions of public feeling, which no habits of submission can thoroughly counteract. It was the scandal of seeing two noblemen determined to fasten their families on the public purse, which they had already so enormously laid under contribution to themselves; it was the scorn of this avidity for public money, that suddenly excited the House to beat down the sinecurists by a large majority against Ministers. But we must not argue this into a symptom of failure in the present administration. We see an advance regular and progressive to all its objects. By those we mean exclusively the objects of the premier; for we discharge all the other sitters in the cabinet alike of the good and evil of their leader's views; we believe with the most perfect confidence that there is not a man among them, who has any power of influencing those views, who more than guesses at them, who dares venture a hint in his presence at them, or who looks upon himself as any thing more than an upper clerk with an inordinate salary, or feels that he holds either office or pay by any tenure beyond the will and pleasure of the premier.

The progress of the premier is easily described. His first object was to secure a cabinet totally dependent on himself. This was to be contrived but in one way. If, like his predecessors, his purpose had been to establish a strong cabinet, a government to which, individually, as well as generally, the nation could look up; he would have, like his predecessors, sought out for the best men. But it was of more importance to him, to have a cabinet on which the nation must look down; that being the cabinet which he could rule without fear of a murmur, without the chance of a rebellious doubt starting up in its bosom, or the character of a British minister being burthened by the independence of a British senator. He made a cabinet to his heart's content. And he deserves credit for the completeness of its fabrication. We strongly doubt whether among all the ranks of Englishmen he could have compiled such another; and are ready to believe, like the Roman, in the divinity of Fortune. There is not a man among them who has ever been known to the country, without disappointing every hope; and as for the unknown, their ready prostration since, justifies the choice of their imperious master. But this principle of selection shows the use



to which a man may turn his experience. The premier knows that no man fights with such reckless fidelity as the deserter. He has secured them by bonds, stronger to such men, than chains of iron. If they do not serve him through all extremities, whom can they now be suffered to serve? Can they take refuge from the bitterest scorn of their master, or from the most repugnant work of his passions or his caprice, in the lines of any portion of the commonwealth? Which of them can go back to Protestantism and the Constitution, with a chance of being suffered even to hide their heads among the most obscure of the friends of the British empire? Can we imagine any man of them, however self-condemned, and heart sick of the military insolence of headquarters, venturing to cross the House, and daring to supplicate forgiveness, much less confidence, from the supporters of the Constitution? As well might Verres have returned to Sicily.

But the first measure was complete in its kind. The Premier had got a cabinet, such as he could have got no where else, and had tied and bound them to his fortunes by a remorseless self-interest. His next purpose is to get a parliament as remorselessly bound. How this is to be effected is not for us to tell; but we will forfeit every claim to public reliance, if the Premier shall be defeated on the most trivial point of any measure on which it pleases him to express his sovereign will, until the last breath has gone forth from the lips of the present parliament.

Had this servility any share of the deferential homage paid to great ability in council? Have the minds of those men been prostrated before some of those illustrious emanations of consulting wisdom, or dazzled by the sudden flashes of that intellectual brilliancy which penetrates through the clouds and obscurity of the Commonwealth, and makes the national hemisphere thenceforth clear and open? We confess, in the most perfect sincerity, that we can discover nothing of these palliatives—that the idol has exhibited no power which should entitle him to the worship even of such men. We call upon the most strenuous advocates of the Minister, to point out to us any one act of polity, foreign or domestic, which proves a leading mind.

What is the state of our foreign relations? At the death of Mr. Canning, little more than three years ago, England was, unquestionably, at the head of Europe; all the great questions were submitted to her as by right; she was the supreme arbiter, whose suggestions passed for law; the paramount state, whose friendship was regarded as the first step to security, and from whose displeasure the proudest state on the continent would have shrunk, as from something scarcely less than certain ruin. But what is her situation now? Russia is incontestibly at the head of European affairs; and the whole of that influence which the policy of Pitt and his successors had conquered from mankind, by sagacious counsel, by indefatigable effort, by generous hazards for all, and by the still nobler instrumentality of labours for the diffusion of moral wisdom and political benevolence through the civilized world, is transferred to the brute supremacy of arms; to a power, reigning over deserts and half savages, remote from the intelligent part of Europe, almost relegated by a decree of nature into barbarism, the last land to which a philosopher would have turned his glance for the sparkling of that crown which was to lord it over the jewelled diadems of Europe; Russia has been suddenly brought forward into the centre of continental interests; and the throne of England, magnificent with the spoils of a thousand years

of empire, and wrought with the trophies of a thousand battles, and the still more splendid trophies of immortal conquests of the mind, has been cast down to make room for this new and wild erection of a despotic and savage supremacy.

The fact is beyond all denial, no matter in what language it may be told, or by what national pride we may attempt to disguise it from ourselves. Under the present cabinet, England has become a secondary power; and, as if to rebuke us for having put our trust in a military name, this humiliation has been inflicted on us by arms, whose purpose our cabinet could not blunt, whose progress it dared not oppose, and whose final objects it can now learn only by conjecture, as it can resist only by deprecation.—Three years ago Holland was our firm ally. It has now turned to the general hope or terror of the continent. The family connexion, which, in ordinary cases, is of the slightest possible political strength, has now been framed into a principle of public policy; and Holland, trembling for Belgium, and forced to choose between the alliance of England and Russia, has made her choice, and forms one of the steps to the universal throne. Prussia, a few years since, connected by the closest bonds with England, has made her choice, and is now less an ally than a vassal of Russia. Austria, as much a natural ally of England as Cornwall is a province of it, has shaped her policy to the time; and we shall see her, on the first demand for her services, submissively marching under the general banner, and receiving her hire in the seizure of the frontier provinces of Servia. Such are the fruits of the policy, the vigour, and the boasted *coup-d'ail* of a military cabinet.

One transaction has been lauded by the creatures of the cabinet, as a compensation for this mass of failure. The Premier has placed Prince Leopold on the seat of sovereignty in Greece. The value of this service to England is still in the womb of time. Its direct result may be to increase the bitterness of the continent against a country which exhibits the exact degree of those qualities most provocative of contemptuous jealousy—a passion for meddling, divested of the power of effective interference. To any hope arising from the individual character of the new made sovereign, we are utterly insensible; unless that hope is to be founded on the thorough knowledge of his being the last man upon earth capable of looking to any thing but his own objects. The experience of twelve years has turned the name of this man into general neglect among ourselves. How shall we conceive that he will be fitter to earn respect among a people on whom he is forced, who must feel his presence a proof that they have only shifted masters, and who can know nothing of him beforehand, but as a most unpopular pensioner of England, and nothing afterwards, but as a royal tool, a permitted agent of the governments of Europe?

Of the personal character of Prince Leopold it cannot be necessary to speak in England. He has contrived to live down every thing in the shape of that public regard which connected itself with the husband of the Princess Charlotte; his use of his enormous pension has become a proverb; and, with a magnificent income, eminent rank, and first-rate opportunities of establishing himself in the very highest place of the most honourable popular opinion, all he has effected is that we shall be rejoiced to get rid of him. But he is to be a pensioner still, a burthen on the country to the amount of 50,000*l.* a year; and after having paid

to this foreigner no less a sum than 600,000*l.*, we are to go on paying this intolerable sum, year after year, while he lives.

So much for the wisdom of the choice ; so much for the economy of the government ; and so much for the reviving influence of England through the establishment of its notorious pensioner as a sovereign.

That Prince Leopold should have been selected for the throne of Greece has astonished every one. Of all the connexions of royalty in Europe, no man had ever exhibited humbler pretensions to be intrusted with the great concerns of states. His life here was utterly obscure ; he lurked in perpetual privacy ; he took no part in public affairs ; he took no interest in the country which was to him a hundred-fold worth the land where he was born. Among the nobles he was, comparatively, unknown ; among the people unseen ; to the nation a general stranger, except in the matter of his receiving twice the pension of any member of the blood royal. The caprice of Nature, that so often places the crown of a brave or a good king on the head of an imbecile descendant, was not here to account for the chance that has astonished Europe. Yet the choice may not have been without a reason. There may have been a settled system in the mind of individuals whom no man must venture to name but with a prostration, unless he have the inextinguishable familiarity of an Irishman, or the privilege of a cabinet councillor. That system may have been making a regular progress for the last few years. Every anomaly of that conduct of public affairs which has perplexed the wise, and irritated the great body of the nation ; every extraordinary instance of hazardous concession, and every equally extraordinary instance of the rigid exercise of power ; the whole process of insidious retreat and haughty advance, of violence and cunning, may have had a determined reference to one principle, and on that principle the dismissal of Prince Leopold to take care of his own concerns fifteen hundred miles off, may be accounted for. On this point we say no more. Time will give the solution, and to time we leave it for the discovery of the principle in its full action.

The parliamentary proceedings have been signally unimportant on the part of Ministers. The whole activity was on the side of opposition ; and the striking and most gratifying circumstance in those debates was, that this trial of ministers was not the exploit of Whiggism, but of those acknowledged friends of the Constitution who are equally above the Treasury and the Whigs ; who equally scorn both, and are looked on by both with equal alarm. Thus we have Sir Francis Burdett battling for the moral principles of Mr. Peel, and the pliant dulness of Mr. Peel's associates. The first debate of any interest was a Whig attack on the Duke of Newcastle for ejecting some of his tenantry who had broken their covenants with him, and had commenced dabbling in election affairs. The ludicrous part of the business was, that the Whigs, the most notorious boroughmongers in the land, and whose parliamentary influence is wholly dependent on boroughs, should have suddenly felt their sensibilities thrown into agony by the return of Mr. Sadler for a borough in the interest of the Duke of Newcastle. The Coryphæus on this occasion was Mr. Thompson.

“ Mr. Thompson was anxious that the petition should be referred to a select committee, for several reasons,—first, because the Duke of Newcastle did not pay to the Crown the just value of these lands ; secondly, because he had used his influence in a manner injurious to the public ;



thirdly, because that influence enabled a peer to return a member to the House of Commons."

The singular statements contained in this member's speech were instantly contradicted by the competent authorities, Lord Lowther, the chief commissioner of woods and forests, distinctly stating that the whole story of the Duke's overwhelming number of voters in Newark was a dream, and that his crown lease was *no* bargain. Sir Francis Burdett then explained one of those rather hasty declarations, in which the baronet's eloquence is apt to indulge. He had dashed out a philippic on boroughmongering in general, and on the Duke of Newcastle as a particular instance. The Duke had answered this public charge by no little secret negotiation through inferior channels, but gave it the most direct denial imaginable, and in the most public manner, by a printed letter. Sir Francis now stated that he had talked of the purchase, (a purchase by the by for his own seat) "without intending any offence to the noble Duke;" and there the matter ended. The motion was flung out by a majority of 194 to 61.

It would be amusing to inquire by what peculiar process Mr. Brougham, Lord John Russell, Lord Howick, Sir James Mackintosh, young Zachary Macauley, and a whole tribe of the most inimitable patriots and champions of popular election, have made their way into the Honourable House. We suspect that the influence of the peerage is recognized without much real anguish by those "free and independent" ornaments of the Legislature; at least we are prodigiously at a loss to discover in what shape the national voice has summoned them to the honours of representation.

A more important motion was brought forward by Sir Charles Wetherell on the late trials for libel. The subject has been already largely discussed by the public; but the manly and vivid statements of this eminent person, combining the fullest legal knowledge of the topic with a singularly powerful and animated appeal to the Common Sense of the country, gave the whole debate a new interest. Some of the charges on the press he turned alternately into stern scorn and contemptuous raillery.—"The Duke of Wellington had been accused of ambition," said Sir Charles. "Was he not *too* ambitious? Were not all ministers ambitious? It had been said that the Duke was coldly received at Windsor. And this was a libel! 'Coldly received by the King at Windsor!' Had ever any thing like this been heard of in England since the iniquitous times of the Star Chamber? Was there any man in that House, lawyer or not lawyer, learned or unlearned, soldier or civilian, layman or not layman, member or not a member, who would stand up and say that that most iniquitous and infamous tribunal, the Star Chamber, in the very zenith of its power, had pronounced any sentence, or any charge of libel, so puerile and so ridiculous as, that a Minister had been coldly received by his Sovereign at Windsor? (*Much cheering.*) \* \* \* But what said the jury to this libel? No set of men without shoes and stockings—(*Laughter*)—without hats or coats—(*Laughter*)—without shirts—even *sansculottes*—(*Continued laughter*)—no jury, however ignorant, naked, or destitute, could have been packed together to find it a libel. The Duke was called imperious; and who could say he was not most justly called so?" After thus settling the main question, he touched in a brief episode upon the guilty measure which has made the session of 1829 so fatally memorable. His sketch



is a masterpiece of manly indignation. Under the appearance of merely stating the doubts of party men, he brands the perverted and worldly principles of the time with indelible scorn.

"The jury had added to one of their verdicts a recommendation to mercy, on account of the agitation of the times; and who living recollected times of such vehement agitation?—There was the Prime Minister of the country on the one side, declaring that the Bill for the relief of the Roman Catholics was necessary to its salvation. On the other side uprose the Primate and Metropolitan Bishop, and declared it would be its destruction. Then the Chancellor on the Woolsack was to be heard declaring, that the country must stand stock-still if the Bill was not carried; and on the other side, an Ex-Chancellor followed him, and predicted the ruin of the country, if it was granted. One part of the Right Reverend Bench of Bishops prophesied the overthrow of the Protestant Constitution; another assured us of the additional securities to its stability which it was about to receive. A Chief Justice of Ireland said the connexion of England with Ireland would be infallibly shaken if the Catholics were refused a participation in the rights of the Legislature; an English Chief Justice assured us that it would tend to the overthrow of all Protestant Institutions. Then the Secretary of the Home Department, and the leader, as he called himself, of the Protestant interest,—who, *not more than nine months before*, had declared, with great solemnity of *tone and manner*, that there was no possibility of forming a cabinet unless under the principle of a division of opinion on the Catholic Question—was the *first* to come down to the House, and declare that that measure could, in his opinion, no longer be resisted; while a noble viceroy and a great commander, whose leg was chopped off at Waterloo, had the further ill luck to see the Vice-regal stool chopped from under him in Dublin. (*Laughter.*) All these things were symptoms of the agitation of the times; all the bonds of society were loosened; all ancient institutions were overturned; all friendships were affected."

But as if for the most complete commentary on this powerful animadversion, who should start up, but Sir Francis Burdett, and to defend whom? The Attorney-General! Those who have only heard of the baronet's name, will exclaim, can such things be? Sir Francis Burdett, the furious assailant of all Attorney-Generals since his first possession of a seat; Sir Francis, the man of the mob, the Member for Westminster, the writer of the Manchester letter; Sir Francis, of the Tower, of his Majesty's jail of Newgate; of the "Siege of Piccadilly!" But we, who have seen, in late years, a little more of human nature, and of Sir Francis, felt no surprise whatever to hear these his recorded words.—"I did not expect a most grievous charge would be brought against my learned friend, and sorry I should have been, had my *conscience compelled me to vote against him!* But I am in no such *unpleasant situation!* If the thunder of the prologue had been equalled by the subsequent parts of the acts of this drama, it would, indeed, have appeared by the vote we must have come to that this House did cast blame upon my learned friend; but I feel the greatest satisfaction in knowing that we shall be compelled to do no such thing. The motion, indeed, Sir, appears to me not meant for any other purpose than to purge the bosom of the learned gentleman of the perilous stuff that weighs upon his breast."

The threatened motion upon the Irish church, so long expected, and so vehemently denied, was brought forward by Sir John Newport. It had, at least, the merit of being on a par with the wisdom, the wit, and the sound principles of that very trifling and long-disappointed patriot. However, of him we shall say no more. He is whig only to the extent of his powers; and therefore, even as a whig, harmless. The business was rapidly taken out of his hands by the Irish Secretary; the little baronet having, in fact, been only suffered to lead the way, on the terms of those camp followers who fill up the trench with their bodies, and are, if good for nothing else, good to be walked over by the effective combatants.

Lord Francis Gower's motion was to the following effect:—"That an address be presented to his Majesty, praying for the appointment of a committee to inquire into the *state of the parish benefices* of Ireland—into the *annual value* of the several parishes—into the *contingencies* of their respective churches and chapels—into the possibility of dissolving the existing unions, and into *several other details*."

On the passing of the Popish Bill, the Minister had been loudly called on to say, whether the atrocious measure was to be followed by any attack on the property of the Church? But the minister was only "unable to express his astonishment that any member of the British Legislature should conceive the possibility of his being guilty of any thing of the kind." Mr. Peel protested, with what Sir Charles Wetherell so keenly calls his "*usual solemnity of tone and manner*"—that, however he might have received new illumination within the last month; yet, upon the subject of the establishment, he was fixed as fate. Mr. Goulburn was horrified; and Mr. Herries would have fainted, but for the indignant glow that rushed to his heart, and "gave him assurance that he was still a man." Now, mark the sequel. Within six little months the measure comes before the House, not by one of those little fractional attempts, which have so long characterized at once the will and the impotence of whiggery, but in complete form; no little writhing spawn of the slime of whiggery—but the serpent winged, the crested adder—rising in its full dimensions, and flourishing its exuberant coils.

We must, of course, give credit to the simplicity of the premier and Mr. Peel; as meaning, by "inquiring into the state of the parish benefices, the *annual values*, the contingencies of the churches, the possibility of *dissolving* unions, and the *several other details*," nothing more than the construction of a common-place office report on the existing establishment; or a gentle recommendation to the Clergy to be better men and more zealous members of their church, and to patronize all ancient curates, residing under all negligent diocesans.

But if we are to seek any elucidation in the daring sincerity of the public champions of reform, let us hear what those champions say.

"Mr. Hume thought it was high time that the whole establishment of the Irish church should be revised and *reduced*, so as to accord with the state of the country. He should vote for Sir John Newport's motion; but he did not do so from supposing that this motion was adequate to the circumstances of the country. Inquiry must, in his opinion, go *much further*; and he hoped to see the establishment reduced to *two or four bishops*! He should like that *sixteen or eighteen bishops were swept off at once*, and he heartily believed that, in this respect, the population of England and Ireland would go along with him. Instead of repairing

the cathedrals, if they could not be converted into parish churches, he would *pull them down*. Why should the people be compelled to keep structures of *brick and mortar*, of which they made no use? Instead of appropriating the revenues of benefices, as they became vacant, to clerical purposes, he would cause them to be paid into the *Consolidated Fund*."

We find, on the other hand, all the most unvarying friends of the Constitution in Church and State, reprobating the measure.

Sir Robert Inglis declared, that "it is totally uncalled for," the Irish church being remarkable for its advance in every high qualification of a Christian church, since the Union; the period when the English ministry had ceased alternately to perplex it by idle legislation, and corrupt it by official influence.

"Mr. Trant declared that the object of the commission was to reform what needed no reformation. If the church of England was to be *pulled down*, let it be pulled down by *honest hands*!"

Then uprose Mr. Peel, smooth as ever, and delivered his sentiments with "his usual *solemnity of tone and manner*!"

"Mr. Peel observed that the proposed commission was merely for the purposes of *inquiry*. Did the honourable member for Dover (Mr. Trant) professing his anxiety to maintain the interests of religion, conceive that he could impose upon any man by the *cry of the church in danger*? Did the honourable member not know—was he so totally ignorant of all that was passing around him, as not to know that the crown had already appointed a commission to inquire into the whole State of the Ecclesiastical Jurisdiction of this country? That commission had not yet extended to Ireland. With reference to the *appropriation* of the revenue of the church, the question ought to be approached with the *utmost delicacy*, and an *enlarged view* ought to be taken of the effect of an unequal distribution of that revenue upon the promotion of learning and religion. When any attempts were made upon the revenue of the church, *he would resist them*; but he would not permit the sarcasms of the honourable member for Dover to prevent his acceding to a motion, which, he believed, was not couched in the *spirit of hostility* to the church, and which would tend to promote its *best interests*!"

We know nothing that can be added to this speech; it is incomparable in its kind, or beyond comparison with any thing, but the speeches of the Right Honourable Robert Peel. What friend of the "March of Intellect" but must congratulate this statesman on his discovery, that the cry of the "church in danger" was an absurdity; or, but must rejoice in the gallant sincerity with which he pleads guilty to that obsolete folly which made his creed during every year of his political existence until the last; when, indeed, his great friend and master had the cruelty to tell him, "that his political existence was terminated?" But let us not do this politician the injustice to pass over the evidences of his skill on this occasion. In the first place, "the commission is only *for inquiry*!" not for action, of course; not for any already projected series of measures. It is, we suppose, for the gentle and laudable purpose of supplying the unfurnished pigeon-holes of the council chamber with summer reading for the Lord Ellenboroughs of this world. But then comes a little opening of the subject—"With reference to the *appropriation* of the revenues of the Church, the question ought to be approached with the *utmost delicacy*." So then, *is it to*



be approached, after all, the qualification being, that the approach be made with *delicacy*?" We hope that we are not misunderstanding the Right Honourable Gentleman; but more is to be said still. "An *enlarged view* is to be taken of the effect of an unequal distribution of that revenue upon the promotion of learning and religion." Then comes a clause, which we must not pretend to explain. The Commission is to extend to "several other details." We have heard of an oath with an "*et cætera*," and have heard also of the postscript of ladies' letters containing the marrow of the correspondence; and these "several other details" appear to us of much the same comprehensive nature. Yet the Minister's justification of his Irish measure, by the commission lately issued on the English Ecclesiastical Law, seems to us the worst part of the business. No man could know better that the English commission strictly referred to the cure of those delays and expensive formalities in the Ecclesiastical courts, which were, in every sense of the word, a nuisance; and which every man, who wished well to the course of justice, must desire to see abolished. The attempt to found the extraordinary measure of bringing the Irish church on its trial before a ministerial jury, on the merits of a limited measure required by public justice and personal convenience, is——— but we shall be content with saying, that it is of a piece with the diplomacy of the Minister.

To turn to Foreign Politics. The French Chambers have exhibited so refractory a spirit, that their session has been suddenly prorogued. Their outcry was for the dismissal of Prince Polignac, and that, chiefly on the ground that he had been appointed at the suggestion of the British premier. Whether the charge be true or false, its popularity shews the light in which our cabinet has contrived to place itself with the influential part of the French people. And this disgust is the more remarkable, from the recent advances to a more friendly intercourse between the French and English generally, and from the obvious importance of the close connexion of the two Governments, as the barriers against the hourly growing and formidable ambition of Russia.

But it is among Englishmen themselves that the liberties of their country, and eventually of Europe, must find their security, or be undone. With freedom in the people, and honesty in the Government, the British Empire is impregnable; with corruption and the spirit of place in the people, and with artifice and dissimulation in the government, the strength of Britain must be but a rope of sand. No matter for its show of strength, the more gigantic its defences against the enemy abroad, the more surely will they fall by their own weight, and crush its defenders at home. The future projects of the cabinet we can have no power to restrain; we have scarcely the means to conjecture. But let them be what they will, we must adhere to the one grand and saving maxim, that upon the national virtue must, in the last resort of every people, depend the national salvation.



## THE FIEND OF THE FERRY.

It was on a morning in the month of June that we found ourselves wandering about a little village on the banks of the Thames, two or three miles below Kingston. The day might be said to be an exotic. There was a rich, deep, clear Italian sky—a broad, bright river reflecting it. The roads had been sprinkled by a shower during the night. The sunshine animated every thing, and yet the heat was not excessive. There was little shadow to be seen—the light penetrated through the hedges, and gave a transparent effect to their green leaves. The scene, the climate—time, space—all seemed to have been touched by a wand. And, I verily believe, there was indeed a spirit of enchantment at work at that hour, which will account conveniently enough for the marvel and the mystery I am about to record.

We were in the most exuberant spirits—like school-boys let loose without a task. Dr. Johnson, when he put the final full-stop to his dictionary;—a play-wright, when—after three years of nervous agony, and wishing theatres, managers, actors and all, in Erebus, a hundred times over—he sees the curtain drop in the midst of applause, and the bowing actor, who comes forward to announce his second night, swept off in a tempest of acclamation;—a pedestrian, walking the thousandth mile of his wager, and having half a day to do it in—could form but a faint idea of our enjoyment. Whether this arose from the pleasant, rambling, unpremeditated kind of way in which we had spent the previous day, or from the effect of the delightful weather and the scenes that surrounded us, need not be determined. But there we were, full of such true mad-cap merriment, that had we lighted upon old Jack Falstaff, we had infallibly committed robbery for very sport, and made an Eastcheap of the first inn we could take by storm. Nothing escaped us that morning; we

“Found puns in trees, pranks in the running brooks,  
Laughter in stones, and jokes in every thing.”

In this mood we strolled about, careless of the way we were going, and ripe for romantic incident. At last, we resolved upon crossing the river, and were informed that we were near a ferry, to which we immediately directed our course. A joke, however, sprung up in the interim, and took us half a mile out of the way in running it down. We then perceived that we had missed the path, and were about to return, when we were overtaken by a being—but I will not, at this period of our history, attempt to describe him; as, in fact, we took but very little notice of him at this encounter. We merely inquired the way to the ferry, received the desired information, and, as the stranger walked on before us at a pretty quick pace, we soon lost sight of him.

We proceeded in the path pointed out to us, when some odd, joke-engendering name, over a shop door, called off our attention, and we were once more at a loss. A debate ensued amongst us; one contending that we were to go down the lane—and another, by the clump of trees. Our embarrassment was, of course, only productive of more mirth, and we at length agreed to follow the movements of a peripatetic pig, which was lounging about in a state of self-enjoyment, and looked as though he longed to make one of our party. The pig

turned the corner of the lane, and we followed ; but we had no sooner done so, then we beheld, coming towards us, the identical traveller who, but a few minutes before, had passed us on the road, as he directed us to the ferry. His return excited no surprise ; but the tone of his voice when he addressed us, by saying—" You are going wrong—I told you to keep the road round the ruined wall—" awakened a new and rather startling sensation. The note was hollow and heavy. It was that of a bull-frog with a cold—a muffled drum, determined to be melancholy—a speaking trumpet, troubled with an asthma—a funeral bell in a fit—a bass-viol imitating Sir Anthony Absolute. Its modulations reminded one of the creaking of a dungeon-door. He spoke as if he had a thunderbolt sticking in his throat, that occasioned a sort of supernatural hoarseness. We have heard comic songs and cabbages cried in the most eccentric of tones—we have communed with hackney-coachmen, and heard the notes of watchmen at all hours of the night : but these—they were merely the roarings of a nightingale, or the hoarseness of a cricket, compared to the full, deep, internal and sepulchral sound that issued from the mouth of our travelling finger-post, as, with an eye darting reproach, and a lip mingling something like scorn with its civility, he said—" You are going wrong—I told you to keep the road round the ruined wall !"

As he paused a minute to explain the way to one of our party, I had an opportunity of observing him. He looked like a romance in one volume. He was above the middle size, rather thin, and with nothing remarkable in his dress but a wide slouched hat, and a pair of boots that seemed to have been made for a satyr. His face, however, as well as I could judge of its character through the dark shadow flung across it by the overhanging-brim of the hat, betrayed one of those expressions which, to use a phrase no less convenient than original, are " more easily conceived than described." It was compounded from a whole library of horrors. He had taken his nose from the " Monk," and his eyes from " Melmoth." The Minerva press was in his mouth, and Mrs. Radcliffe frowned fiercely from his vaulted brows. " The Italians" slept in the hollow of one cheek, and " The Robbers" in that of the other. He was a composition of Middleton and Michael Angelo—the spear of Satan, and the broomstick of Hecate.

Having re-directed us, he hurried off in a contrary direction to that prescribed for us, and was quickly relieved, by a turn of the road, from our gaze. Our boisterous mirth had received a check ; we stood looking at each other and began to collect opinions. Every one agreed that the stranger had slipped from a bracket at Abbotsford, and that he was certainly the property of Sir Walter Scott. However, we tried to forget him, and again set forth in search of the mysterious ferry. This was even now not very easy to find ; for we were so startled by the face and manner of the stranger that we had once more forgotten his directions.

To put an end to our doubts and difficulties, we applied to a pretty little country-faced girl, whom we saw at a shop-window, to re-direct our erring steps. This she did with so much grace and good-nature, that, instead of proceeding, we staid to make a whole catalogue of inquiries. A pretty maid in a village is equal to a beauty in town ; the charms that would escape observation in a crowd, coming singly upon us, amidst the sweetness and simplicity of nature, seem to partake of the character

of surrounding objects. You look upon a ruddy cheek as a part of the scene—as a sample of rural loveliness, open to admiration. There is no difference between a blue eye and a blue sky, out of town—we gaze upon both alike, with the same freedom and the same fondness. You are admiring nature, and must enjoy what she presents to you, whether it be a milk-girl or a mountain. In short, we got into such a chat with our ruddy little directress, that we had nearly forgotten the ferry altogether, when we were suddenly reminded of it by the re-appearance of the wandering wonder—the *hic et ubique*, and the *hinc illæ lachrymæ* of our tale. This time we fairly started; I believe one or two of us turned pale; but I know we all experienced a feeling of curiosity not unmingled with a kind of awe. At this encounter the Wanderer did not speak; he turned a keen and searching glance on us, intimating that we had disobeyed his directions, and were trifling with him impertinently; and then, pointing to the path we were to take, glided hastily past the window, and disappeared.

This silence, and the emphatic motion of his finger, alarmed us even more than the sepulchral tone of his voice. We prepared now to seek out the ferry in good earnest—though it were for no other reason than to have the Thames between us and our perambulating acquaintance. We bid, therefore, a hasty adieu to the village damsel, and hurried towards the river, of which, in a few minutes, we came in sight. Another cause of delay arose, however; for, just at this moment, a heavy shower came on. We were driven for shelter into the village church-yard, and took refuge under a dilapidated porch. Determined to preserve the gaiety with which our march commenced, even amidst the gloom of the weather, which had been but a moment before so mild and animating, we drowned, as well as we could, all recollection of the portentous predestrian;—although it was impossible not to associate the sudden and singular change in the heavens—the transition from a clear calm sky to a tempestuous range of clouds—with the coming and conduct of a being whom we were secretly disposed to consider something more than mortal. As we stood under the porch, our attention was drawn to the epitaphs that surrounded us. We admired the piety of some of these, but the poetry of others was of an order so perfectly novel and original, that I fear we read them with any thing but a feeling of seriousness. We could not but be struck with the number of “affectionate husbands” and “indulgent fathers,” that were mouldering around us; “faithful wives” were as plenty as blackberries. What a saddening reflection to think how good the world was formerly, and that people should so seldom become amiable until they are dead! In addition to these mournful truths, we found so many subjects for pathetic puns and moral pleasantry, that I thought it time to quit the scene and pursue our way, particularly as the shower had abated. We proceeded, therefore, along the paved path towards a little gate that led into the public road; and, in passing close to the white-washed wall of the church, we stopped to look in at a low, small, grated window. The object that first caught our notice was a door standing open at the opposite end of the church; and the next moment we discerned the figure of a person issuing thence, the sight of whom almost chilled our senses. We could not be deceived in that figure, although his back was towards us; but as he passed from the portal he turned his head, and fixed such a look of recognition upon us, that we stood in mute astonishment, staring



at each other. It was the supernatural stroller—the sub-human Captain Barclay—the possessor of ubiquity—the very “truepenny” of our terrors!

After a minute or two we began to try our surmises upon the cause of his visit to the church. Had he sought shelter from the storm?—it might be, as the door was left open. Or had he come to reprove, perhaps to punish, our ill-timed merriment!—we wished that we had been less critical upon the epitaphs! Anxious to escape from the spot, we hastened towards the gate; and came within sight of it just in time to see the self-same figure, with the face turning round to recognize us, hurrying through it, and pointing towards the river. We were once more riveted to the earth—completely satisfied now that we were haunted by a vision—an ignis-fatuus—a vampire! We listened, but we could hear no sound of footsteps, although his boots were so heavy, that Hoby must have employed a crane to lift them from his window, and have sent home with them a steam-engine, of a forty-bootjack power, to pull them off. And here a thought struck us that threw a light on the mystery. Why did he wear those prodigious boots, unless he possessed feet to fill them? if so, those feet must be cloven ones. Again, we reflected, that with a hat like his, slouched over the brows, horns might be very easily concealed;—and as for a tail, it was doubtless tied in a double knot, and put into his coat pocket. Our minds were made up—there was no room for doubt. All idea of merriment was suspended. If a bon-mot sprang up, it was instantly nipped in the bud; if a pun burst forth, it died for want of a publisher.

We hurried to the bank, eager to cross the river, and to elude our pursuer. On reaching it, we were informed by the boatman that he should start in a minute or two, having other passengers. There were several already in the punt; but of these, occupied as we were with our own feelings, we took no particular notice. We entered, and were requested by the boatman to go towards the head to make more room. But in doing so—spirit of mystery! what a sight met our eyes! We were standing in the same boat, commencing the same voyage, with a creature compounded, not of clay, but of sulphur and smoke! We were within six paces of the wanderer! We were about to cross the water with the spirit of fire! We had the evil one for a *compagnon du voyage*! What sensations were ours! Nor were our terrors in the smallest degree allayed by the ghastly grin which we observed playing on his lips as our eyes met his. He distended his mouth, as he surveyed us, into a horrible exaggeration of a smile. What might this mean? If we could believe him human, it might be interpreted as an expression of self-satisfaction at having reached the ferry first, and transacted business, at various parts of the village, while we were idling about. We endeavoured to comfort ourselves with this supposition, and turned to look at a poor idiot boy who was angling at a little distance, and complaining that he had not had a nibble for several minutes. Alas! he little imagined the cause—the fish were as frightened as we were.

At length the boatman put off. At the same instant a tremendous peal of thunder burst immediately over our heads, and another shower descended. We felt our worst fears confirmed. It was evidently the intention of the fiend-passenger to sink the boat as soon as it had reached the centre of the current. He had decoyed us to the ferry on purpose, and we had no means of escape. We were afraid to mention



our suspicions, or to ask to be put back on shore. The ferry-man looked grim; we felt that we were gazing, for the first time, on old Charon—that we were crossing the Stygian stream! We contemplated our fellow-voyagers with feelings of commiseration. Instead of human beings, we beheld only a congregation of ghosts. We saw one spirit pulling up the shadow of a shirt-collar, that had the appearance of being wet; and another was holding the apparition of an umbrella over its head. I pitied one lady who seemed to take great pride in an immense vapour that hung over her, in the shape of a bonnet; and who was enraptured with a rainbow that encircled her waist, which she mistook for a riband. I observed a beau casting an admiring eye down his aerial leg, and criticising the cut of a pair of transparent trowsers; while an attorney's clerk, standing near him, was buttoning up a black cloud, which he was fondly imagining to be a coat. We felt for them all—it was afflicting to see them fancying themselves within a mile of Hampton-Court, when, in fact, they were only crossing an imitation of the Thames. The ferryman continued to toil, and the boat approached the centre. How we envied the ghost of a duck that glided past! How we longed for cork-jackets! We ventured a glance at the mighty Mystery—the great Agitator. He was pretending to take something that seemed to be snuff out of the spectre of a box. He even affected to sneeze—the sound was answered by another peal of thunder. This we took for the signal—we awaited our fate, firm and collected. The boat, however, to our intense surprise and relief, passed the middle current in safety—the waves rolled harmlessly by—the vessel made a zig-zag movement through them, and, in a few minutes more, actually touched the shore on the opposite side. At the same moment the rain ceased—the clouds cleared off—a stream of sunshine burst on the river—and the glories of nature were once more visible through the darkness and dismay that had enveloped her.

I need not say how agreeable our astonishment was. We determined, however, to fix an eye on our superhuman fellow-passenger. We saw him, as the boat landed, take out the phantom of a penny-piece, which he placed in the boatman's hand, who seemed quite contented with the illusion. He turned, and saw that we were watching him; he smiled, as if in mockery of the terror that was still visible in our aspects; he then nodded to us with much fiendish familiarity and demoniac politeness, and in the next moment sprang upon the shore. After lingering a minute or two, we followed his example. We beheld him glide along a winding path, extending from the bank, till his garments melted almost into mist. We followed. He turned off into a lane, and was hidden from view. We still rushed resolutely forward. When we reached the lane, hardly expecting to obtain a glimpse of the object of our search, we paused to peep down it; and there, seated on a stile at two yards' distance, we descried the dreaded demon, with the image of a clasp-knife uplifted in one hand, and in the other (never shall we forget the feelings with which we surveyed that scene) the semblance of a huge piece of bacon upon an acre of bread! This was a termination to our adventure so perfectly unanticipated, that we stood, for a second or two, petrified; but I must admit, at the same time, that we felt disappointed. We could not have suspected him of such ploughman predilections. We should have rather expected to find him banqueting upon a seraph, cut into sandwiches—or picking the bones of a cherub.

As the fiend looked up from his feast, which he seemed to enjoy with the relish of an epicure, we felt that we were in danger of forming his dessert; and darted off accordingly like a herd of deer that had surprised a lion at dinner. Never, since that eventful hour, have we encountered the mysterious object of our terrors; nor can we find, upon subsequent inquiry, that he was known in the neighbourhood. All trace of him vanished with the tempest; he went out like a Congreve rocket. We feel as if we had seen the Wandering Jew! Surely—will the surmise be pardoned?—surely it could not have been our old dramatic and demonized friend, Mr. Obi Smith—that prince of terrors and trap-doors! We leave the suggestion for the consideration of the reader. It is the only one we can possibly offer respecting our extraordinary acquaintance, the Fiend of the Ferry!

B.

## LADY BYRON AND MOORE.

THIS document, which has made its appearance within these few days, (first published, we believe, in the *Literary Gazette*), belongs to the history of his late lordship's career in a very peculiar manner. It is very well written, and whatever singularity there may appear in its coming forth at so distant a period from the transaction, is amply accounted for by the revival of the subject in Moore's volume. We discharge the biographer of any intention of offending any one, yet his details having been learned from the aggrieving party, it was scarcely possible that they should not have, in some degree, pressed upon the aggrieved. And even now, Lady Byron takes up the pen neither to impeach her late eccentric lord, nor to exonerate herself, but to defend those parents whom it is a duty to defend, and whom her simple and clear statement fully relieves from imputations, sedulously and subtly enough thrown upon them by his lordship, and certainly not at all softened by his lordship's friends.

The charges made in this letter are extraordinary. What they were, it is repulsive to conjecture; and impossible even for strangers to express with public propriety. That the harshest rumours of Lord Byron's habits were common during his life-time, every one knows. That his foreign life had produced upon his reckless nature the injurious effects which, in a more or less degree, they produce on the morals of every voluntary absentee, is unluckily clear from the whole tenor of his later writings; and that his final withdrawing from his country, was less to shun personal perplexities, or to enjoy Italian sunshine, than to give a free way to his career, at a distance from the restraints of English public opinion, and the salutary fear of the English press, is matter of perfect notoriety.

But on those points we touch with infinite reluctance. It is more pleasing to us to vindicate a man of genius. Though unhappily, the only way in which Lord Byron can be vindicated is, by throwing the scandal of his conduct from his heart upon his understanding. We think, in contradiction to Lady Byron, that he was, at times, nearly insane. Perhaps not so to the degree which would justify the interference of either family or physician; but certainly with those flying touches of frenzy, of which his uncle, and some other of his relatives by the paternal side, his father's profligate conduct, and his mother's virago temper, seem to have afforded sufficient examples. There are allusions in his play of "*Man-*"

fred," that would blacken for ever the moral reputation of any man alive, if the offence were not to be diluted by the lunacy of the writer.

On the whole, Lady Byron seems to have perfectly justified her parents, which was her principal purpose; and deeply as she has suffered for her headlong determination to choose a husband, whose known vices she overlooked in his poetic fame; she is now entitled to rest from those perpetual references to her conduct, which have so long amounted to a virtual persecution.

REMARKS, OCCASIONED BY MR. MOORE'S NOTICES OF LORD BYRON'S LIFE.

"I have disregarded various publications, in which facts within my own knowledge have been grossly misrepresented; but I am called upon to notice some of the erroneous statements proceeding from one who claims to be considered as Lord Byron's confidential and authorised friend. Domestic details ought not to be intruded on the public attention; if, however, they are so intruded, the persons affected by them have a right to refute injurious charges. Mr. Moore has promulgated his own impressions of private events in which I was most nearly concerned, as if he possessed a competent knowledge of the subject. Having survived Lord Byron, I feel increased reluctance to advert to any circumstances connected with the period of my marriage; nor is it now my intention to disclose them, further than may be indispensably requisite for the end I have in view. Self-vindication is not the motive which actuates me to make this appeal, and the spirit of accusation is unmingled with it; but when the conduct of my parents is brought forward in a disgraceful light, by the passages selected from Lord Byron's letters, and by the remarks of his biographer, I feel bound to justify their characters from imputations which I know to be false. The passages from Lord Byron's letters, to which I refer, are the aspersions on my mother's character, p. 648. l. 4:

"My child is very well, and flourishing, I hear, but I must see also. I feel no disposition to resign it to the contagion of its grandmother's society."

"The assertion of her dishonourable conduct in employing a spy, p. 645. l. 7, &c.

"A Mrs. C. (now a kind of housekeeper, and spy of Lady N.'s), who, in her better days, was a washerwoman, is supposed to be—by the learned—very much the occult cause of our domestic discrepancies."

"The seeming exculpation of myself, in the extract, p. 646, with the words immediately following it:

"Her nearest relatives are a ———; where the blank clearly implies something too offensive for publication. These passages tend to throw suspicion on my parents, and give reason to ascribe the separation either to their direct agency, or to that of 'officious spies,' employed by them. From the following part of the narrative, p. 642, it must also be inferred that an undue influence was exercised by them for the accomplishment of this purpose:—

"It was in a few weeks after the latter communication between us (Lord Byron and Mr. Moore) that Lady Byron adopted the determination of parting from him. She had left London at the latter end of January, on a visit to her father's house, in Leicestershire, and Lord Byron was in a short time to follow her. They had parted in the utmost kindness—she wrote him a letter, full of playfulness and affection, on the road; and immediately on her arrival at Kirkby Mallory, her father wrote to acquaint Lord Byron that she would return to him no more."

"In my observations upon this statement, I shall, as far as possible, avoid touching on any matters relating personally to Lord Byron and myself. The facts are:—I left London for Kirkby Mallory, the residence of my father and mother, on the 15th of January 1816. Lord Byron had signified to me in writing (Jan. 6th) his absolute desire that I should leave London on the earliest day that I could conveniently fix. It was not safe for me to undertake the fatigue of a journey sooner than the 15th. Previously to my departure, it had been strongly impressed on my mind, that Lord Byron was under the



influence of insanity. This opinion was derived, in a great measure, from the communications made to me by his nearest relatives and personal attendant, who had more opportunities than myself of observing him during the latter part of my stay in town. It was even represented to me, that he was in danger of destroying himself. *With the concurrence of his family*, I had consulted Dr. Baillie, as a friend (Jan. 8th) respecting this supposed malady. On acquainting him with the state of the case, and with Lord Byron's desire that I should leave London, Dr. Baillie thought that my absence might be advisable, as an experiment, assuming the fact of mental derangement; for Dr. Baillie, not having had access to Lord Byron, could not pronounce a positive opinion on that point. He enjoined, that in correspondence with Lord Byron, I should avoid all but light and soothing topics. Under these impressions, I left London, determined to follow the advice given by Dr. Baillie. Whatever might have been the nature of Lord Byron's conduct towards me from the time of my marriage, yet, supposing him to be in a state of mental alienation, it was not for me, nor for any person of common humanity, to manifest, at that moment, a sense of injury. On the day of my departure, and again on my arrival at Kirkby, Jan. 16th, I wrote to Lord Byron in a kind and cheerful tone, according to those medical directions. The last letter was circulated, and employed as a pretext for the charge of my having been subsequently *influenced* to 'desert' my husband. It has been argued, that I parted from Lord Byron in perfect harmony: that feelings incompatible with any deep sense of injury had dictated the letter which I addressed to him; and that my sentiments must have been changed by persuasion and interference, when I was under the roof of my parents. These assertions and inferences are wholly destitute of foundation. When I arrived at Kirkby Mallory, my parents were unacquainted with the existence of any causes likely to destroy my prospects of happiness; and when I communicated to them the opinion which had been formed concerning Lord Byron's state of mind, they were most anxious to promote his restoration by every means in their power. They assured those relations who were with him in London, that 'they would devote their whole care and attention to the alleviation of his malady,' and hoped to make the best arrangements for his comfort, if he could be induced to visit them. With these intentions my mother wrote, on the 17th, to Lord Byron, inviting him to Kirkby Mallory. She had always treated him with an affectionate consideration and indulgence, which extended to every little peculiarity of his feelings. Never did an irritating word escape her lips, in her whole intercourse with him. The accounts given me after I left Lord Byron, by the persons in constant intercourse with him, added to those doubts which had before transiently occurred to my mind, as to the reality of the alleged disease, and the reports of his medical attendant, were far from establishing the existence of any thing like lunacy. Under this uncertainty, I deemed it right to communicate to my parents, that if I were to consider Lord Byron's past conduct as that of a person of sound mind, nothing could induce me to return to him. It therefore appeared expedient, both to them and myself, to consult the ablest advisers. For that object, and also to obtain still further information respecting the appearances which seemed to indicate mental derangement, my mother determined to go to London. She was empowered by me to take legal opinions on a written statement of mine, though I had then reasons for reserving a part of the case from the knowledge, even of my father and mother. Being convinced, by the result of these inquiries, and by the tenor of Lord Byron's proceedings, that the notion of insanity was an illusion, I no longer hesitated to authorise such measures as were necessary, in order to secure me from being ever again placed in his power. Conformably with this resolution, my father wrote to him on the 2d of February, to propose an amicable separation. Lord Byron at first rejected this proposal; but when it was distinctly notified to him, that if he persisted in his refusal, recourse must be had to legal measures, he agreed to sign a deed of separation. Upon applying to Dr. Lushington, who was intimately acquainted with all the circumstances, to state, in writing, what he recollected upon this subject, I received from him the following letter, by which it will be



manifest that my mother cannot have been actuated by any hostile or ungenerous motives towards Lord Byron:—

“My dear Lady Byron,—I can rely upon the accuracy of my memory for the following statement. I was originally consulted by Lady Noel on your behalf, whilst you were in the country; the circumstances detailed by her were such as justified a separation, but they were not of that aggravated description as to render such a measure indispensable. On Lady Noel’s representation, I deemed a reconciliation with Lord Byron practicable, and felt most sincerely a wish to aid in effecting it. There was not, on Lady Noel’s part, any exaggeration of the facts, nor, so far as I could perceive, any determination to prevent a return to Lord Byron: certainly none was expressed when I spoke of a reconciliation. When you came to town, in about a fortnight, or perhaps more, after my first interview with Lady Noel, I was, for the first time, informed by you of facts, utterly unknown, as I have no doubt, to Sir Ralph and Lady Noel. On receiving this additional information, my opinion was entirely changed: I considered a reconciliation impossible. I declared my opinion, and added that if such an idea should be entertained, I could not, either professionally or otherwise, take any part towards effecting it. Believe me, very faithfully your’s.

‘STEPH. LUSHINGTON.’

‘Great George Street, Jan. 31, 1830.’

“I have only to observe, that, if the statements on which my legal advisers (the late Sir Samuel Romilly and Dr. Lushington) formed their opinions, were false, the responsibility and the odium should rest with *me only*. I trust that the facts which I have here briefly recapitulated, will absolve my father and mother from all accusations with regard to the part they took in the separation between Lord Byron and myself. They neither originated, instigated, nor advised that separation; and they cannot be condemned for having afforded to their daughter the assistance and protection which she claimed. There is no other near relative to vindicate their memory from insult. I am therefore compelled to break the silence, which I had hoped always to observe, and to solicit from the readers of Lord Byron’s Life an impartial consideration of the testimony extorted from me.

“A. I. NOEL BYRON.”

“Hanger Hill, Feb. 19, 1830.”

#### ANCIENT AND MODERN SYSTEMS OF SLAVERY.

THE existence of slavery in all countries of the world, from the earliest periods to the present time, is one of those extraordinary and indefinable results of the progress of human society, which at once confounds theoretical reasonings, and puts investigation and regular definition at defiance.

It is easy to conceive that even in the earliest ages, when mankind first began to perceive the advantages of living in a state of community, subject to conventional regulations or fixed laws, individuals may have been induced to resign, for a time, their natural liberty, through the pressure of some particular evil, or with the view of obtaining some present or future good; and there can be no doubt, but that as civilization acquired influence, and humane ideas began to prevail, many persons guilty, or supposed to be guilty, of crimes against the social compact, or who had been taken taken prisoners during war, instead of being made to suffer death, have, as a less cruel, and more expiatory punishment, been reduced to a temporary or permanent state of bondage.

We find, for instance, that even the most civilized nations of the

*present day* have their galley slaves and coerced labourers ; and to come, still nearer home, those numerous convicts condemned to labour in the hulks in chains, or who are sentenced to a state of servitude in New South Wales, or elsewhere, are neither more nor less than persons *reduced to a state of slavery for their crimes*. Again, can we shut our eyes to the fact, that even in England, there are always throughout the country numbers of persons, who by indolence or misfortune, are obliged to surrender their liberty, in exchange for food and clothing, and whose labour is either sold to the highest bidder, or who are employed by their respective parishes in the most degrading offices of slaves, such as sweeping and cleaning the streets, dragging the filth in carts, &c., as may be seen weekly even in certain metropolitan parishes—St. Luke's for instance? We fear, we cannot with justice, class such persons in any other manner than with those who have been obliged to surrender their liberty under the pressure of evil, or with the view of obtaining some particular good!

But, to attempt to trace the progress of slavery until it became in various countries of the world, a hereditary state or condition of mankind, is not the object of the present article. We merely propose to give a slight sketch of the treatment of slaves in ancient Rome, and in modern Africa ; and we shall hereafter state shortly a few facts relative to their condition in that *land of freedom*, the United States of America, taking the most recent travellers in the latter countries as our guides, so that our readers may judge for themselves, how far our own colonists have succeeded above all other people in mitigating the evils of slavery, so as by gradual degrees, to raise their labourers in the scale of intellectual beings, and to fit them for ultimately becoming useful and industrious freemen, instead of remaining, like their African ancestors, in a state of the most dark and cruel barbarism.

Let it not for one moment be supposed, that we are advocates for the continuance of slavery : for on the contrary we declare with Mr. Coleridge, that we are not aware of any other bias in our minds, "except that which may be caused by a native hatred of injustice, and a contempt and disdain of cant and hypocrisy."\*

We may premise, that however much slavery may be considered at variance with the spirit of christianity, every one acquainted with sacred history must know, that after the miraculous emancipation of the Jews from their slavery in Egypt, their lawgiver expressly permitted the holding of heathen slaves, and even the subjection to perpetual bondage of individuals amongst the chosen people themselves.

It is also very remarkable that from the beginning to the end of the New Testament, there is not a single command directly condemning the state of slavery, although during the time of the apostles, it existed throughout the Roman Empire, and slaves were treated with the greatest severity ; but on the contrary it seems, as in the case of Onisimus, the runaway slave of Philemon, that the right of the master over his slave, is specially sanctioned, and many directions as to the duty which even *christian* slaves owe to their masters, are there expressly set forth.

The treatment of slaves in ancient Rome has been so misrepresented by the anti-colonial party in this country, in pursuance of their odious schemes against our West-India colonists, that we consider it necessary to show from undoubted authorities, the nature of Roman slavery ; and

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\* Six Months in the West Indies.

although none of the classic writers give a distinct description of the treatment of Roman slaves, we find by incidental remarks, that masters had an absolute power over their slaves, whom they might scourge or put to death at pleasure ; and that this right was exercised with so much severity, especially during the most corrupt ages of the republic, that in the end, laws to restrain it became necessary.\* Tacitus tells us that (A.D. 57.) a decree of the senate, relative to revenge and security, declared that if any one was slain by his slave, execution should be done on the whole ! And it appears that (A.D. 61,) *four hundred slaves in one family, without distinction of age, sex, or undoubted innocence, suffered death*, in consequence of the assassination of their master, Pedonius Secundus, by one of their number, from motives of private revenge.† Such were the *mild* laws of the Romans ! It further appears that some slaves served as door-keepers, attended by a dog—*both* chained.‡ That slaves were allowed a beggarly quantity of food, and if by presents or otherwise, they became possessed of property, they were obliged to make presents out of their *peculium* to their masters,§ when beaten, they were suspended with a weight tied to their feet, and the common capital punishment up to the time of Constantine was crucifixion. Vedius Pollio, a friend of Augustus, used to throw them into a fish-pond, to be devoured by lampreys.|| At one period, their masters could compel them to fight with wild beasts¶ and incredible numbers were destroyed as gladiators.

“ The common lot of slaves in general,” says Dr. Taylor,\*\* (quoted by Parkhurst,) “ was with the ancients, in many circumstances very deplorable. They were held *pro nullis, pro mortuis, pro quadrupedibus* : for no men, for dead men, for beasts ; nay, were in a much worse state than any cattle whatever. They had no head in the state, no name, tribe, or register. They were not capable of being injured ; nor could they take by purchase or descent ; had no heirs, and therefore could make no will of course. Exclusive of what was called their *peculium*, whatever they acquired was their master’s. They could not plead, nor be pleaded, but were excluded from all civil concerns whatsoever ; were not entitled to the rights and considerations of matrimony, and therefore had no relief in case of adultery ; nor were the proper objects of cognation, or affinity. They might be tortured for evidence ; punished at the discretion of their lord, and even put to death by his authority ; together with many other civil incapacities which I have not room to enumerate.”

“ So truly deplorable,” adds Parkhurst, “ was the *legal* state of these unhappy persons under the Roman government.”††

If such was the condition of the domestic slaves, the *prædial* were systematically treated with severity the most shocking. They appear to have been habitually worked in chains. Seneca speaks of *Vasta spatia terrarum pervinctos colenda*, and Lipsius, one of his commentators, observes‡‡ “ the ancients cultivated, for the most part, all their lands by bound (or linked) slaves.” Juvencius confirms this distinctly ;

\* Adams’ Rom : Antiq. p. 37.

† Annal XIII. 32. XIV. 42, et Segg.

‡ Columel, præf. Senec. de Fras. iii. 37.

§ Terent. Phorm. 1. 1. 9.

|| Juv. ut Sup. Cic. in Verr. v. 3, 64, &c.

¶ Plin. ix. 23. S. 39. Dio. liv. 23.

\*\* Modestin. ad leg. Cornel. de Sicar.

†† Elements of Civil Law, pp. 428, 9.

‡‡ “ Allegatus Mancissii rura fere omnia colebant Antiqui.”



stating that "they" (the slaves) "usually ploughed the land, carried earth, and performed the other labours of the field, in chains."

At night they were shut up in prisons—many of them built underground.\* In old age, they were, even by the Roman Cato, says Archbishop Potter,† "turned out to starve, or allowed to die of hunger. 'A master of a family should sell his old oxen, all his sheep that are not hardy: he should sell his old waggons, and his old instruments of husbandry; he should sell such of his slaves as are old and infirm, and every thing else that is old or useless.'" Up to the time of the Emperor Claudius, "the custom," says Rees, "of exposing old, useless, or sick slaves, in an island of the Tiber, *there to starve*, seems to have been pretty common in Rome." Masters were restrained from liberating more than a very small number of their slaves; and even after manumission the most unjust severity was exercised towards them—such was the system which has, most impudently, been held forth by the "philanthropists" as having been superior to that now prevalent in the British West Indies!

Every additional account of the present state of society in the interior of Africa confirms the melancholy fact, that throughout the whole of that vast continent a state of unmitigated slavery has from the earliest ages been universal:—that it existed prior to the visits of European slave traders; that it now exists, and will undoubtedly continue, although not a single native should in future be carried off from the coast.

We are very far, however, from asserting that the abolition of the slave trade would be an evil; on the contrary, we maintain that until it is entirely put down, the door will remain shut against the introduction of improvement, especially among the brutal and ferocious tribes on the coast.

We have already made an attempt to expose the system of humbug which has for the last forty or fifty years been practised upon the people of this country under pretence of civilizing Africa.‡ We do not believe that that measure can be in the slightest degree accomplished by the *Sierra Leone* system, under all the disadvantages to which it is incident, or by any similar measure; although by maintaining commercial settlements and keeping up a friendly and protective intercourse with those tribes who seem most inclined to cultivate the arts of peace, and by making it their direct interest to maintain good government and to cultivate humanity, we may by degrees pave the way for the introduction of more efficient means of improvement.

Without going fully into the subject at present, however, we shall endeavour to show from the statements of the two latest travellers in Africa, whose works are now before the public, the actual state of society in the interior of that wretched country. We are well aware that a veil has been thrown over the observations of some former travellers in regard to the actual state of the Africans, to meet the taste of the public in regard to the Slave Trade, but as we happen to know something of the manner in which books of travels are in general compiled, we have little difficulty in separating the actual observations of the traveller from those sentiments which emanate from the compiler.

We can scarcely, however, say, that this observation applies to this

\* Rees' Cycl.

† Antiquities, b. i. c. 10.

‡ Monthly Magazine for March last.

narrative of Mr. Caillié,\* now before us. That hardy and enduring Frenchman left his country for the African coast in the year 1816, when a mere youth, and joined the unsuccessful expedition under Major Gray and M. Portarrieu. Being obliged to return to France for the recovery of his health, he again sailed for Senegal in 1824, and being strongly imbued with that restless spirit which has cost so many of our countrymen their lives, he obtained some trifling assistance from Baron Roger, and set out for the interior, that he might take up his residence among the Braknas Moors, to learn the Arabic language and something of their religious ceremonies. In the vicinity of N'pâl, he found fields of considerable extent, cultivated with the greatest care by slaves, and that slavery was universal, the slaves performing the whole drudgery of the field and of the camp. "They (the Braknas) treat their slaves with great barbarity, calling them by insulting names, beating them, and requiring a great deal of service in return for very little food, and having no other garment than a sheep-skin. I sometimes protested against the cruelty with which these wretches were treated. 'They are slaves, they are infidels,' was the reply; 'you see that they never pray; they know neither God nor the prophet.'† On a journey, the slaves carry on their heads whatever cannot be laid on oxen; they are ill-treated, ill-fed, and beaten at the caprice of their masters; they are seldom addressed by any name but that of slave. In short, there is no species of vexation which they are not obliged to endure."

After submitting to the greatest privations and being nearly starved to death amongst these beastly people, M. Caillié returned to St. Louis, in the hope that he should be able to obtain assistance from the governor to enable him to follow out his schemes, but having met with a refusal, he proceeded to Sierra Leone. General Turner, and afterwards Sir Neil Campbell, also declined to assist him; but having remained in that colony until he acquired a sum equal to about two thousand francs, he purchased suitable goods, and resuming his Arabian dress, departed for Kakondy, on the Rio Nunez. Here he resided for some time.

He experienced kindness from several European residents, and gives an amusing account of various idolatrous tribes on this part of the coast. Having made such arrangements as he considered necessary, he set out for the interior in April, accompanied by some Mandingoes, slaves, and Foulahs—most of the party carrying enormous burdens. In his progress he passed whole villages of *slaves*, and further on "as we crossed the chain of mountains, I saw the poor negroes *with loads on their heads*, leaping from precipice to precipice,"‡ &c. "The slaves were dreadfully fatigued, they work entirely naked, exposed to the heat of a burning sun. The presence of their masters intimidates them, and the fear of punishment expedites the work, but they make themselves amends in his absence."§

Continuing to pass through the Mandingoe and Foulah country, as an Arab, and approaching the Niger, he every where found the natives ignorant, selfish, irritable, and vindictive.|| "The Mandingoes," says

\* Travels through Central Africa to Timbuctoo, &c. in the years 1824 and 1825, by René Caillié. Colburn and Bentley. 1830.

† Ib. pp. 102, 106.

‡ Ib. pp. 181, 182, 190.

§ Ib. pp. 210, 332.

|| Ib. p. 242.

M. Caillié, "are certainly not fond of the whites, and they hold the name of a Christian in abhorrence."\* These people, be it observed, have long been in communication with Sierra Leone!—"The slaves being regarded by the Mandingoes as their principal wealth, are not ill-treated, their food is the same as that of their masters, though sometimes it is not quite so abundant; they are dressed in a coarse pagne, which they wear to the last rag. They are, however, made "to work hard," and "when it is suspected that a slave intends to run away, irons are put on their legs."† Their masters are described as being "vindictive, inquisitive, envious, liars, importunate, selfish, avaricious, ignorant, and superstitious;"‡ a tolerable catalogue of bad qualities considering the success which has been so much boasted regarding the progress of civilization among these tribes, who are in communication with the British settlements.

Leaving Kankan, and travelling towards the Kong mountains, M. Caillié says, "Among the female slaves who accompanied our caravan, I observed, with pain, girls of twelve or fifteen years old carrying heavy loads of colats on their heads. The poor creatures were unable to endure the fatigue, and sometimes let their burdens fall."§ At Tangrera, he saw slaves at work, quite naked, and the perspiration running down their bodies. At Chesso, having clubbed with his companions to buy a goat, "the negroes, an hour or two after supping upon it, fell to eating the head, half-roasted on the ashes; and after they had gnawed the bones, they gave them to the slaves."||

Arriving at Jenné, he was well received by the resident Moors. He found it an extensive place, well supplied with goods, and carrying on a great traffic. "I observed some shops pretty well supplied with European commodities, which sell at a very high price. They also deal in slaves, whom they send to Tafilet, and to other quarters, as Mogador, Tunis, and Tripoli. I have seen men leading those unfortunate beings about the streets, and crying them for sale, at the rate of twenty-five, thirty, or forty thousand cowries, according to their age." Of the treatment of the domestic slaves, in the families of Moors at Jenné, he gives a favourable report; and he found these Moors, (who firmly believed him to be a countryman of their own,) much superior to his first friends, the Braknas. Embarking for Timbuctoo, in a large canoe, "the cargo consisted of various kinds of provisions, twenty slaves, women and children, *the stoutest of whom were in chains.*"¶ He saw slaves cultivating the ground; and about fourteen days after leaving Jenné, those in the boat had their chains removed. "They appeared perfectly happy. They tried to walk, but it was with difficulty that they could move a few steps: for the chains which they had worn since they left Jenné, had wounded their feet. All the negro sailors who navigate the river are slaves." The slaves gave offence to the natives, who are Mahommedans, by dancing at sunset, during the Ramadan, and were each ordered five lashes on the back!

M. Caillié's voyage from Jenné to Timbuctoo, occupied the time from the 13th March to the 20th April. He was well received by the Moor to whom he had been recommended. But the appearance of the city did not come up to his expectations. He found slavery every where prevalent on the banks of the river; and its navigation, and the country

\* Caillié's Travels through Central Africa, &c. p. 265.

† Ib. p. 346.

‡ Ib. p. 353.

§ Ib. p. 364.

|| Ib. pp. 413, 458.

¶ Ib. p. 475; Vol. II. pp. 6, 7.



in the vicinity of Timbuctoo, apparently in possession of predatory tribes of Soorgoos or Tooaricks. "The slaves at Timbuctoo are well clothed, and fed, and seldom beaten. They are, nevertheless, regarded as merchandize, and are exported to Tripoli, Morocco, and other parts of the coast."\* He saw two female slaves, who had arrived in the same boat with him, led about the streets for sale. They were dressed to the best advantage, to make them look young. "When I passed them, they looked at me and smiled. They did not appear in the least mortified at being exhibited in the streets for sale. They thought that things should be so, and that they had come into this world to be bought and sold!"† "The slaves are never allowed to go out of the town after sunset, lest they should be carried off by the Tooaricks, who forcibly seize all who fall in their way. The condition of these unhappy beings is then more deplorable than ever. I saw some, in the little canoes, almost naked; and their masters were constantly threatening to beat them."‡

After remaining a fortnight at Timbuctoo, M. Caillié, on the 4th of May, 1828, joined a caravan, about to cross the desert for Tafilet, in the neighbourhood of Morocco. Our limits will not permit us to recount all the barbarities practised upon the slaves during this journey. Suffice it to say, they were constantly treated with the most inconsiderate cruelty. Between Timbuctoo and El-Arawan, a central city in the desert, much frequented by the caravans, M. Caillie passed the spot where Major Laing was murdered by the Moors of the tribe of Zawât, of which circumstance a detailed account is given.§ Leaving El Arawan, on the 19th of May, the caravan, consisting of about fourteen hundred camels, with slaves and merchandize, again pursued its way through the desert. "Nobody suffered more intensely from thirst than the poor little slaves, who were crying for water. Exhausted by their sufferings and their lamentations, these unhappy creatures fell on the ground, and seemed to have no power to rise; but the Moors did not suffer them to continue there long when travelling. Insensible to the sufferings which childhood is so little fitted to support, these barbarians dragged them along with violence, beating them incessantly, till they had overtaken the camels, which were already at a distance."||

Of the ultimate destination of these unfortunates, M. Caillié leaves us in ignorance.

Owing to the selfish and unfeeling conduct of his guide, Sidi-Aly, the traveller endured his full share of misery and privation during the journey through the desert; but he finally succeeded in reaching Morocco, and in placing himself under the protection of the French consulate at Tangier, from whence he was forwarded to his native country, where he has obtained the reward offered for the discovery of the mysterious city of Timbuctoo.

Let us now return to the African coast, and, again landing there, follow the footsteps of honest Richard Lander, the attendant of our lamented friend, the late Captain Clapperton, and the only European survivor of the unfortunate expedition in which that intrepid traveller and his companions, Captain Pearce, and Drs. Dickson and Morrison, perished, keeping in view that our principal object is to shew the state of society,

\* Caillié's Travels through Central Africa, &c. p. 55.

† Ib. p. 63.

‡ Ib. p. 65.

§ Ib. p. 82.

|| Ib. p. 114.

as regards the treatment of slaves, in what we may designate their native country.

The expedition left England on the 27th of August, 1825: on the 21st of October they reached Sierra Leone. "The day after our arrival, I went on shore, and sauntered alone through Freetown, visiting the church and other public buildings. I was grieved to see that sacred edifice converted into a market-place, and buyers and sellers indecently disputing and wrangling in the temple of God. The colony was rather sickly, and the great number of deaths which had recently taken place, sufficiently attested the extreme unhealthiness of that immense 'charnel-house.'"

The *Brazen* sailed for Cape Coast on the 27th: on the 7th of the following month they had a visit from the King of the Kroomen. "He wore a necklace of gris-gris, (charms or amulets), made of leather, in the merits of which he seemed to repose implicit confidence, believing himself the most fortunate of men in having it in his possession; and as long as this was the case, he asserted neither demon nor human being could in anywise injure him."†

One of his attendants, equally superstitious, was displeased that Lander would not prove the virtues of the amulet he wore, by discharging a loaded musket at his breast! We would not specially notice these superstitious opinions, so universally prevalent throughout Africa, were it not that the implicit reliance of the natives upon their efficacy, is another proof of the failure of all our attempts to enlighten even those natives who are in immediate communication with settlements formed, and kept up principally with a view of dispelling these delusions.

The expedition arrived at Cape Coast Castle on the 14th September, and on the following day proceeded to Accra, Papoe, and Whydah, where Dr. Dickson was put on shore.

Subsequently the *Brazen* proceeded to Badagry, at which place the other travellers were disembarked on the 29th November.

The number of slave vessels captured, seen, and heard of by the *Brazen* during this short voyage, amply confirm the statements we have repeatedly made of the great extent to which the contraband slave trade is still carried on.

After an abundance of feasting and foolery with King Adolee of Badagry, the expedition was escorted up a branch of the Lagos river by that beastly savage and a guard. The travellers seem at first to have imprudently exposed themselves to the dews by sleeping in the open air; and next day, the extortion of the native chiefs, and the want of bearers to carry the luggage, commenced. Sickness in a few days began to assail our countrymen; and, in less than a month from the time of their landing, Captain Clapperton and Lander left the town of Engwa the only survivors!

Passing through a beautiful country and a variety of villages, they rested two days at Chiddoo, to allow the Captain and Mr. Houtson (who had joined them since leaving Engwa) to recover from the severe indisposition which had assailed them.

On the 12th of January they proceeded, attended great part of the way by crowds of natives, and going over a rocky ridge, on which is situated the town of Cheki, they passed several Fellatah villages to Soc-

\* *Records of Clapperton's last Expedition to Africa.* By Richard Lander. Colburn and Bentley, 1830.

† *Ib.* p. 24.

cassoo; and the natives supposing they were on a mission to restore peace between the King of Yariba and some slaves who had rebelled and set his authority at defiance, they were every where well received. Continuing to traverse a populous country, "on the road we met several hundreds of men, women, and children, with heavy loads on their heads, who had been travelling the whole of the night, and who appeared so greatly fatigued as to be scarcely able to drag their lazy limbs after them. They were carefully watched by overseers (one to each fifty) who were all armed, and made the weary travellers quicken their pace by threats of punishment, whenever they observed them loitering behind."\* Our travellers were well received at Katunga by Mansola, the King of Yariba, who appointed a thievish gorman-dizing old eunuch to provide for their wants. Here they were detained in a friendly manner about seven weeks. Mr. Houtson returned to the coast, where he died shortly afterwards.

Leaving Katunga on the 6th, they passed through several villages which had been pillaged and burnt by the Fellatahs, and entered the city of Khiamo on the 14th, which they quitted on the 18th, and joined a Houssa caravan, with which they travelled to Wow-wow, the capital of a province of the same name, enjoying a considerable trade. Manchester and some other English goods being plentiful.

One of their customs would, we fear, scarcely please the Anti-slavery Society: "when a husband dies, the wives who have not born him children are sold."† In crossing the Menai, a branch of the Quorra, to Boussa, the spot where Mungo Park and his companions perished, was pointed out, and the manner of their death circumstantially detailed.‡ "The day after their arrival at Tabria, the Fellatahs left Couffa for Socassu, with a thousand slaves, some of them prisoners taken in a civil war which was raging in Nyffé. The health of our travellers had been so much impaired, that they found it necessary to remain some time at Couffa to recruit.

At Kano, one of the most considerable cities in Soudan, they first heard of the war between the Bornouese and Fellatahs, which induced Captain Clapperton to proceed to Soccatoo, the capital, leaving Lander with the presents for the Sheikh of Bornou, at Kano. That city, one of the most considerable in Soudan, is intersected from east to west by a large morass, the common receptacle of all the filth of the place. "The dead bodies of slaves are frequently cast into this morass, exposed to the action of the air, or visits of birds of prey; and it is truly shocking to observe their mangled members in a state of decomposition, and their fleshless bones bleaching in the sun in the very heart of the city. This painful and disgusting spectacle I was oftentimes obliged to be a witness to; a week rarely passing without one or more of these unregretted corpses being flung into the common receptacle."—"I saw a slave at Kano, whose fore teeth were cut and pointed; the man's appearance was most ferocious; and so sullen and reserved was he, that he refused to answer any interrogations that were put to him; I was inclined to think that he had perpetrated some flagrant crime, as he was so far on his way to Bagadry, *whither he would not have been sent if his character were not of the very worst description.*"§

The Sultan, Bello, having determined to possess himself of the

\* Records, &c. p. 101.

† Ib. p. 138.

‡ Ib. p. 117.

§ Ib. p. 213.



presents intended for the Sheikh of Bornou, caused it to be intimated to Lander that it was his master's desire that he also should come to Soccatoo, for which place he set out on the 25th November, and fell into the power of the Fellatah Sultan in the end of December.

Speaking of the laws and customs of the country, Lander points out several crimes which are sufficient to reduce free men to slavery.

"Slaves guilty of theft, or, indeed, of almost any other crime, are uniformly decapitated in Yariba, without the benefit of trial."\* "Slavery, from time immemorial, has flourished in every nation, and amongst every people in the interior countries, and seems to be implanted so deeply in the soil, that the slightest hope cannot be entertained of its being speedily outrooted. Those sent to the sea-side from the interior are *invariably the scum and refuse of the country—freebooters, lawless refractory fellows, adulterers, and even murderers.*" "I have often seen disobedient slaves, and slaves offered for sale, singing in chains and dancing in fetters, suffering at the same time under a loathsome disease, and an accumulation of misery, the very *thoughts* of which would melt, even to tears, a sympathizing English philanthropist" (not, we fear, unless the slave had in the first place been sent to our West India Colonies, then, we grant, the *regular philanthropists* would make a noise indeed; but so long as slaves remain in their own country, King Adolee, or king any body else, may flay them alive, or cut off their heads by the dozen, without any of the present African "*philanthropists*" interfering!) "In their toilsome journeyings from one part of the country to another, the *captured* slaves undergo incredible hardships, yet when they arrive at the end of their march, all their woes are buried for ever in a calabash of *pitto* or *otee*, and they are as merry and thoughtless a day or two afterwards as they ever were." On the coast, however, things wear a different and far less agreeable aspect; the slaves there are mostly captured from the neighbouring states, and suddenly losing their darling amusements, become melancholy and pensive on shipboard," &c. Honest Richard, or his compiler, makes some further observations, which appear quite at variance with the whole tenour of the events that came under his notice. "Upon the whole," says he, "I should consider the situation of the domestic slave of Africa (their relative feelings compared) to be more enviable than that of the household servant of Europe, inasmuch as a feeling of dependence never enters the mind of the former," &c. (they want the anti-slavery reporter to enlighten them!)—and he talks of the condition of the slaves of the European planter, and of their writhing in agony under "the excoriating lash of the unfeeling planter," as wisely as if he really had been for years in the pay of the Anti-colonial society. It is true, he says, he visited *St. Domingo* in his youth, and was servant to Major Colebrooke, one of the commissioners of inquiry sent to the *Cape of Good Hope*, but this we believe to be the utmost extent of his knowledge of colonial subjects, and that he is as little acquainted with the treatment of slaves in the British colonies, as with *Plutarch* and the *Athenian's character*, learnedly put as the commencement of his next chapter.

The treacherous sultan, Bello, having succeeded in obtaining possession of the presents and letter intended for the Sheikh of Bornou, seems afterwards to have paid little attention to our travellers. On the 13th of April, Captain Clapperton sunk under the united influence of disap-

\* Records, &c. p. 284.

pointment and disease; his grave was dug by four slaves, who kept quarrelling and fighting during the time that poor Lander was reading the funeral service. On the 4th of May, Lander, after being plundered of the remaining property, by order of the sultan, was allowed to depart, and shortly afterwards joined a caravan proceeding to Kashna. He had nearly perished in the "gooher bush," and thus relates the cruel death of fifty slaves who had been brought as a present to the sultan, but were rejected by him. "The young Fetallah, to whom I owe my life, came to me on the 7th, and informed me that the whole of the slaves of the King of Jacoba being missing, a party of horsemen had been sent in quest of them, and were just returned with the shocking intelligence of having seen thirty-five of their dead bodies lying along the road, and that hundreds of vultures were already hovering over them; the other fifteen could not be found, but were strongly suspected of having shared in the same fate. These unfortunate creatures had the task of carrying loads on their heads the day before, but being unable to keep up with the pace of the camels were necessarily obliged to be left behind, and thus perished miserably of thirst and fatigue."\*

Arriving at Kano on the 25th of May, he left it on the 29th, proceeding to Coulfā, in Nyffē. On our journey we met, on the 8th of June, on their way to Soccatoo, as a tax paid to Sultan Bello from a neighbouring country, thirty slaves—men, women and children, who were all ill with the small-pox. The males were tied to each other by the neck, with thongs made of twisted bullock's hide, but the women and children were unconfined; notwithstanding the loathsome disease that hung upon those poor wretches, they all appeared merry, thoughtless and happy, as though they had been enjoying their freedom in perfect health! The inhabitants of Bowchee go perfectly naked, "they sell their children as slaves to the greatest strangers in the world, with no greater remorse of conscience than if they had been common articles of merchandize."† And he relates a very pathetic occurrence which took place under his own eye,—of a mother selling her daughter for a necklace of beads! At Cattup, "slaves as well as bullocks and sheep, are exposed in the market, which is held daily."‡

Forced to turn aside to satisfy the curiosity of the King of Zeg-Zeg, who received him kindly, he again resumed his journey for the coast, attended by one male and two female slaves, whom he had purchased or received in presents to supply the place of hired people, upon whom he found by experience that no dependance could be placed! He reached Coulfā on the 14th of August, where he was kindly received amidst lamentations for the death of his late master. Leaving Coulfā on the 20th, and crossing the Niger two or three days afterwards, he entered Wowwow on the 24th, and was detained there till the 3d of September, when proceeding through Khiama to Katunga, Mansolah, the king, again received him kindly, visited him with five hundred of his two thousand wives, each armed with a small spear, and lamented the death of Clapperton, singing a dirge for that event. Lander affirms that it is the law of the country to send all the most beautiful young girls as wives to the king. "Cats are becoming so scarce in Yariba, by reason of the bitter persecution that is carried on against them unceasingly by the half starved slaves, that they are seldom seen, and in the course of a few years, in all probability, these useful animals will be wholly exter-

\* Records, &amp;c. Vol. ii. p. 95.

† Ib. p. 111.

‡ Ib. p. 119.

minated."\* These wretched people (the slaves), both from necessity and inclination, eat lizards, rats, and the most abominable offal. Aged and infirm people are exposed with indifference in the country, to die or be devoured by wild beasts, as it may happen. Slaves are called by all manner of names of beasts, birds or reptiles, such as "woman vulture," "snake," &c.

Leaving the filthy feeders of Katunga, Lander arrived at Engwâ on the 8th of November. On the 21st he reached Badagry, having everywhere been well treated on his way back to the coast.

The shocking brutality and pitiless conduct of the savage and blood-thirsty Badagrians, is painted in the most horrid colours by Lander. It is one of the principal marts for selling slaves to the Portuguese. "It not unfrequently happens that the market is either overstocked with human beings, or no buyers are to be found; in which case the maintenance of the unhappy slaves devolves solely on the government. The expense incurred by this means is oftentimes murmured against by the king, who shortly afterwards causes an examination to be made, when the sickly, as well as the old and infirm, are carefully selected, and chained by themselves in one of the factories, (five of which, containing upwards of one thousand slaves of both sexes, were at Badagry, during my residence there); and next day the majority of these poor wretches are pinioned, and conveyed to the banks of the river, where having arrived, a weight of some sort is appended to their necks, and, being rowed in canoes to the middle of the stream, they are flung into the water, and left to perish by the pitiless Badagrians. Slaves who, for other reasons, are rejected by the merchants, undergo the same punishment, or are left to endure more lively torture at 'the sacrifices:' by which means, hundreds of human beings are annually destroyed."† The account Lander gives of the Fetish-hut and Fetish-tree, are truly horrid. Thieves, and other offenders, together with the remnant of the unpurchased slaves, who are not drowned along with their companions in misfortune and misery, are reserved by the Badagrians, to sacrifice to their gods; which horrid ceremony takes place once a month. Prisoners taken in war are also immolated to appease the manes of the soldiers of Adolee slain in battle." The atrocious manner of their murder is too horrid for description, and yet all this takes place within reach of British influence. But the Anti-slavery Society, who are, in some measure, to blame for a part of these atrocities,‡ prefer urging upon our government measures, which, if adopted, would destroy that degree of comfort and civilization which the expatriated Africans and their descendants now enjoy in our colonies, and cause great loss to their countrymen, instead of turning their attention to this legitimate object of humanity—the mitigation of horrid barbarities in Africa itself. The Portuguese, or Brazilian slave-trade, is no longer legal either north or south of the line; and if the African Society were to turn their attention to the means of utterly abolishing it, they would deserve the thanks and support of the true friends of humanity, instead of sinking into that contempt and insignificance which is the certain result of their present pursuits!

To return to Lander, after being placed in great danger by the jealousy of the Portuguese slave agents, and obliged, by the fanatical natives, to undergo the trial by poison, he at last succeeded in getting away from

\* Records, &c. p. 207. † *Ib.* p. 250. ‡ *Ib.* p. 250.

‡ Our reasons for this assertion are stated in the Magazine for last month, pp. 289, 290.



this part of the African coast, and, landing at Cape Coast Castle, saw his faithful slaves comfortably settled there. He afterwards embarked with Pasko, a rascally African, who had attended the expedition from its commencement, in the *Esk* sloop-of-war, and, after a circuitous voyage, reached England in April, 1828. We were much pleased with the gentle simplicity of his manner and address, both previous to his sailing, and after his return from Africa. He has since proceeded on a second expedition (accompanied by a younger brother), to endeavour to trace the course of the Niger from Fundah to Benin. We wish him every success, and will hail the second arrival of 'Nassarah Curramee' (the *little christian*) in his native country with the greatest satisfaction.

The correctness of our views in regard to the total inadequacy of the measures hitherto adopted for the suppression of the slave-trade, and the civilization of Africa, through our establishments at Sierra Leone, is amply confirmed by the present state of society in the interior, as described by the travellers from whose books we have made extracts.

M. Caillié, in particular, having assumed the character of an Arab, had a good opportunity of ascertaining the actual opinions of the superstitious and deceitful natives, in regard to the English character and religion. He found them everywhere wedded to Islamism, or their native superstitions; and that their only motive for occasionally visiting the settlements on the coast was, to extract as much as possible from the 'Kafirs.'

We have already so fully stated our opinions on this subject,\* that it seems unnecessary to enlarge further upon it. The truth of the predictions contained in the full and candid, but *long suppressed*, explanatory letter of Governor Ludlam to Mr. Zachary Macauley, dated Fort Thornton, April 14, 1807, are now in most points fully confirmed. Speaking of the probable consequences of the Abolition of the Slave Trade, he truly states that "*under a luke-warm government, smuggling may be practised to any extent:*" and we have seen the extent to which *it is* practised by foreigners! We, moreover, do not hesitate to state our opinion, that if his Majesty's Ministers remain luke-warm as to its being so continued, and do not speedily adopt measures to avert the destruction of the agriculture of our own colonies, even British subjects will not be deterred by any consequences from assisting foreigners in the continuance of this now cruelly conducted trade. "To abolish the Slave Trade," says Governor Ludlam, "will not prevent the Africans from remaining a savage and uncivilized people. To abolish the Slave Trade is not to abolish the violent passions which now find vent in that particular direction. Were it to cease, the misery of Africa would arise from other causes; but it does not follow that Africa would be less miserable: she might even be less miserable, and yet be savage and uncivilized. This will, doubtless, be acknowledged: and it may be asked, why I repeat so obvious a truth. I answer, because the writings of the abolitionists have a contrary impression. They speak of the darkness in which *we* have kept Africa, and of the happiness which we may now look forward to, as if it were an unquestionable fact that Africa would have been civilized, had it not been for the Slave Trade: nay, further, that civilization, Christianity, and happiness, are now to be looked forward to as the natural effects of abolition!" We recollect

\* Vide "Sierra Leone and the Slave Trade," Monthly Mag. for March last, p. 234.

a forcible expression of Captain Clapperton, when conversing on the subject of the introduction of the Christian religion, after his return from his first expedition, which shows the opinion he entertained of the progress it was likely to make in Africa, opposed to Islamism: "Give me thirty thousand bayonets," said he, "and in a few years I will produce you *some millions of Christians*, but as to any other methods of conversion"—!! Such was the judgment he had formed of the mental qualities of the Africans.

"In the next place I would observe," says Governor Ludlam, "that the administration of every African government must become extremely severe, if not extremely bloody. When so effectual a punishment as slavery is done away, which yet, as it sheds no blood, is readily executed on petty criminals and in doubtful cases, severe punishments and more terrible examples must be introduced. Every ancient institution, the power of every hereditary chief must now be sustained by blood, instead of slavery:—the injured party must make war, and kill his neighbour's people for revenge, since he cannot sell them for satisfaction!"

We must defer till another opportunity the observations we intended to offer on a further report of proceedings at Sierra Leone, recently published; and also on the present condition of slaves in the United States of America. We think enough has been said to prove the cruel character of slavery in Ancient Rome and in Modern Africa. We would earnestly recommend to the African Institution and others, to turn their attention to the evils which afflict humanity in the latter quarter of the globe, and to the means of finally abolishing the contraband trade in slaves.

We trust his Majesty's ministers now see the errors into which their predecessors were led by the abolitionists; and that so far as it is possible to relieve the country from useless expenditure, and to induce France and other powers to adopt effectual measures for putting an end to the Slave Trade, it will be done. But these measures will be incomplete, unless at the same time means are adopted to sustain the industry of our colonies, so as to diminish the temptation to raise foreign sugars by means of new slaves.

So far as we can at present judge, it is through the great rivers falling into the Bights of Benin and Biafra that any effectual communication with the interior of Africa can be opened, and we are glad to perceive that by recent accounts from Fernando Po, operations were diligently continued to improve the salubrity of that island, and render it fit for the reception of the population which we shortly expect to see removed to it.

We hope, in a few years, especially should Lander return and be able to point out the entrance to one or more of the principal rivers, to see steam-boats and other vessels starting from Fernando Po, provided with proper accommodation to screen the passengers from the malignant effects of the heat and moisture, penetrating a considerable way into the interior and more healthy parts of Africa, where, in time, such factories might be established as would not only open fresh sources of commerce, but might contribute more effectually to just ideas of the power of the British, and the civilization of the natives, than all those expensive establishments on the coast, which have caused us such an immense loss of men and money.

COLONEL VERNON; OR, THE WARNING VOICE: A TALE OF THE  
CIVIL WARS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE LOLLARDS;" "CALTHORPE;" "THE WITCH-  
FINDER," &c.

"BRIEF is the date of human happiness, and they who boast that felicity is theirs, should evermore be prepared for an awful change."

It was the venerable Herbert who spoke, and it was while the bride, deeply impressed with the solemnity of the marriage vow, which she had but that moment pronounced, faintly replied to the kind speeches of congratulating friends, that these words were poured into the ears of Isabel. In the cloudless brow of the bridegroom, and in the beauteous eyes of the bride, he saw, that, happy then, they looked for long years of uninterrupted bliss. The esteemed pastor wished to bring down their transports to the sober level of reason. He reminded them that when solemnizing marriage rites, the Jews, in memory of the destruction of their temple, break a goblet, to show how soon the brightest objects on earth are annihilated. He cautioned them against being too sanguine, that, fortified by a just and salutary apprehension, should sorrow approach, they might endure without dismay. The kind spirit of him who spoke, beamed in his countenance, and the gentle tone of admonition falling

"Soft as the dew from heaven descends,"

from the revered lips which had just pronounced the nuptial benediction was as respectfully received as it was piously intended. Yet those on whom it was bestowed, felt that if ever it were permitted for mortal to calculate on happiness, *they* might indulge the hope without presumption.

Theirs was the union of affection, of affection founded on reason; as its basis was a long and intimate knowledge of each other's minds and virtues. High and powerful connections each could claim, and all approved of the union of the families of Vernon and Bolingbroke.

The civil war which eventually cost Charles the First his crown and life, was then raging: but even this circumstance, however sad for the nation, seemed fortunate for Colonel Vernon. His valour in the field, had already gained him the fame of a loyal subject and a gallant soldier, nor did he doubt but the perfect triumph of the royal cause, would eventually yield him additional laurels and higher honours.

Days and months of domestic happiness and professional success, were his, and he would sometimes recal to Isabel the warning voice of the venerable churchman, by the exulting remark, "We have known happiness, but not the awful change." The growing fame of Vernon pointed him out as a fit person to be entrusted with the command of Bletchington House, then deemed a fortress of some importance. Isabel had often seen her husband depart for the field, and lamented that she could not accompany him; but it was possible for her to share the danger and the glory of his present duty, and she determined not to separate from him. The garrison was so well provided, that Vernon anticipated no catastrophe. He consented to her being his companion, and Isabel with her infant, just then beginning to walk, took up their abode in Bletchington House.

Nothing could exceed the ardour felt by Vernon and the men under his command. The knights in the olden time, panted not with more



romantic eagerness, to gain the victor's prize from the presiding beauty of the tournament, than did he and his soldiers to prove their valour in the presence of Isabel. An attempt was made to carry the place by storm, but it was repulsed with such loss, as taught the soldiers of Cromwell, that they had to deal with no common foe. Every summons to surrender, was answered with stern defiance, and despairing of success by other means, the rebels at length turned the siege into a blockade.

Great was the exultation within the walls when this was known. Long before the ample stores providently collected, could be exhausted, Vernon was satisfied that the king would arrive. All were animated by the same resolution: all were determined to resist to the last extremity. We will not give in detail the incidents which occurred, and the conversations which passed, while exultation resolved itself into sober confidence, and while confidence became mingled with doubt, nor those which followed, when doubt gave way, not to fear for his personal safety, for that Colonel Vernon could not know, but to excruciating apprehension for the fate of his men and the cause of his monarch. Suffice it to say, that the relief expected, arrived not—that with all the care he could use, food became scarce and the garrison began to murmur that they were content to lay down their lives in the field, but not to submit to be starved to death.

One appeal he determined to make to the enemy. The royalists had on some occasions humanely allowed the females and children who were in besieged places to withdraw. This favour he now solicited. Before giving an answer, the puritans said it would be necessary to "seek the Lord in prayer" and a messenger of their own would announce the result.

With some satisfaction he learned on the following morning, that a Round-head messenger claimed to be admitted. He immediately gave orders that the puritan should be conducted, blindfolded, to the apartment in which he sat. This was done, and the soldier of Cromwell stood before him.

The bandage removed from his eyes, the man who was of godly repute, and who, according to the whim of the time, had a most godly name, being called "Fight-for-the-faith-Fletcher," with little ceremony thus delivered himself.

"Forasmuch as thou, William Vernon, being a man of blood and a great backslider, hast often in battle proved a slayer of God's people, *the Lord of Hosts shalt stir up a scourge for thee, according to the slaughters of Midian, at the rock of Oreb, and none of the ungodly shall pass hence but as captives to the servants of the Lord.*"

"Enough," said Vernon haughtily; "return, and say to your commander that should our situations ever be reversed, I despise the example which he has thought fit to set, too much to follow it."

The puritan calmly replied,

"*Let the high praises of God be in the mouths of his saints, and a two edged sword in their hands, to execute vengeance upon the heathen and punishment upon the people: to bind their kings with chains and their nobles with fetters of iron, to execute upon them the judgments written: this honour have all his saints.*"

"Away, madman and blasphemer!" Vernon indignantly exclaimed, and Fight-for-the-faith-Fletcher was removed.

The distress within the walls became horrible, and the heart of

Vernon seemed bursting in his bosom, when he saw Isabel, once so gay, so lovely and so bright, reduced to a pallid and emaciated spectre. Long silent, her eyes alone seemed to reproach his stern decision, but eventually duty as a mother, made her plead with nature's eloquence, not for herself, but for her child. She pointed to the famished soldiers, and called on her husband not vainly to sacrifice them. Thus to act, she argued, was not loyalty but fatuity, as it destroyed those who might otherwise become at a future day the defenders of their king. He lent a deaf ear to her touching representations; but at last her imploring voice, the clamours of his starving men, and perhaps the feelings of a parent, unconsciously moving him to save his offspring, vanquished resolution. He consented to capitulate, and obtained what, under the circumstances, seemed very favourable terms. On giving up the place, his soldiers were allowed to march out with the honours of war, and having grounded their arms, to go where they pleased. Bitter was the anguish and regret of Vernon, when the true cause of this moderation became apparent, and when it was made known to him that a strong body of royalists, were on their way to relieve Bletchington House, who within the next four and twenty hours, would have compelled the Parliamentary force to retire.

Though Isabel shared the sorrow of her husband, at learning that the king's forces were so near, she still exulted in having saved his life. From the extremity of suffering, previously endured, she doubted if he could have survived another day. The expediency of surrendering the place under such circumstances, was, to her mind, so indisputably established, that, even when a court martial had been called at Oxford, she looked forward to the result without dismay, and confidently anticipated an honourable acquittal for Vernon.

The court did not close its proceedings till midnight. No messenger announced the result to Isabel. The absence of special intelligence was satisfactory. That Vernon should be exonerated, was a matter of course.

And when it was signified to her on the following morning, that the prisoner desired to see her, she still felt assured his detention was but a matter of form, and approached him with a smile.

"It is past," he sadly remarked; "your fond anxiety to save my life, has destroyed me."

"Destroyed you, Vernon! Can the court doubt?"

"No, Isabel; they do not doubt. Their decision has been pronounced: it is recorded, and I am lost."

"How! Are you not restored? Is it possible that their decision can be unfavourable?"

"It is even so; and I am proclaimed a coward to the world!"

"And if the world be mean and miserable enough to credit the calumny, then, my Vernon, leave such a world."

"I must leave it."

"And do so without regret; for it merits not your care. Renounce it for ever—despise the phantom fame, and live but to love and Isabel."

"He who is bereft of fame and honour, can have no occasion for life. You, Isabel, must feel this. Start not, then, while I announce what I judged you must have previously learned:—I am sentenced to die!"

Isabel was little prepared for the awful intelligence, that the court had condemned Vernon to death.

"Can it—can it be possible!" she exclaimed, "that my Vernon is to die, and to die for having saved the brave men under his command?"

"Such is my fate—summon your fortitude in the last sad hour; and in the days which are coming, when this poor form shall rest beneath the peaceful sod, remember Vernon."

"Oh! speak not thus! Tell me not that there is no hope of mercy."

"Nay, Isabel, court no vain delusion: before yon sun declines, I shall be no more. Had it been my lot to fall in the field, my last moments would have been cheered by the thought that my death, even if not illustrated by triumph, was that of a soldier; but it is sad to suffer as a culprit: to know that my Isabel will be pointed at as the widow of a recreant, and that my boy will succeed to an inheritance of shame."

"The thought is madness, and I, I am the wretched cause of all!—But for my voice—my fatal eloquence—it had been yours to live to hope, to happiness, and to glory! But will the monsters give no pause for further inquiry?"

"By my especial desire the preparations for the final scene have been expedited. Be firm—be yourself, my Isabel; and let it be some consolation to that bleeding heart, to reflect, that if Vernon have failed in his duty, he yet can prove that he fears not to die."

"But tell me not that we meet for the last time."

"Subdue agitation, nor let your emotion shake me in this important hour.—When the fatal ball shall have done its part, if the enfranchised soul may seek what it loved on earth, mine shall still hover near you; when the evening star beams with lustre on that bright eye, let it represent my spirit ever waking to guard Isabel from harm; and when the gentle breeze of spring softly agitates those ebon ringlets, believe that it is Vernon thus signifies his presence."

"Oh! misery!"

"And when life's duties performed, my Isabel reclines on the bed of death, I, so faithful love dare hope, will still be near to sustain the fainting sufferer, to usher her into a new state of being, and to join her unsullied spirit as it journeys to heaven."

"Yet tell me not that we part so soon,—that yet a few moments and we must separate for ever."

"No: it shall not be for ever. In a happier state of being, above the sky, among the spirits of the perfect just, we yet shall meet. Our love was never earthly in its character, and it shall prove immortal."

It was at this moment that Herbert, who, as one of the king's chaplains, was then in attendance at Oxford, entered.

"Reverend Sir, you are welcome," said Vernon. "It was you who, in the most blissful moment of my existence, wisely admonished me, that I should hold myself prepared for an awful change, and much I thank you for coming now, to fit me for my passage."

Herbert turned aside to conceal the tears which he could not repress.

"My object," he at length said, "in coming hither, was to assist this fair one through the trying scene of the day. A holy man waits in another apartment to administer to you all the sacred consolation, which religion can yield to a weak mortal in his last hour."

"And must he go now?" Isabel wildly demanded. "If the murderous sentence is to be executed, let me perish by his side."

"This may not be," cried Vernon. "Were it even permitted by authority, the solemn duties which devolve on the only remaining parent



of a fatherless child, would bind my Isabel to life, if she love the name of Vernon. Now, dearest, take my last embrace. Restrain your tears, and still that throbbing bosom. Be assured on you my thoughts will rest while life remains, and for you, my prayers will ascend, even in that moment, when my emancipated soul leaves its mortal home."

Scarcely conscious of what she did, Isabel clung to her husband in frantic agony.

"This is not well," he exclaimed, with sternness. The altered tone of his voice thrilled her.

"Take the dear one," he added, with relenting tenderness, gently putting her from him. Herbert received the interesting charge.

"Stay, Vernon," cried Isabel.

"It must not be," he replied, "or want of courage will be said to disgrace my last hour. Our adieus have been exchanged, the parting blessing has been breathed, and I have nothing now to do on earth—but—to die, as becomes a soldier and a man."

While speaking he withdrew; and when Isabel, who had for a moment raised her hand to her forehead, to conceal her tears, would have looked on him again, she saw him not.

"Is he gone!" she exclaimed. "Is that generous heart to be stilled for ever, and by command of that sovereign, for whom, on the battle field, its best blood had cheerfully been shed?"

"Daughter, it is deemed necessary that the severe rules of military discipline should be upheld, even at the expence of human life."

"But shall *he* be the victim of relentless principle who only acted on the suggestions of prudence, where valour could nothing avail. Oh, Sir! there has been base slander at work; the king is deceived. Yet why, feeling this, do I tarry here! I will to his majesty! No force shall bar me from him. I will prove that Vernon has been calumniated."

She advanced towards the door. Herbert opposed her progress.

"Nay, Madam, this may not be—you must not seek the king. Believe me, all that you would say in Vernon's favour, has already been said."

"Sir! you are cruel, thus to bar my passage. Who could plead for the devoted soldier like his wife?"

"He might be heard with more attention, whose representations would seem to flow from a love of truth, rather than from affection."

"Yet let me go. Oh, this is monstrous! not to permit a wretched wife to sue for mercy!"

"Were I not sure the effort must be vain, I would support your present resolution. But the king's mind, I say it not on light grounds, is made up, and he is not to be moved."

"My anguish will touch his heart, and Vernon may live."

"Believe me sincere when I say it—were I not certain, certain as that I stand here a breathing sinner, that your seeking the royal presence cannot, by possibility, benefit your husband, I would not restrain you."

"Sir, you forget that the wisest and holiest of men have erred, and your reason, in other matters most excellent, may here be defective. Then never tell me that the king may not be induced by tears, by reason, and by startling facts, to change his purpose."

"Again, I say, the effort cannot serve Vernon. Therefore be calm."—

"Calm! nay, speak not thus. Man of God! can musing on heaven have dissolved in thy heart all sympathy with earth. Shall a wife be

serenely resigned, while it is possible that her tears and prayers may save him to whom her faith is pledged, from being murdered?"

"This language you must not hold. Vernon has been sentenced by a competent court, and even his death should not be named a murder."

"Nay, but it is murder—the foulest murder, and may avenging furies pursue those who have willed it! may a God of justice, hurl his red lightning on the blood-hounds; and may each wretched monster's dying prayer for mercy, be visibly rejected, that the sinner, even here, may see the world of torments in which the great actors in a world of crime, will find their eternal home. For the king——"

"Hold!" exclaimed Herbert, who had previously attempted, but in vain, to interrupt the course of her despair. "Sin not against Heaven, by impiously arraiging its vicegerent on earth. Late repentance, were this persisted in, would overtake thee, and gnaw thy bosom's inmate with remorse. His majesty is all goodness."

"If it be so, then why am I, with coldly cruel admonition, and even by force, restrained from seeking to know and to acknowledge it?"

"For reasons good, which I now attend to unfold, if your impetuous sorrow will give them audience."

"I want not to know the reasons by which heartless men, can bring themselves to approve of shedding guiltless blood."

"Nor are such likely to gain utterance from my tongue. Yet will I vindicate the goodness of my king: he would not suffer the innocent to perish, and his ear is ever open to the voice of supplication."

"Yet but now you said, that with respect to my beloved Vernon, his mind was made up, and that nought could save his life."

"Daughter, I told you that to petition the king would be of no avail. This do I now repeat, and with fullest confidence—with irrevocable firmness; because——and now, poor mourner! let thy heart be prepared—for the words which linger on my tongue will thrill it to its core."

"Ha! is it so?—Because—so thou art about to say—Vernon, my brave husband, has already met his cruel fate. Break, wretched heart!—my husband is no more!"

"It is not so—he still lives."

"But is now, even in this moment, to die!"

"He lives, and is—so I hope—destined long to survive."

"Indeed! Blest sound! Welcome chains and dungeons, so his life be spared!"

"He will be restored free as he has ever been, enthralled only by those chains which love and Isabel, have twined around his heart."

"Thy voice is gentle, but still I tremble at thy words. Yet thou—thou who art a holy man, would not mock a weak sufferer. But I fear my feelings delude me, and that I have imagined sounds to come from thy lips, which were not uttered."

"Be tranquil and be happy; Vernon is not to suffer."

"Oh, blissful tidings! Then let my heart swell with rapture! But say what meant your speech lately? Even now it tingles in my ears, as it burst on my startled sense, when, like the life-devouring *kamsin* of the desert, it seemed to burn and blast me as it came, while you announced, that the king would not be moved."

"This did I tell, because he had already pardoned Vernon."

"Bless him, Heaven!"

"It became my duty, being in attendance on his majesty, to make him

acquainted with all the sad incidents which had caused the loss of Bletchington House; and eventually I satisfied his royal mind that, faithful to his duty, Vernon had only capitulated, when that duty forbade him to sacrifice the lives of gallant men by useless resistance."

"I cannot thank you, Sir, with my tongue, for my bounding heart is striving to burst forth to do that office. Yet tell me, if Vernon be pardoned, why is he not here? and why—I shudder while I recal it—why was he taken hence?"

"As yet he knows not that he is to be spared. The king suspects that your beauty and distress, had some undue influence on his mind, and therefore willed that, to make a salutary impression on the young soldier, all the preparations should go on for the execution. It is only at the last moment, that his pardon will be announced."

"Indeed! My poor Vernon! Then even now he thinks that we shall meet no more? O! what a storm of joy, will he prove—!"

Here the sound of a drum was heard: it ceased abruptly.

"What means that sound?" inquired Isabel.

"That is the muffled drum. The sound is now repeated, and will be so at intervals; such being the custom at a military execution."

"I hear soft, but solemn music."

"That is the psalm tune, which makes part of the ceremonial when the prisoner approaches the awful spot, destined to be his grave."

"The sounds are mournful, but yet soothing. Ah! what had they been, had I not learned that Vernon is not to die? Though ever intrepid, I know his fond heart is sad at leaving me. Yet I repine not that he is deceived, reflecting how vast, how pure, his joy will be anon, when he shall learn that he is not to be consigned to the gloom of the sepulchre; but that, restored to those he loves, he may still look on the green fields, the blue sky, and all the glories of nature."

"Objects still more dazzling and sublime," said Herbert, "I hope will occupy his mind—the goodness of that Deity, who——"

"Who spares his being! O! yes, kind Sir! reprove me not for dwelling on objects, glorious to the mortal sense; for to contemplate these will be devotion; as what can my Vernon see of the Creator's magnificence, which will not remind him of his mercy?"

"So would I hope."

"Sir, methinks it is past hoping. My breast glows with ineffable delight, and is overflowing with rapture. But hark! I hear a step. He comes! Now, my soul, give thyself up to bliss!"

"Yet still, my child, remember, that they who boast felicity——"

"Not now, Sir—not now. Say not that I can be too happy, when Vernon, snatched from death, returns to greet his Isabel. Surely, in this blissful moment, exultation is reason—is religion."

One entered.

"Colonel Sidney!" Isabel exclaimed, "I thought—I expected——"

"To see Vernon, Madam. That pleasure will be yours immediately. I came to announce it, in order to prepare you. Such at least is the excuse I make to myself for leaving him as I did. But, to confess the truth, the scene was too much for me, and I should have cried like an urchin under the whip at school, had I not beaten a retreat."

"And what is now doing?"

"You shall hear. The scene was made as terrible as possible. First, his coffin was carried before him, and placed on the edge of a grave, which



had been prepared to receive it: so at least we wished Vernon to believe. Then the muskets were loaded with ball, and, by command of the general, it was my duty to see that this part of the arrangement, came under the prisoner's observation. Two pistols were prepared as for the provost—to dispatch him if the muskets should fail."

"Poor Vernon! and he—how did he bear it?"

"Nobly. I did think, such a dismal array would have produced some effect—but no, he was true heart of oak. To him all these things seemed matter of course. The muffled drum beat, and the fifes struck up the hundred and fourth Psalm. On a former occasion, when the burial service was thus performed for the living, I saw him tremble, and a tear fell for the poor deserter, then about to die. But, in his own case, no emotion could be traced. His step was firm—his air serene."

The sound of muskets was heard.

"Heard ye that roar! Even now, fortified as I am, well knowing that my Vernon is safe, a shuddering thrill runs through my frame. Great God! what had my feelings been, if the sentence had really been carried into effect! had that awful sound announced the shedding of my husband's blood. But what has caused that firing?"

"Doubtless, Madam, it was the last experiment on the firmness of Vernon. I did not know the thing was to be carried quite so far. But all must be over now. I hear a confused murmur—footsteps come this way. I fly to meet my friend."

He left the room.

"This suspense, or rather this state of anxious expectation, has been much protracted, Sir," Isabel remarked. "Would that it were terminated! But now they *are* coming. How full of rapture is this moment!"

"Lady, remember."

"You would say, that human happiness cannot be of long duration."

"And mortals should ever look for an awful change."

"Nay, this is a gloomy thought—bear with me, Sir; but I will not cherish it in this hour of transport."

Sidney reappeared, but he no longer seemed himself. Joy and satisfaction but a few moments before had heightened the healthful glow of his manly cheek. Now, pale and aghast, his countenance exhibited but the unequivocal expression of horror and ineffable dismay.

With a faltering voice, he at length broke silence:

"To the mysterious decree of Heaven we all must bow."

"Spare this excruciating preparation, Sir. Where—where is he? where is Vernon? Does he live, or—or——" and she paused without power to give utterance to the awful alternative which then, like the vivid lightning's sudden and partial illumination of the night-troubled ocean, burst on her mind. "But no; this is a new device to try my love and fortitude."

"I know not how to answer—but the tidings cannot be withheld."

"Speak. Does he live?"

"He lived when I quitted his side, but I am forced to add, a fatal accident has unhappily occurred."

"Annihilate me! Tell me all. He lived, but was about to expire?"

"The men have fired, and my gallant friend ——"

"Has fallen," exclaimed Isabel. "I know it. The dark presentiment came over me with funereal gloom. Oh! Sir," she added, while her

streaming eyes turned to the sympathising Herbert, who, scarcely less a mourner than herself, was overwhelmed with amazement and anguish at the catastrophe—"was it well thus to sport with the affliction of a heart-broken wife?"

"Trust me, fair one," replied the minister, in a voice tremulous from age, but more so from emotion—"of such conduct I am incapable, and at this moment, even, I know not what has fortune'd."

"Unfold it all," cried Isabel, addressing herself to Sidney; "but if he still live, let me go to him."

"With aching heart," said the colonel, "I obey. Arrived at the place of execution, the gallant old general shed tears of joy at remarking the intrepid bearing of Vernon. 'Firmness like this,' he whispered, 'entitles him to immortal glory;' and his heart glowed with exultation at the thought, that instead of giving the signal of death, it would be his duty to produce the royal pardon."

"And then—and then—why was it not produced?"

"It had been ordered that the men should reserve their fire till a white handkerchief waived, a signal which they were not to behold at all. The preparations were complete, the last word of command had been given, when the general drew from his bosom the pardon. The delight he experienced at displaying the paper, which was to save his young friend, caused him to produce it with a flourish of triumph. Unhappily this was mistaken for the signal, and—and——"

"My Vernon perished!" sighed Isabel.

Sidney described the anguish of the general, at learning the fatal mistake, but Isabel heard him not. Her tears had ceased to flow—her eyes were fixed—for now they rested on Vernon himself, who, sustained by two of his friends, was borne into the apartment. His eyes were still bright, but the ghastly hue of his countenance, told more than even the blood, which flowed from his breast and throat, that but a moment intervened between him and eternity.

Pale and breathless, Isabel approached him. He faintly extended his hand, to receive her touch, but his eyes closed, as if the feeble effort had exhausted the last remains of life.

"Speak to me," she exclaimed, "let me hear thy voice once more."

"Beloved Isabel!" Vernon murmured, "I—I—" Here his voice failed. The wretched wife listened for the close of the sentence; he was silent. A dreadful doubt came over her—a more appalling certainty succeeded—a certainty that she was a widow.

"He is no more!" sobbed Isabel; "and I am the author of his death."

She clasped the mangled and bleeding remains of Vernon, and remained motionless. When the bystanders separated her from the corse, she uttered no cry—she shed no tear—she made no sign of woe, but a composure was stamped upon her countenance more fearful than anguish, more terrible than despair. The cry of her infant, which was brought to her, produced a momentary convulsion. It indicated recognition, and told that the ear of the mother was still alive to the cry of her offspring, though reason had fled for ever. The good Herbert essayed, but in vain, to administer the consolations of religion.

Looking on the hopeless desolation before him, he reverted to his former warning, and mournfully repeated—

"Brief is the date of human happiness; and they who boast that felicity is theirs, should evermore be prepared for an awful change!"

RECOLLECTIONS, FROM THE PORTFOLIO OF A LOVER OF  
LITERATURE.

CHURCHILL the poet's epitaph, by Wilkes, is a model for succinct expression. Its vigour shames many of the sesquipedalia affairs which spread the wisdom of fools and the virtue of knaves over so many square yards of marble:—

CAROLO CHURCHILL  
Amico jucundo  
Poetae acri  
Civi optimè de patria merito  
P  
Johannes Wilkes  
1765.

The spirit of an inscription, whether for the living or the dead, should be simplicity. The following is too long, yet it is beautiful:—

EPITAPH ON AN INFANT, WHOSE SUPPOSED PARENTS WERE VAGRANTS.

When no one gave the cordial draught,  
No healing art was found,  
My God the sovereign balsam brought,  
And Death relieved the wound.  
What though no mourning kindred stand  
Around the solemn bier,—  
No parents wring the trembling hand,  
Or drop the tender tear,—  
No velvet pall, no work of art,  
My infant limbs inclose,—  
No friends the winding-sheet impart,  
To deck my last repose,—  
Yet hear, ye great ones! hear ye this!  
Be wise, ye guilty proud!—  
A spotless life my coffin is,  
And innocence my shroud.  
My name unknown, obscure my birth,  
No funeral rights are given;  
But though denied man's house on earth,  
I tread God's courts in heaven.

The celebrated Pulteney (Earl of Bath) was not known as a poet; yet, even in the tumults of public life, he had not altogether forgotten the original tastes which, perhaps, for his happiness, he might have more wisely pursued, than the distracting, and finally the disappointing, career of ambition. His epitaph on the stone that covered the grave where his father, mother, and brother were laid, is a striking evidence that the man was fit for something better than the leader of an intemperate faction:—

Ye sacred spirits! while your friends, distressed,  
Weep o'er your ashes, and lament the blessed,  
Oh! let the pensive muse inscribe that stone,  
And with the general sorrows mix her own—  
The pensive muse! who, from this mournful hour,  
Shall raise her voice, and wake the string no more!  
Of love, of duty, this last pledge receive—  
'Tis all a brother, all a son, can give.



It may seem a matter of no extraordinary difficulty to give a plain answer to a plain question ; and yet it is an art which it evidently requires some trouble to learn. In all half-civilized nations, the inquirer for the most simple thing is met by an enigma for an answer ; and, among the peasantry of Scotland and Ireland, civilized as the general communities may be, the system often seems to be studied evasion. This dialogue is the model of thousands in the sister isle :—

“ Is this the nearest road to Cork ? ”

“ Is it to Cork you are going ? ”

“ Yes, but my question is, as to the nearest road ? ”

“ Why, this road is as near as that on the other side of the hill ; for neither of them is any road at all. ”

“ Then which way ought I to go ? ”

“ Oh, that depends on your honour's own liking. Perhaps you wouldn't like to go back again ? ”

“ Certainly not. But, one word for all, my good fellow—do you know anything about any kind of road here ? ”

“ There now, if your honour had asked that before, I could have told you at once. ”

“ Out with it then. ”

“ Why the truth is, your honour, that I am a stranger in these parts ; and the best thing you can do is to stop till somebody comes that knows all about the way. ”

“ Stupid scoundrel ! why did you not say so at first ? ”

“ Stupid ! that's all my thanks. But why did not your honour ask me if I belonged to the place ? that would have settled the business. Take a fool's advice, and stop where you are. ”

Mr. C. Croker, in his clever description of the south of Ireland, gives characteristic sketches of the peasantry, which every traveller will realize. The Irishman has the curious habit of conversing confidentially with every thing. “ Did you give the horses a feed of oats at the village ? ” said one of the tourists to the driver, who had for the last hour found no slight difficulty in urging on his wearied hacks. “ I did not, your honour, ” was the reply ; “ but sure and they know, I promised them a good one at Limerick. ”

A curious example of this understanding between man and horse, was given in a ride from Cork to Mallow. The tourist had advised a farmer with whom he rode, to quicken his pace, as there were signs of a storm. The man's answer was, “ Sure and so I would, for the pleasure of your honour's company ; but I promised the *baste* to let him walk ; and more blame to me, if I belie myself to any one, let alone the dumb *baste* ! For says he to me, ‘ I'm tired, and I'll not go a step faster ; and you can't make me, moreover ! ’ And says I, ‘ I scorn it ; and so take your own way ! ’ ”

I know few things finer in the northern incantations, or in the Fury scenes of antiquity, than some fragments of an Irish legend of the war between Eagan and “ Conn of the hundred battles, ” probably some Scandinavian Nelson. The night before the final struggle, Eagan received the announcement of his destiny from these Irish Volkyriur :

“ When Eagan came back from the council, three witches stood before him, with fiery-looking eyes, and long grizzly hair hanging down over cadaverous countenances. The eyebrows of those fiends were large, rough, and grim, growing into each other, and forming two arches of matted bristles. Their

cheeks were hollow, shrivelled, and meagre; their blasting tongues held ceaseless gabble; and their crooked, yellow, hairy hands, and hooked fingers, resembled the talons of an eagle. Thus, on small, inbent, and bony legs, they stood before Eagan.

" 'Whence came ye, foul ones?' asked the chief.

" 'We come from afar by our powers,' they replied.

" 'I demand to know your powers,' said Eagan, leader of the mighty bands.

" 'We make the sea run higher than the mountain-tops by our breath; we bring snow on the earth by the nodding of our hoary heads; we spread flame through cities by our words; we change the shape of all things—of man and of ourselves—by the rolling of our eyes!'

" 'Enough!' exclaimed the mighty Eagan; 'I demand your names!'

" 'Our names are—Ah, Lann, and Leana, daughters of Traden the magician. We have come from far countries, to warn you of death. Eagan shall fall by the keen-edged and bone-cleaving sword of the ever victorious 'Conn, of the hundred battles.'

" 'On your own heads may the warning alight, ye hags of hell! May your forebodings sink into the air, and find no answer in the mountains! May the trees bear the curse of your evil words, the poison of your tongues fall on the rocks of the valley, and your hatred be buried in the billows of the rolling sea!'

" 'It is the will of Fate that we speak: we have spoken without haste or hire!' Muttering their spells, they vanished from before Eagan.

" That night came the three to the tent of the King of Spain's son; and to him they too boded ill; and thence they came where the hosts of 'Conn of the hundred battles' lay on the field, and they roused the hero with their words:—

" 'In thy arm be thy strength; in thy sword be thy safety; in thy face be thy foes; in thy step, thy prosperity! The pride of Ireland is against thee, in life and in motion. Be thou restless as the treacherous light, that shines in the eye of the benighted traveller!'

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Dean Tucker is one of the curious instances of a man's slipping out of recollection. Who now mentions his name? Yet he was one of the most active, and even of the most public, minds of England not fifty years ago; a scholar, a most acute and stirring politician, and a most subtle and scientific metaphysician; yet the author of "*Search's Light of Nature*," and the pamphlet on the American question, has strangely passed away. I remember an epigram which commemorated his domestic troubles, with a lash at Warburton, who had married a daughter of Allen, of Prior Park (a genuine "*Wife of Bath*")—a match which, to the shame of the times, got him his bishopric.

THE DEAN, *loquitur*.

"My wife, Father William, is ugly and old,  
Asthmatic, chest-foundered, and lame."—

THE BISHOP.

"My wife, Son Josiah, no man needs be told  
Is as *bad* in the other extreme."

THE DEAN.

'I have put mine away.'—

THE BISHOP.

"The deed I applaud,  
Yet, applauding, can only admire;  
For, you are bound only by man and by God,  
But my obligations are *prior*."

An epigram on the Treasury repairs, contains the true spirit of epigram, brief and easy sarcasm :—

From sunset till daybreak, while Walpole's asleep,  
New watch are appointed the Exchequer to keep ;  
New bolts and new bars fasten up every door,  
And the chests are made three times as strong as before.  
From the night till the morning, I grant you, all's right ;  
But who will secure it from *morning till night* ?

The building of Somerset House renewed the popular clamour against Scotch ascendancy, in the early part of the last reign. The Adams actually employed none but Scotchmen in the whole construction. This produced a vast quantity of sneering at the partiality of Sandy for his countrymen. These lines were popular :—

Four Scotchmen, scoundrels all, and Adams,  
Who keep their coaches and their madams,  
Have gathered frae the North to hum us,  
And now would steal our river from us.  
Auld Scotland ! many a day, 'twas said,  
Thy teeth were sharp for English bread ;  
But, steal our bread and water too !  
'Tis true 'tis hard—'tis hard 'tis true !  
Ye friends alike of George and James,  
Throw down your hods, and leave the Thames !  
The princess\* fond of raw-boned faces,  
May give you all our posts and places.  
Take all, to fill your purse and pride,  
But dip your oatmeal in the Clyde !

The Constantinopolitan Greeks, though in the very jaws of the Turkish tiger, and hourly becoming more obnoxious to hazard in the present state of a tyranny, rendered doubly jealous by defeat, yet retain that singular buoyancy of spirits, which made them remarkable among ancient nations. Songs, poems and predictions administer to this indestructible spirit, and the Turco-Greek is the firmest believer in every absurdity sanctioned by an allusion to his future triumph. But on one prediction he fixes with peculiar reverence ; and there are some circumstances connected with it, which might justify much interest even among a less imaginative and sanguine people. The prediction is said to have been found engraved on the tomb of Constantine the Great. It consisted merely of consonants, to which the vowels had been supplied, as the legend says, by Gennadios the patriarch of Constantinople, immediately after the conquest by Mahomet the Second. It is certain, that it has been circulating among the Greeks of Constantinople for upwards of a century. Walsh, in his clever and amusing narrative, attempts to account for it, on the supposition that it may have been composed about the time of Peter the Great's first entrance into the Hospodariates, and his offers of protection to the Greeks. But for this he assigns no grounds, and the story of this strange prediction is still in clouds.

*Inscription on the tomb of Constantine the Great.*

“ On the first of the Indict, the kingdom of Ishmael, he who is called Mahomet shall overthrow the race of the Paleologi, and shall

\* The late king's mother, supposed to admire Lord Bute.



gain possession of the seven-hilled (city). He shall reign within it ; shall subdue very many nations, and shall make the Isles desart as far as the Euxine. He shall make desart those that border on the Danube. On the eighth of the Indict, he shall subdue the Peloponnesus. On the ninth of the Indict, he shall lead his forces against the countries of the north. On the tenth of the Indict, he shall overthrow the Dalmatæ: again he shall turn back for a time ; he next stirs up a mighty war against the Dalmatæ, and is a little broken, and the peoples and tribes, with the assistance of the western nations, shall engage in war by sea and land, and shall overthrow Ishmael ; his descendants shall reign with less, little, very little (power) ; but the yellow-haired race, with all those who help them, shall overthrow Ishmael, and shall take the seven hilled (city) with all its privileges. Then shall they kindle a fierce intestine war until the fifth hour, and thrice shall a voice shout, 'stand, stand, and fear !' Make anxious haste, and on your right hand you will find a man noble, admirable, and courageous. Him ye shall have for your lord, for he is my friend, and in accepting him, my will is fulfilled !"

To a reader conversant with poetry, few things are more wearying than the paucity of the images that describe female beauty. When he has found in one poet that woman's cheek emulates the rose, or her eye the diamond, that her bosom is living snow, and that ivory and pearls are dusky to her teeth, he has exhausted nearly all the stores of poetic resemblance, and must be content to feel such delight as he may, in the repetition. Even if he wander through the love poetry of all the European nations, he will be but little relieved by variety. The rose, the lily, and the pearl, are the resource of all ; yet to this there seems one exception in the ancient poetry of Ireland. In the enumeration of his mistress's charms, by an Irish bard, who lived almost two hundred years ago, I find her bosom finely pictured by the "gently rising and falling waves of a sunny lake ;"—an image which transfers the thought from mere colour and form, to the more striking beauty of life, and the loveliness of motion. The radiance of her eyes, is "as the soft dew shining in the light of dawn," an image of singular softness and serenity ; and the flowing of her hair upon the wind, is "as the springing and glittering of the streams down the sides of the mountain." This image strikes me as bringing admirably before the eye, the wild and shining luxuriance of the mountain girl's locks, as she is seen bounding forth in the vividness of young life and sportive beauty. A shape like "the pine for straightness," and a lip like "the wild strawberry," and words "smooth as the pebbles polished by the flowings of the brook," are as new, and perhaps not less poetically expressive, than those already given ; but one of the most striking comparisons that fancy ever supplied, is found in a little poem from the "Translations of ancient Irish Poetry, by Miss Brooke," that of the sparkling eye of a lovely woman, to "a star in a frosty sky."

On her soft cheek, with tender bloom  
The rose its tint bestowed ;  
And in her richer lips' perfume  
The ripened berry glowed.

Her neck was as the blossom fair,  
Or like the cygnet's breast,  
With that majestic, graceful air,  
In snow and softness drest.

Gold gave its rich and radiant dye,  
 And in her tresses flowed ;  
 And, like a *freezing star*, her eye  
 With Heaven's own splendours glowed.

The translation of ancient poetry into modern verse is often an insecure mode of transmitting the original ; and it is possible that for the common-places of the rose and the snow, we may be indebted to the translator. But the last couplet vindicates itself. It has the native force of originality. Even where a common comparison is used, it is frequently heightened by some unexpected and vivid conception. "The bright eyes of my love," says Carolan, "are to her face, what the diamond is to a ring of other jewels, throwing its beams around, and adorning the setting."

I shrink instinctively from the laboured "characters" of eminent men ; but there are phrases and single sentiments that give the whole stamp and colour of the man's mind at once. On the return of Cortez to Spain after the conquest of Mexico, he happened to be coolly received by Charles the V., whose mind was probably too much engaged with the religious wars at his doors to think of conquests or converts three thousand miles off. "Who are you ?" haughtily said the emperor.—"I am the man," said Cortez, with still superior haughtiness, "who gave you more provinces than your forefathers gave you cities."

The last words said to be spoken by Cromwell are invaluable as a key to his whole career. He had, during the progress of his illness, boldly predicted that he should recover. Some of his immediate councillors, who saw the inevitable result of the disorder, ventured at last to recommend that he should speak less confidently on the subject, to save his character for prediction. But the Lord Protector judged on principles fitted to act upon the multitude. He refused to qualify his words : "If I recover," said he, "the fools will think me a prophet, and if I die, what matter then if they call me an impostor !"

The secret of Dante's struggles through life, was in the reckless sarcasm of his answer to the Prince of Verona, who asked him how he could account for the fact, that in the households of princes, the court fool was in greater favour than the philosopher. "Similarity of minds," said the fierce genius, "is, all over the world, the source of friendship."

I know nothing more characteristic of the strange mixture of levity and daring that we sometimes find in the French character, than Crebillon's answer to the observation, that his tragedies turned too much upon fierce and fiendish passions. "What was I to do ?" said he, "Corneille had taken the heavens, and Racine the earth ; I had nothing left me but the infernal regions."

Horace's "*Hoc erat in votis*," Swift's

"I often wish that I had, clear  
 For life, three hundred pounds a year ;"

and the pleasant and acute definition of competence—"a little *more* than we *have*," have been often praised. Yet why should Ariosto's inscription on his house in Ferrara be without its praise ?

"Parva, sed apta mihi; sed nulli obnoxia, sed non Sordida, parta meo, sed tamen ære domus."

"Commodious, neat, exciting no public invidiousness, suited to him, and purchased by the fruits of his own labour;" the description admirably comprehends all that reason and taste could desire.

In our sceptical age, we begin to get rid of all those old maxims, which were less the work of prejudice, than of experience, with our forefathers. Our "liberality," now disavows the old estimate of "one Englishman to three foreigners." But the very highest authority on such subjects, and at no distant period from the present time, has reasserted it in the broadest manner. "I always," said Nelson, "was of opinion, have always acted up to it, and have never had any occasion to repent it, that one Englishman is equal to three Frenchmen." He gave the proof of this opinion, at the siege of Bastia. The general had abandoned the siege: Nelson was indignant. "What Dundas could have seen to make a retreat necessary," said his letters, "I cannot comprehend. A thousand men would certainly take Bastia. With five hundred and the Agamemnon, I should attempt it. My seamen are now what British seamen ought to be, almost invincible. They really mind shot no more than pease." Nelson made the attempt: he had but twelve hundred men in all, soldiers, marines and seamen. He stormed Bastia, and took prisoners, 1,000 regulars, 1,500 national guards, and 4,000 of the Corsican levy!

The expression of Bossuet, to one who found him preparing one of his famous orations, with the Iliad open on his table, is finely characteristic of the lofty and magnificent genius of the man. "I always have Homer beside me, when I make my sermons. I love to light my lamp at the sun!"

Parr was a poor creature after all. This might have been known, even from his perpetual eagerness to be talked about, an unfailing sign of a paltry mind. Let a public man be however vicious or mischievous, Parr seemed to think only how far his publicity could draw up the Doctor from his obscurity, and he instantly fastened himself on the demagogue, by a pamphlet, a harangue, or the commencement of a correspondence of wearying, but unwearied, panegyric. Fox was of course his idol, and to Fox he prostrated himself in all shapes of adulation; yet to the confidence of that clever profligate, and perfectly vicious mob-leader, Parr was never admitted, and scarcely suffered to be of his acquaintance. Still the Doctor was indefatigable; he coursed round the reluctant Whig, bore the contumely, and gained his ends by the mere notoriety of the fact, that he was determined to cling to Foxism, as long as he could cling to any thing. Publicity is easily gained on those terms, and Parr gained the publicity of a patient scribbler of pamphlets, that no man living had the patience to read through. His whole career was imitation; in private, he aped Johnson's "bow-wow manner," and laboured to be sententiously formidable. He failed by substituting ponderousness for strength, the pomp of Johnson's words for the vigour of his thoughts. Porson described him to perfection in a sentence: "Parr was a Brummagem Doctor, Sir;"—as like Johnson as Brummagem plating is like plate. Among his other vanities, was that



of dressing like a Bishop; a result of his old principle, of enjoying the shadow, if he was hopeless of the substance. Towards the close of his days, the probable accession of the Whigs to power, made him conceive some hope of reaching the Episcopal Bench. The hollowness of his old contempt for professional distinction, was now ludicrously proved by his actually drawing up a "code of conduct" for himself, a set of principles, to be put in execution, as soon as he felt the mitre on his brow, and which he had the absurdity to let loose to the world. But he was doomed to feel the mortifications of vanity in this instance, as in so many others, and died uncanonized by the lawn sleeves.

He was an able scholar, so far as an extensive knowledge of Greek and Latin deserves the title; but he altogether wanted the force of understanding, which makes knowledge a part of the intellect. He was neither a wiser nor a better man for his knowledge; and his mind more resembled the miscellaneous and dead accumulation of a large library, than the active and well furnished energy of living literature.

But one of the most humiliating and characteristic habits of the man, was his ravening for flattery. A curious instance transpired of his supplying this appetite himself. On the death of the late eccentric Lord Chedworth, his lordship's nearest of kin contested the singular will by which he had alienated his whole fortune, amounting nearly to 600,000*l.*, to Wilson his solicitor, and Penrice his surgeon. The plea on the part of his family was, that his lordship was not of "sound mind," for a long period before his death; and Dr. Parr, who had contrived to fasten himself during his residence in Norfolk, on this very *outré* nobleman, to speak in the tenderest terms, was brought forward to attest his insanity, which the Doctor did without hesitation. On this, the counsel for the Legatees produced an unlucky series of correspondence, which the Doctor had kept up with his lordship, at the very period when, according to his deposition, he was "non compos." This, of course, settled the opinion of every body as to the value of the testimony. But the laugh of the court was universal, on the reading of one letter, in which, to Lord Chedworth's offer of sending him a silver goblet, the Doctor replied by sending back an inscription, which he proposed to have engraved on it. It was in the following modest terms:

Samuelli Parr, LL.D.

Viro ob ingenium peracre et perelegans,  
Eruditionem multiplicem et reconditam,  
Singularem Libertatis Amorem,  
Et mentem simulationum omnino nesciam,  
Hocce summæ suæ observantiæ,  
Et constantissimæ erga eum benevolentiae,  
Monimentum,

Johannes Baro de Chedworth,

Anno Sacro, 1803.

D.D.D.

It is unfortunate that the pains which have been taken to such a remorseless extent, with the biography of this self-praised old coxcomb, had not been exerted on recovering those fragments of Porson's career, which still exist scattered in the memories of his fellow scholars. Porson, between nerves and drink, was shaken into something not far from lunacy towards the close of his brief life. But the details of his modes of acquiring his extraordinary knowledge, his style of thinking, while his mind continued in its vigour, his actual acquirements, and his

conversational acuteness, would form a most valuable memoir. His remark on Bentley's prodigality of knowledge, is like Cæsar's remark on the glory of Hannibal. "When I was seventeen years of age, I thought I knew every thing: when I was twenty-four, and read Bentley, I found I knew nothing."

His remark on Gibbon's style, contains the essence of all the criticism that can be written on the subject. "Gibbon is too uniform; he writes in the same flowery and pompous style upon all topics. He is like a fashionable auctioneer, who has as much to say on a ribbon as on a Raphael."

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The maxims of solitary students are seldom good for any thing, except perhaps to shew into what absurdities men will plunge headlong, when they have no better guide than their own wisdom. The only valuable maxims, are those which experience of the world, forces on men of the world. Sir Joshua Reynolds continually deprecated Imitation, as the ruin of rising ability, as an impediment which if talent raises for itself, at once and for ever limits its progress. "Then we have a host of players of the Garrick school," said he, "and not one of them can ever rise to eminence, *because they are of the Garrick school*. If one man always walks behind another, how can he ever equal him, *still more get before him*."

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The waste of time in learning the classics at the public schools of England has been justly reprobated; and the question, what use do ninety in a hundred ever make of their classical knowledge in public or general life, can be answered only by the words—No use whatever. Yet some of our abler public speakers have given an elegance to debate by happy quotation. Chatham's famous quotation on the proposals for peace between England and America will long be commemorated.

"At tu prior tu parce, genus qui ducis Olympo."

Pitt's quotations were generally from Virgil, and chosen with peculiar taste. In the debates on the French war, Fox inquiring haughtily whether the Cabinet made the restoration of the Royal Family an object of the war, Pitt rising, with great dignity declared, that speaking as a private person, their restoration was deeply in his wishes, and that its accomplishment would be considered by him, as among the most distinguished triumphs of his life; finely concluding, amid the plaudits of the House, with the words of the Trojan hero—

"Me, si fata meis paterentur ducere vitam  
Auspiciis, et sponte meâ componere curas;  
Urbem Trojanam primum, dulcesque meorum  
Reliquias colerem; Priami tecta alta manerent,  
Et recidiva manu posuissem Pergama victis."

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It may sometimes teach a man wisdom, to see how egregiously able men have sometimes erred through mere prejudice. The knowledge of this teaches us to distrust the dogmas of any man, and listen only to his reasons. In particular, politicians even of the highest general sagacity, are continually liable to be misled, and misled upon the plainest topics which touch upon their passions. An oppositionist naturally talks himself into a persuasion of national ruin. Horne Tooke was a

man of remarkable sagacity, singularly well acquainted with the state of England, and familiar with the course of public transactions in all times and nations. But in his delight at the progress of the French Revolution, he boldly predicted that the same formidable process must be inevitably undergone by this country. On a man of more unprejudiced mind, the whole aspect of the empire must have irresistibly impressed the directly opposite conviction: but Horne Tooke wished, and therefore believed. He was perfectly certain that the overthrow of ranks, at least, must come within a short period. "I trust," said he, in the utmost sincerity of familiar intercourse, "we shall live to see the day, when the distinctions of title will be abolished, and we may eat our mutton without being teased with such childish objects as ribbons, stars and garters."

He perpetually predicted the immediate downfall of the whole system of the country, and sneered habitually at the attempts to revive credit. On hearing of the bankruptcies, frequent at that period, he could not dissemble his rebel gratification. "You are not going," he would say, "you are gone; it is not a slight hurt, but a mortal gangrene."

The society of princes is hazardous to their inferiors, from the difficulty of paying them either too little deference or too much. To flatter, without the appearance of intending to flatter, is the delicate point. "Zimmerman," said Frederic the Great, sourly, to the celebrated physician, "I suppose you have in your time helped many a man into the other world!" Zimmerman turned with the quick retort, "Not so many as your Majesty." The king stared at this freedom—"nor with so much honour to myself," happily continued the bowing physician.

Great elegance may be shewn in inscriptions for grottos, fountains, &c. What can be more graceful than the motto on the sun-dial in the gardens of Schœnbrun, near Vienna, "*Horas non numero nisi serenas.*"

A fountain in Paris has this inscription, which it would be difficult to surpass, for moral feeling or poetic beauty;

"Quæ tibi donat aquam, latet hospita nympha sub imo;  
Sic tu, quum dederis dona, latere velis."

Striking pleasantries seldom occur in conversation, even among acknowledged wits: and still seldomer in public life, as may easily be conceived from the eager mirth which is excited at the bar, or in the senate, by the dullest of dull jests. Yet the late Mr. Windham now and then said some happy things. In the debate on the Walcheren expedition, when the ministers stated that its object was to take Antwerp by a *coup-de-main*,—"Take Antwerp by a *coup-de-main*," said Windham contemptuously; "Antwerp, with every inch of the road covered with dykes, batteries and inundations? Why, they might as well talk of a *coup-de-main* in the Court of Chancery!" The oddity and force of the illustration excited great applause.

He made a capital simile on the state of the ministry, soon after the Whigs had seen Percival fixed in power by the Prince Regent. "We waste powder and shot upon them," said he, "they are like wildfowl in a lake: we may knock them down fast enough, but the difficulty is to get them out."



Classical quotations are sometimes among the most dextrous modes of pleasantry, by their covering the natural coarseness of humour under the drapery of learning.

At a dinner of the late Lord Redesdale's, there happened to be some fault found with the batch of claret on the table. When the wine came to Jekyll, he stopped the bottle, and some one called him *Fabius Cunctator*. At last the point was explained to the noble host, who ordered a new experiment on his cellar, which produced some first-rate wine. "Aye," said Jekyll,

"Cunctando restituit rem  
Ergo magisque magisque viri nunc gloria claret."

Dundas, the father of the present Lord Melville, sometimes enlivened even the privy council by his quotations. Hardy and Tooke's affair had involved many stirring people, who, however, when the government laid its grasp upon the ringleaders, were glad to make terms as well as they could. Among the rest, Felix Vaughan, a barrister of considerable ability, but urged by ill-success in his profession into attempting shorter ways to fortune, suddenly retracted; "Ah," said Dundas, on the matters being stated at the council,

"Felix, quem faciunt aliena pericula cautum."

John Warton gave for epitaph on John the painter, who was hanged on board the *Arethusa* frigate,

"Extremum hunc, *Arethusa*, mihi concede laborem."

Malone was a trifler, as any man may believe from his notes on Shakspeare, but what could be better than his motto on the pamphlet against Ireland's forgeries? It was from Virgil's description of *Salmonius* imitating the might of Jove:

"Demens, qui nimbos et non imitabile fulmen,  
Ære, et corni-pedum sonitu simulârat equorum."

Cardinal Pole's quotation in answer to Sandolet, who praised the ancient philosophy, is beautiful. "Pagan philosophy was good for its day," said the Cardinal, "but the scriptures are now our light. Your philosophy past and present reminds me of Virgil's *Tenedos*:

"Notissima fama,  
Insula, dives opum, Priami dum regna manebant,  
Nunc, tantum sinus, et statio malefida carinis."

Moore's words to the Irish melodies are sometimes tender and poetical; though they are generally too full of *concetti*, and too fond of rambling into obscure allusions, to touch the heart. But the original poetry of Ireland is sometimes tender and natural in the highest degree. Nothing can be finer in the poetry of passion, than some of the love-verses of Edmond Ryan, better known in the old remembrances of Ireland, as Edmond of the Hills, from his unhappy and wandering life. Ryan had fought for James II.; and his estate was confiscated after the defeat of that most worthless of kings. His remaining life was spent at the head of bands of outlaws, struggling for subsistence, and sometimes desperately avenging his wrongs on the heads of the possessors of the

forfeited estates. One of his wild poems is addressed to some proud beauty who had forgotten him. After a long recapitulation of her charms, the outlaw bursts into the following powerful and pathetic complainings. They are the very anguish of poetry :

“ Why art thou false to me and love,  
 While health and joy with thee are vanished ?  
 Is it because forlorn I rove,  
 Without a crime, undone, and banished ?  
 Why do I thus my anguish tell ?  
 Why pride in woe, and boast of ruin ?  
 Oh, lost treasure, fare thee well !  
 Oh ! loved to madness—to undoing !  
 Yet, oh hear me fondly swear,  
 Though thy heart to me is frozen—  
 Thou alone of thousands fair,  
 Thou alone shouldst be my chosen.  
 Every scene with thee would please,  
 Every care and fear would fly me ;  
 Wintry storms and raging seas  
 Would lose their gloom, if thou wert nigh me.  
 Such, oh Love ! thy cruel power—  
 Fond excess and fatal ruin !  
 Such, oh Beauty’s fairest flower !  
 Such thy charms, and my undoing !”

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THE CLUB ROOM.

*Brooks’s at Midnight.—Lord Friezland and Sir Francis Fickle at Coffee.—The card tables removed.—The other members gone, and a waiter waiting in the corner of the room, yawning at himself in the mirror.—Subsequently come in to supper, Harry Megrim, The Honourable Frederick Sheep, Marquis Shilclah, Tom Rakely, Earl Icicle, Sir Joseph Blunderbuss, Sir Robert Ribbon, Joseph Saveall, and Sir Ronald Radical.*

*Lord Friezland.* I told you how it would be ; we had the miserable cabinet on its knees, the whole patronage and power of the crown within our grasp ; the minister within six hours of resignation, and yet we threw all our chances away, blockheads as we are.

*Sir Francis.* Never was truer word spoken : but when was Whiggism more lucky from the beginning of time ? It has been our fate to be tantalized once in every twenty years with some chance of power, and just as we have thought ourselves ready to step into office, we have seen the whole prize gone to the dogs ; after having allured us to the exact point, where we showed that we had neither personal consistency, nor political honour. But how could your lordship have suffered this intolerable and most ridiculous overthrow to take place ?

*Lord Friezland.* I suffer it ! I protested against it in the strongest manner ; I declared my determination to make no more speeches ; and upon my soul, there were puppies enough among us, who more than hinted, that I could not do the cause a more acceptable service. But the world is now not what it used to be. I remember the time when the lights of this contemptible generation would not have been counted for more than farthing candles. Envy and ignorance are the twin inspirers of this degenerate day.

*Sir Francis.* I have no doubt that there is a vast deal of both to be found on the floor of any assemblage in the land. But I think ignorance of your lordship's powers is by no means common. You have too strong a sense of your senatorial duty, to let any topic pass without a speech, and the first half dozen words you utter, are quite enough to satisfy all your hearers of the speaker's faculties. (Confounded old fool.) (*aside.*)

*Lord Friezland.* My dear Sir Francis, there is not a man on either side of either house, whose opinion is more valuable. Your judgment of men and things is with me decisive. I acknowledge I have a peculiarly clear mode of coming to the point, a singular quickness in detecting the weak points of my adversary's argument; and if I must say so, a remarkably forcible, impressive, and eloquent mode of delivering my own. As we are here in confidence, I allow I sometimes realize to myself more than all my recollections of Charles Fox. But envy, Sir Francis—a prophet is not honoured in his own country—there is a cursed quantity of conceit in this world, and it always makes a point of fleering at eminent men.

*Sir Francis.* My lord, you certainly do the world a little injustice in this point. I don't believe that there is a single member of either Peers or Commons who envies *you*. (Inveterate blunderer! *aside.*) But to what has our failure been due in the beginning of the session? I thought the minister fairly thrown over; he had evidently been at his wit's end from the close of the year. His anxiety was even ludicrously palpable. Galloping from one county to another, showing his face, where no face could be more unwelcome, at every noble lord's and honourable friend's who had a roof over his head, and a copse large enough to cover half a dozen pheasants; dining here, dancing there, shooting in this place, speech-making in the other; flying about with more than the activity, and more if possible than the bows of Sir Henry Halford, and for nearly the same purpose—to feel the pulse of every man foolish enough to come within reach of his fingers. And what was the fruit? After all, a beggarly account of empty benches; a pitiful parade, with three fourths of it made up of the Treasury people, the whole awkward squad of the Downing-Street police. We had him at our feet; how in the name of every thing burlesque, did we ever suffer him to get on his legs again?

*Lord Friezland.* Ask Megrim. I wash my hands of the business: we had conferences and confabulations enough to have settled ten empires. The unfortunate Piccadilly Duke was so harassed, by our perpetual divans in his house, that at last, after trying to yawn us out night after night without effect, his only resource was to order an abatement of the supper. He reduced his table with such rapidity, that before the week was out, we talked politics over a single bottle of port, and a beef-steak; and it was not until we were run down to a salad, and toast and water, that we beat a retreat, and left the fates of nations to themselves. The business then fell into Megrim's hands, who of course botched it.

*Sir Francis.* The fittest man in the world for the purpose: I should as soon expect truth from an American captain, as success from anything touched by the hand of Harry Megrim. That fellow's public life might be headed page by page with its several failures. He takes up the African question; and from that moment clouds gather upon it. He takes up the Law Reform; from that moment, the chance of Reform is extinguished.



He busies himself in popular education ; the whole thriving scheme, in which a whiggish eye would have seen the happiest prospect of those "shocks that kingdoms are heirs to," broke down at once. He found the rabble willing to be as wise, and a great deal more impudent than their masters. The thing was growing up in the most turbulent prosperity ; but he thrust forward his ill-omened visage, and the very cheer of his voice was the night-raven's croak to rabble supremacy. Where are the mechanics' institutions now ? where is sunk the glory of the Birkbecks, the Loches, the ingenious regenerators of mankind at two-pence a thousand ? Megrim can best tell, for he gave the death-blow. Where too his university, that new Temple of Reason, the Gower Street Pantheon, where every name was worshipped but one ; the Babel that was to awe the skies, the grand-junction Acropolis, where the Minerva of the mob was to pour out from the skirts of her garments an annual flood of muddy metaphysics into every channel of the national mind ; where mathematics were to clothe the unbreeched in the robes of legislation : where political economy was to teach the pauper to manage the property of the state ; where the Edinburgh Review was to be the Pandect, and broad Scotch the only language permitted in the House. Megrim unwittingly performed the public service on that occasion ; he took the management, promised to raise the tree to the clouds, and while he was flourishing his axe round the sprays and branches, it slipped from his hand, and cut the root in twain.

So much for the luck of the most disastrous slave of ambition that ever perplexed debate, or spun cobwebs to catch popular applause. Whiggism wanted but this man to sink it in utter ruin. The nature of its leaders for the last few years was an irresistible evidence of its decay. It is only when party is at the last gasp, that it consents to rank itself under rashness and impotence. The broken regiment scatters from the field under the command of a corporal ; the dying man flies to the desperate resources of the charlatan ; the drowning man catches at a straw. A faction never knows how to perish with dignity ; and the fooleries of its expiring hours, are the natural atonement for the mischiefs of its day of vigour.

*Lord Friezland.* Yet Megrim is clever. I admit his infinite ill-luck, intractable self-opinion, and matchless contempt for every man's sense but his own ; but he can talk, which is more than nine-tenths of the clamorous boobies that come to our benches for their education, can do, for their souls. But here he comes ; let him answer for himself.

*Enter Megrim ; he flings his hat on one chair, his cloak on another, and himself into a third, in a state of exhaustion.*

*Lord Friezland. (aside to Fickle.)* He brings some new specimen of his luck. A six hours' speech, perhaps, with a division of one and the teller for his motion.

*Fickle (aside).* He would make an excellent sitter for any artist who wanted to sketch the man who "drew Priam's curtain at the dead of night"—what's the news, Megrim ?

*Megrim (starting from a reverie).* What good news can you expect ? Can you raise men out of nothing, mind out of mile-stones ? Confound their clodpole brains ! The whole affair is—we have had another rub to-night, and were beaten horse and foot. Whiggism is no more. I shall order home a new blue jacket to-morrow, with my number on the cape, and apply to the police-colonel for orders, when and where to do duty.

The Westminster constables have it all to nothing, and I see no reason why I, or any man, should cling to the empty cause of whiggism, the often roasted rump of the Greys and Grenvilles. But here come the set. I have ordered supper in the next room for the Privy Council of his "Majesty's Opposition," as Hobhouse, in the plenitude of his grim pleasantry, will call us. *Allons, Messieurs!*

*The supper-room; the company all talking together.*

*Sir Robert.* Capital speech of Wetherall's; he cut up our quondam friend in the highest Newmarket style; distanced him a mile from the post, and came in without a hair turned.

*Earl Icicle.* Aye, "though his sins be red as scarlet, they shall be"—what is the rest of the quotation? Is there any body here who goes to church?

*Rakely.* I know no one, but Saveall; he makes a regular peregrination through them all, and has actually got the look of a churchwarden by the operation. Piety will be the death of him!

*Saveall.* No, I disclaim all merit of the kind. Recollect, I was bred at Aberdeen; but if I have been seen in those places, to which Rakely alludes, it was with no old woman's prejudice. I flatter myself that I know every shilling that every rafter of them would sell for, and that I have compiled a body of information on the general subject of church property, that will make a figure, of more than speech, before another session is over.

*Shillelah.* Hang politics; let us be honest for once. (*Waiter, calls*). Have you any whiskey? smuggled I mean. Let it be from the north or the south, mountain dew, Inishoween, Peat-reek, or Essence of Moonlight, anything but Parliament; the name itself is a nausea.

*Waiter.* My lord, I beg pardon: but we have nothing of the kind, but "Queen's own." The house-steward laid in a large stock of it, in her Majesty's time, by desire of the committee.

*Fickle, and all with a general sigh.* Alas! poor Caroline!

*Sir Robert Ribbon.* Aye, she was a capital card; but the game was too short. However, we made the most of it while it lasted. I wonder how much Colburn or Murray would give me for writing her life. "Life and Times of her late Majesty, Caroline, Queen of England, Baroness of Como, friend of Bergami, protectress of Whiggery, and patroness of Billy Austin; with Anecdotes amusing and scandalous, of public Parties, and private Individuals of the Cabinet and the *Coulisses*, by Sir Robert Ribbon, Knight of the Great Bear, the Blue Badger, and the Queen's Garter, &c." The thing would do. What do you think of the title? showy, expressive, and catching.

*Megrim.* Why, Bob, I knew you to be clever enough at making titles before, but I had no idea of your magniloquence. It must do. It is a capital specimen of the art of *taking in*.

*Shillelah.* Hang politics again, I say. Is Fife married yet, or going to be married?

*Sheep.* Poh! poor Fife may be cleared of any such *mal-à-propos*. He is as innocent as the new born babe; yet he is looking out for a spouse.

*Blunderbuss.* Is he? then, as we used to say on board the *Bellona*, "he will much easier get his spouse, than find his *match*."

*Sheep.* Poh! Sir Joseph, I meant, that he was looking out for a husband for his *protégée*, that being his lordship's favourite pursuit, and

one which exactly suits his head and habits. Another Hughes Ball is of course to be easily found.

*Friezland.* That I deny, unless in some of those fashionable novels, which know as much of high life, as of human nature, and resemble both in their pages, as much as the figure head of your good ship, the *Bellona*, resembles the profile of the *Venus de Medicis*. Rakely, where is this Hughes Ball now?

*Rakely.* Enjoying, I should think, the *Æs triplex* of travel, or the comforts of solitude and *soupe-maigre*.

*Megrim.* Where Brummel is, and where the whole generation of dandies go, as naturally as convicts to New South Wales; at Calais or Boulogne, speculating on the English coast through a telescope, and rejoicing in the delights of a nostril, filled with the scents of a sea-shore of mud; a stomach groaning over French cookery; and a mind going out like a single candle, over a solitary newspaper in a dingy coffee-house. But *à-propos de bottles*, who wrote old Joan's pamphlet?

*Sir Ronald.* Our friend Sheep is suspected; but I make it a point not to listen to aspersions on any member of the club, without full proof: and where is the man of sense among us, who ever thinks of taking the trouble to vindicate a minister out of power, a friend under a cloud, or above all, a dead man, who naturally can be no use hereafter to any of us? But, we are growing grave; here's a health to the Viscountess: no woman on earth could make a fitter wife for a public man; for none could give him better reasons for hating the indolence of domestic retirement. Like the Spartan mother, who bade her son come back either with his shield, or upon it; her order was, come back with a place, and a quarter's salary in advance, or stay away as long as you please. But Friezland is concocting some surprise: no man looks an extempore better. His eye rolls on these occasions, as if it were in search of his understanding, and his tongue stammers out the joke by instalments. Suppose my lord, you give us a song?

*Lord Friezland.* Poh! nonsense: I was thinking of other things; Allen's last article in the Review, on the impossibility of a devil; by the by, a little bit of jealousy on Allen's part, who will not consent to a division of the name. "He bears no brother near the throne," as the poet says. But, as to a song, I have lost all voice, let me see how long; aye, ever since the year I was married.

*Blunderbuss.* And just in time, Friezland: for you never dared to make use of it from that day to this. But sing you must, or we shall have an harangue from Bob Ribbon, for I see him mustering his memorandums; your notes, or any notes in place of his. (*Aside to Friezland.*)

*Friezland (aside).* Oh, in that case, I must try, for the sake of the table. Sir Bob has a faculty of "rending the general ear with horrid speech" that always bring me conviction in the shape of sudden sleep, and a headach next morning. Well then, as I must give you what I can, you shall have a song, which I heard in the Oxford common room, from one of the fellows, who, if rotundity of belly, and rubicundity of nose, are signs of merit, must rise to a high rank in his profession. The song is of the classico-comico-conundrum school, and does infinite honour to the University. It is on Mathews's last exhibition before the heads of the House. He had given the Yankee, the At Home, the Early Adventures, and so forth, to the great delight of those most potent, grave and reverend Signors.

*Fickle.* Silence, gentlemen! Sir Ronald, hang it, will you be eternally



prating about the battle of Vimiera. Megrim, for mercy's sake, spare the ear of my Lord Icicle, you will never thaw it. Shilelah, drink your native whiskey and fall asleep. Silence! I say; Lord Friezland's song.

(*Friezland sings.*)

#### SAPPHICS.

TO THE GLORY OF CHARLES MATHEWS.

*Prime mimorum!* thou rare mimic Mathews!  
*Quem jocus circumvolat*, blithe as May-day,  
*Te canunt* gownsmen giddy, and the grave too,  
 All over Oxford!

*Tu potes* proctors, *comitesque* bull-dogs,  
*Ducere, et* red-coats *celeris morari*;  
 E'en the stern masters *tibi blandienti*  
 Smilingly *cedunt!*

*Quin et* each high Don, *sociique vultu*  
*Titter invito* 'mid the gay assemblage;  
 Shouts of applause rise rapid, *dum catervas*  
*Carmine mulces!*

*Tu*, merry fellow, *velut es levamen*  
 To the pale forms, whose final doom approaches—  
 Who *cito coram solio Minervæ*  
 Shuddering shall stand!

Fell are her priests! *quum vitulosprehendunt*,  
*Singulos eheu, lacerant* in pieces;  
*Hi tamen mites* sweetly gaze at Mathews,  
 Full of his frolics!

*Serus in Lunnun redeas, diuque*  
*Gratus intersis populo togato*,  
 Leave the dull Cockneys; with us be At Home.—  
 Go it in Oxford!

*All, in acclamation.* Bravo—capital—you see what a man can do, when he's beyond ear-shot of his wife. *Encore.*

*Icicle.* We must change your name. It may be Vassal among husbands; but among freemen, and the gods of the club-room, it shall be Apollo, or Stentor, or both together.

*Megrim, to Fickle, in close conversation.* The fact is, we are driven to the wall. The year sees an end of us; from its beginning to this hour, every step has been deeper in the mire. The fellows about me are totally restive, with that last characteristic of supereminent absurdity, an idea that they are the cleverest haranguers and every thing else alive. I freely acknowledge that I see no remedy, short of a coalition with the rabble, or a surrender at discretion to the adversary.

*Fickle.* But why, in the name of all that's rash, did you suffer your set to bring forward a parcel of measures in which success was impossible?

*Megrim.* Why, Sir, am I to be eternally plagued with this cross-examination? It is not yet lawful to knock out people's brains in the first paragraph of their speeches; and nothing short of the Act would have stopped them. Could any persuasion on earth silence *you*? It would be as easy to stop the Thames from running under London Bridge, as to stop any of my exemplary recruits from blowing

off their cartridges in each other's faces, or driving their bayonets into each other's rear. I protested against both motions, and every motion that they have made from the beginning. I took one of them by the button, and asked him whether, in the name of common sense, he believed that any man in the nation, cared three straws about the sitter on the throne of Portugal? or believed that Don Miguel was a hair blacker or whiter than Don Pedro? or cared whether Don Miguel married his niece, or his grandmother? or whether the whole dynasty were food for the crabs of the Tagus, and the Emperor of Morocco was seated drinking port wine in the palace of Lisbon?—on he would go, and was met by a rebuff in the teeth, and in the shape of his own share of the orders for some prominent blunder. What I could do, I did. I remonstrated with him, before the debate; and I abandoned him when up to the neck in it. His fate is decided, and he has to thank himself for the consequences.

*Fickle.* Then the Greeks?

*Megrim.* May every pang of absurdity, may every bitter consciousness that the ridicule of all mankind can inflict on the human heart, be his lot who first broached that question. It has been our ruin. It has perplexed us in private; it has scandalized us in public; it has driven from us all the honest part of the nation; and it has made us the common centre, the point of rendezvous, to every knave, from the wall of China to the Pacific. Is it to be supposed that we were asses enough to escape this knowledge, or that we had ears for nothing better than for flaps to our eyes? We saw the whole evil that dabbling in the cause must bring. Yet, in one corner, we had a romancer of seventy, who got mad with the memory of the Trojan war; another, who took to the blue skies and green mountains, and dreamed himself into every hole in Parnassus; a third, who had wit, wisdom, or knowledge enough for a seller of beer, settled with himself that he was born for a maker of codes; a fourth, into whom all the birch in Windsor forest could never have whipped the declension of a noun substantive, determined to figure as a restorer of learning, and bustled about setting up a college; a fifth, a tenth, a five hundredth, determined that he must be fit for something there, because he was fit for nothing here: and the whole rushed forward with a clamour for Greece, as rational as if it had been the acclaim of so many travelling donkeys. What was to be done? If I led, I made myself a fool; if I followed, I made myself a slave; if I stood still, I was left alone.

*Fickle.* Of the break down in the Greek affair there can be no doubt; and as little, that every tumble of this kind is so much strength given to the enemy. But if we are to join, what are the terms? (*They whisper.*)

*Rakely.* (*Observing them, to Blunderbuss, aside.*) What can those two fellows be about? They can't be picking each other's pockets, for neither of them ever keeps a loose shilling about him; at least, as long as he can make five per cent. of it; nor conspiring to pick the nation's pockets; for they know that they are far enough from that, and, besides, that the affair is in other hands.

*Blunderbuss.* Nonsense! They are trying to pick each other's brains; and they will find the task as hopeless, for the same reason. They might as well expect a regular account of Navarino from Codrington, or

a civil answer from Melville. But is the story true, that Ellenborough goes to the Admiralty?

*Shilelah.* No. He goes at present only to Doctors' Commons. Though, since Danceing Schwartzbergen has relieved him of all domestic concerns, he has the more leisure on his hands; and, I suppose, he would make quite as good a First Lord of the Admiralty, as he makes a President of the Board of Controul, and that he would make as good a Commander-in-chief, as either.

*Sheep.* But, how the deuce did they let him off for the Elephant letter? I am certain that it was his writing.

*Megrim.* Unquestionably. For no man in existence but himself could have written it. But the *sentiment* came from a higher quarter. The controul of a judge is not an unpalatable topic, even though the secret may be blustered out by a booby. And you may rely upon the maxim, that, if colonies and conquests are good for any thing, they are good for experiments of this kind. I *knew* that Ellenborough would not be sent to Coventry to correct his law or his language; I *knew* that he would be defended; and I *knew*, also, that what the whole tribe of geese, on one side, thought a glorious opportunity for ruffling their feathers and cackling about, would be only a new ground for favour to the man of curls and carmine.

*Rakeley (tossing away a newspaper).* The thing is among the most superlative instances of human blindness. However, one should remember that Harley-street, No. 73, is at the Antipodes; that the talk of the servants' hall never reaches the drawing-room; that the eternal chatter of every club-room, conversazione, concert, and dinner-table, by some luck, hereafter to be explained, necessarily steers clear of the only man who has a right to hear, see, and understand, the matter. Have you read Adams' speech on the Divorce Bill before the lords?

*Megrim.* Yes; and a very good speech it is. But what is the wonder? Her ladyship's love was going on *only* a twelvemonth.—In the face of day, and in the heart of London; within half a dozen doors of her honoured papa's house; between the hours of twelve and three; her phaeton and grooms in waiting; all the footmen in the street expecting her ladyship's arrival as regularly as the postman's; Schwartzenberg himself, in full costume, leaning out of his window to give the fair one the due diplomatic reception. Yet the affair never transpired, from May, 1828, until March, 1829. Nothing could be more perverse. But you know the principal, on those occasions, is always presumed to be the last acquainted with his misfortune.

*Saveall.* What damages does he get? Something handsome, I take it for granted, to reconcile him to the loss of so valuable a wife.

*Sir Robert.* Oh, sorrow is too fatal to the complexion, for him to suffer it to sit upon his brow. Schwartzenberg is a foreign prince, and, on the double title, exempt from every thing but a horsewhip: he having, as a foreigner, no possession beyond his moustaches and his laced coat; and, as prince, entitled to the privilege belonging to the rank in all countries, of paying nothing.

*Friezland, to Sir Ronald.* Napier's book—I have just finished the second volume, notes and all. It appears to me one of the most promising performances of the month. His admiration of every thing French is quite in my style of thinking. The discovery that every thing we did was wrong, though we succeeded, and every thing the French did was right, though it failed; that the French troops were



better officered, disciplined, and conducted, than ours, though they were always beaten; and that ours were but a herd of unruly clowns, wild asses, or uncollared bull-dogs, is what I have been endeavouring to impress on this infatuated country for the last five-and-twenty years.

*Sir Ronald.* The work is coxcombry from the first page to the last. The man's dedication itself is enough to settle his pretensions to "taste or common sense." To the Duke of Wellington—by one who feels,—what? in the name of all that is rational—is it respect for his Grace, or honour for the British soldier; or, what is better than either, a British sentiment for the triumph of England in the best cause? No; but he feels—"why the soldiers of the tenth legion were attached to Cæsar."

*Megrim.* My dear general, recollect the fearful strength of the temptation to a "Staff-man," to show to wondering mankind that he has actually been at a grammar school, nay, has soared so far above the ordinary reach of mortals, as to have read Cæsar's Commentaries, even in a translation.

*Icicle.* Besides, as a mere matter of taste, the whole work is a labour for effect. He cannot give the statement of a quarrel between two donkey drivers, without throwing it into the picturesque; he fabricates his camp rabble into heroes of romance; and makes his campaign under the walls of Ciudad Rodrigo, or Badajos, more like a campaign under the walls of Troy. Of his tactics I can, of course, pretend to no professional judgment; but they appeared to me too perplexed for professional use, or for any use but to puzzle himself—to have all the merit of an ancient oracle, an obscurity expressly calculated to save the credit of the shrine, let the event turn out what it may. Did you know Moore?

*Sir Ronald.* Thoroughly; and lamented him as a brave officer and a friend. But his true vindication is not to be found in the rash and headlong panegyric of Napier's book. Extravagant praise necessarily excites jealous inquiry; and if any stain can rest on Moore's manly memory, it will be from the breath of the giddy protection that flings itself with such fierce folly on his tomb.

*Friezland.* He was a capital topic for the debaters on our side, for all that. While he seemed likely to beat the French, we abused him; and when the French hunted him to Corunna, we abused the ministry.

*Sir Ronald.* Moore had but one fault. Brave as he was in the field, he was the coward of a newspaper. He could never face the rumours of the coffee-house. If the art of printing had been extinguished for the year of his Spanish campaign, he would have marched upon Madrid, have, ten to one, beaten the French, and Napoleon along with them, roused the Spanish nation by the million, and shortened the war by half a dozen years; but every arrival of the post from England was worse than the march of a new French *corps d'armée* to him. His error was first—the six weeks wasted at Salamanca. Napier pleads that he was kept in ignorance of the state of Madrid, by Frere's letters. But had he not a whole crowd of idle aides-de-camp to send to Madrid and gain intelligence for himself?

Then came the news of Napoleon's advance upon him. This threw him on his route to the mountains; and the first impression on his mind was, evidently and fatally, how he should carry his army untouched to the parade in Hyde-park. Napier pleads, that the retreat was hurried through Galicia by ignorance of the roads; but in the six weeks wasted

in waiting for Frere's letters, he might have measured every bridle path in Gallicia, fathomed every ditch, and undermined every bridge, if he so pleased. His hesitation ruined all. Napier pleads Wellington's approval of this melancholy march, as one—"In which there were but two things objectionable, his not going straight forward when he had once begun to move; and his not making a previous examination of the country." But of what else does any man complain? If he had known the country, he might have marched as much at his ease as he ever marched to the Horse Guards. If he had gone on with his retreat, without being tempted to delay, in the vain expectancy of a battle with Soult, he might have reached Corunna without the loss of a man.

*Friezland.* But he must have taken to the ships after all.

*Sir Ronald.* No more than we need at this moment. Napier absurdly takes it for granted, that he must have been driven out of Spain; and confuses the story in his own sublime manner. But there was Corunna, a strong fortress, which might have baffled the French with Napoleon at their head, and which, garrisoned by British troops, would have baffled them, if they carried the whole battering train of the *grande armée* at their backs. In Corunna we ought to have made our stand, if we had been beaten in the field. Soult had not a single battering gun in his whole army. And if we had chosen to stand in Corunna, he must have run out of the country.

The proof of all this is, that Romana, with his five thousand naked and almost unarmed fugitives, *did* make a stand in Corunna; that Soult dared not attack even its famishing and fugitive garrison; that he was forced to abandon Gallicia almost as rapidly as he entered it; and that Romana's miserable force fought him, step by step, until they hunted him over the borders of Gallicia.

*Blunderbuss to Megrim.* *Aside.* That merciless old proser. I'll lay fifty pounds to his rent-roll, that he brings you round to the battle of Vimiera, and lays you flat in the ditch where he, at "the head of the gallant forty," — but you know the whole story by this time, if eternal repetitions could drive it into you.

*Megrim.* Then stop his next charge, or we are all dead men, if men can die of yawning. What object Nature has in permitting such pre-eminent old bores as old generals to infest the earth, after the war is over, altogether surpasses my comprehension. Give us a song, if it were for nothing but to rout the general in the moment of a victory, that is sure to cost some of us our lives.

*Blunderbuss.* You shall have it as free as my broad pennant on board the Bellona. The tune is by my boatswain, the best whistler in the fleet; the words are by myself.

*Megrim.* Then, as Rogers says of Horace Twiss, "you will be double d-mn-d, for you sing your own song." But, no modesty, Sir Joseph; you know you're among friends.

*Blunderbuss.* Waiter, another dozen of claret. Now, Megrim, none of your good humour; I hate the horrid grimace of your civilities. Look the hyæna that Nature made you.

SONG.—"THE GIANT'S WEDDING."

I sing a song, a wedding-song—not like a maiden speech, Sirs—  
Beginning with a whisper, and ending in a screech, Sirs;  
The modest preface to some fudge, which fools call an Address, Sirs—  
As much to do with Mister Bull, as breeches with Queen Bess, Sirs!

## CHORUS.

So here's long life to Downing-street, the Treasury, and Mint, O!  
And if you think the truth I blink—why, call me Peel or Pinto !\*

My song's about a giant stout, with such a monstrous throat, Sirs,  
He'll swallow statesmen by the score, the conscience and the coat, Sirs :  
His back's so strong, he bears along two Houses on his head, Sirs ;  
And twenty million pair of hands supply his daily bread, Sirs !

*Chorus.*—So here's long life, &c.

His pen's so large, its least discharge can blind St. Stephen's sight, Sirs ;  
And all men cry, "The time's gone by when black was known from  
white, Sirs :"

His ink's so thick, they say Old Nick invented the japan, Sirs ;  
But then 'tis odd how soon a clod, touched with it, struts a man, Sirs !

*Chorus.*—So here's long life, &c.

He had a love—an Irish dove—and to her wrote a line, Sirs ;  
Some said 'twas false—but that affair is neither your's nor mine, Sirs :  
Some said his priest, to say the least, suggested the amour, Sirs ;  
I say no more—his pistol's-bore my silence shall secure, Sirs !

*Chorus.*—So here's long life, &c.

The lady's scorn some years had torn the Giant's tender heart, Sirs ;  
To gain the prize, his two huge eyes outwept a water-cart, Sirs :  
He plucked the falchion from his side, and flung it on the floor, Sirs—  
There lay it like the mizen-mast of a royal seventy-four, Sirs !

*Chorus.*—So here's long life, &c.

This lady gay was fresh as May, and merry as the spring, Sirs,  
And on her little finger wore a precious emerald ring, Sirs :  
'Twould raise your smiles to talk of miles—but, keeping within bound,  
Sirs,

The poets sing this emerald ring was just a thousand round, Sirs !

*Chorus.*—So here's long life, &c.

He told some lies, he breathed some sighs, he made a loving speech, Sirs,  
Among her rogues, broadcloth and brogues he scattered on the beach, Sirs ;  
The lady feared his sword and beard, yet listened to his tongue, Sirs,  
Although 'twas just six thousand years since people called her young, Sirs !

*Chorus.*—So here's long life, &c.

Then all was gay, just half a day—they quarrelled before night, Sirs ;  
The Giant swore his love was o'er, and might should do for right, Sirs :  
They made their couch—but I'll not vouch how many lay beside them ;  
Ten thousand men were rumoured, when the sexton came to hide them.

*Chorus.*—So here's long life, &c.

But ever since, he's called a prince, and strides from sea to sea, Sirs ;  
Some say he'll dine on Germany, with China for his tea, Sirs :  
One foot upon the Yankee's neck, and one upon the Turk's, Sirs—  
A dozen thrones, a hundred years, are cut out for his work, Sirs.

*Chorus.*—So here's long life, &c.

They say that as he's not quite tall enough to reach the moon, Sirs,  
Ten million silk-weavers are hired to build him a balloon, Sirs—  
From which, before a week is o'er, he'll march upon the sun, Sirs :  
So ends my song, which, though not long, I hope will have a run, Sirs !"

## CHORUS.

So here's long life to Downing-street, the Treasury, and Mint, O !  
And if you think the truth I blink—why, call me Peel or Pinto !

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\* "Ferdinand-Mendez-Pinto, thou liar of the first magnitude !"



*Shilelah.* Capital! Bravo, it does honour to the declining brains and remorseless throat of one of our best poetasters, singing his own strains. You see, Gentlemen, a man may be good for something though he lives in fear of his wife. But, for Heaven's sake, no more politics. Can any one tell me the meaning of this purchase of mine, not half an hour old, from McLean's; and masterly in style, colouring, and conception; the very touch of Lawrence, with the very tints of Titian? I borrowed that last flourish from my friend Frankland Lewis's inauguration speech to the clerks in the Navy Treasurer's office. (*Shewing a caricature.*)

*Megrim.* It is exactly what I like; excessively clever, and prodigiously impudent. Pray, my Lord Marquis, will you condescend to explain—first, the title—*A Political Reflexion*.—Aye, I see, a figure looking in a mirror that “shews the age its very form and pressure.” But who is the figure?—A soldier of rank, I presume, from the superfluity of sash and lace about his person. He is holding a crown over his head, and examining, in the glass, how far it might become him. The countenance is long, rigid, and hook-nosed; the expression a mixture of fright and fierceness, full of evident eagerness to make the experiment of wearing the “baby circle,” yet with a keen retrospective glance, as to the effect which it might have on the personages in the room. Whom do you conceive that red-coated personage to be?

*Shilelah.* Can't possibly tell; except it be meant for the Attorney General. It might do for Lawyer Scarlet!

*Sir Ronald.* The name is just the thing for an administration of our cloth. Since the Premier could not make one of his drummers or aides-de-camp barristers at the word of command, he was delighted to find a name that might so far console him for the thing. But the other figures, my Lord Friezland, can you find them out?

*Friezland.* To tell you the truth, I always find out problems best, after they have been found out by somebody else. For these sixty good years I have enjoyed an easy life and a fair reputation, by never taking the trouble to have either an idea or a will of my own. In party I have been a Jacobin, because to scoff at every thing, saves all the inconvenience of inquiring into the merits of any. I have said, “No,” to all the measures of races of ministers, as different in their politics as Richelieu from Robespierre, for words of one syllable are to politicians what they are to children,—the best employment for those who cannot manage more: and I confess that my capacity never amounted to the safe use of two syllables together. Yet, by the help of a good table, a tolerable memory, and an indefatigable common-place book, I have passed muster among the “Illuminati” of my time; and if I am called a goose by some, and a mule by others, I pass for a patriot with the mob, and certainly mount above par in the aristocracy of Whiggism.

*Saveall.* 'Pon my life, my lord, the confession is the counterpart of your visage,—very ample, innocent, and absurd. But your dinners are meritorious; and we can forgive your sincerity for the sake of your soup; which is the reverse of what I can say for my countrymen. But who is the fat fellow lying in the cradle, with a projecting toe muffled up in the full costume of the gout; his finger in his mouth; and his honest face in the enjoyment of an uneasy sleep?

*Shilelah.* Can't possibly tell. Perhaps Lyndhurst—he has the gout, as becomes the bench; has his finger in his mouth, as becomes a mem-

ber of a profoundly puzzled ministry ; and, I suppose, thinks that he was asleep when he gave up the rolls for the infinite *bore* of the woolsack ; or wishes, like another Othello, he could taste that sleep he enjoyed before. The lady watching beside his slumbers, too, confirms the idea. Her attitude of attention, and her hushing him to rest, all are in favour of the interpretation.

*Megrim.* Poh ! The lady is as old as my grandmother ; as round as the dome of St. Paul's ; and as loving as the great key of the tower, that love which keeps fast all that it has once got hold of. But the room is evidently a nursery. The floor is strewn with play-things, a little wooden life-guardsmen, a little grenadier, a yacht, fit for the navigation of a slop-bason, a giraffe, three inches above the life-guardsmen and his steed, and a baby palace, six inches long by two.—Pray, *Icicle*, what put Frankland Lewis in place ?

*Icicle.* The grand deity of fools, luck ! He had been haunting the Treasury until the very messengers used to lose their appetites at the sight of his spectral visage. He had hung himself on the skirts of every set of men that have worked their way up the Treasury stairs for the last thirty years, and had contrived, by indefatigability of pushing, to reach the enviable distinction of being notoriously a gentleman who, if not fit for every thing, had made up his mind, on the two points, that he would do for every thing, and that any thing would do for him. Yet a man of this kind is a convenience in the train of a ministry. Sure to be forgotten, of course, in the first five minutes of his absence ; and, from his perfect conviction of this, sure never to be five minutes out of the way ; a minister is as certain of having him at his call as any of the messengers that stand on the staircase. The first tingle of the bell brings him up to the door ; and there stands the bowing receptacle of the great man's commands. A letter is to be sent to some sulky peer, five hundred miles off, in the wilds of Inverness. The man is there who will jump into the mail in the next quarter of an hour, and, without drawing bit, lay the letter on the library table of the person purchasable. If we have a wrangle with the Chan of Tartary, or the Emperor of Madagascar ; there is the flying pacificator. If a commission is to be dispatched to the Cape for the purpose of stopping John Bull's clamours for an indefinite time (no commission that knows its business ever making a report in less than from fourteen to twenty years, and ministers, all the while, referring all complaints to "its honourable board ;") there is the willing commissioner, or the willing clerk, or the willing any thing. If the Irish government are of opinion that the children in the charity-schools are not whipped enough, and thereon apply, "as in duty bound," to the superior wisdom of their masters and makers in Downing-street ; there stands the man who is proud and ready to go on the "flagellation committee," or the "potatoe-bread council," or the "mud-cabin board," or the "human exportation inquiry ;" and as ready to go to Canada, or Columbia, or Caca-fogo Island, or the Devil's A—e-a-Peak, or the Moon, by the first vessel for that voyage, as to Ireland.

*Saveall.* Those are merits, I allow ; but you see how little they have served *me*. I defy all the Frankland Lewises, or Monk Lewises, since the conquest, to have been more eager to catch service ; and what is my reward ? Three pint pots, which I verily believe to be pewter, though the unwashed rascals (who, I suppose, stole them, for a display

of their bounty) swore furiously that they were plate; one hundred pounds stock in the Greek loan, which I was forced to buy for the honour of the cause, and of which I cannot get rid to this hour; an attack from that scowling dunderhead Palmerston, whenever I open my mouth; and the pleasure of seeing myself laughed at in every newspaper of common reputation, as a broken down popularity-hunter.

*Sir Robert.* Oh, hang it: are you worse off there than every man among us? Whiggism is shelved: as much a dead letter as Lord Grenville's speeches, or Tierney's memory; it is on half pay, or worse, with no pay at all: a d—mn—ble condition for man or cause to be in, as some of us know to our cost; down to the lees, sunk in the bottom of the Slough of Despond; and to be dipped in by no man who is not ambitious of covering his name with mire eternal; down at a discount that would beggar the whole dynasty of the Rothschilds; and sunk into a depth of public scorn, a palpable obscure, that would blacken the visage of Beelzebub. It is gone! like my legion—my—

*Fickle.* Heavens, how eloquent!—What a Southwark Cicero! (*Yawns, and falls back in his chair.*)

*Sheep* (*starting up to his assistance*). Some water, there! By Jupiter, the baronet has got a locked jaw! This comes of your confounded habit, Ribbon, of rehearsing your borough harangues among gentlemen. Fickle will die—he gasps—he changes colour—he is speechless!

*Friezland.* Then it is all over with him. For when once Sir Francis holds his tongue, you may rely on it, that he has lost the power of talking. Well, Megrim, you must say something about him when you move for the new writ, and we can put Blacking Hunt in his room.

*Megrim.* I make a panegyric on Fickle! Not a syllable. He was the greatest bore that ever bored a party. Giddy as a goat, and conceited as a peacock. An aristocrat by all the habits of his idle life; a democrat, by his craving for the breath of the rabble. As youth gave him none of the generosity or manliness that belong to early years, so age gave him none of its wisdom or dignity. With a large fortune, he never made himself a public benefactor by any memorial of public benevolence, by any zeal for the arts that embellish life, or any patronage of the literature that does honour to a country. His whole career was a miserable pursuit of a miserable ambition; for this he began by dabbling in the mob, and closed by humiliating himself to the very dust of the minister's shoes. Commencing public life by stimulating the rabble, and ending it by a ridiculous submission to power; there he lies, the emblem of a departed demagogue!

*Shilelah.* Ha, ha, ha! Excellent! You never did any thing better in your life, Harry! I knew you hated the fellow, by your excessive civility to him; but I did not think that you could have *approfondid*, as Alvanly says, the infinite littleness of his character. But, now, tell the truth for once; was not this a part of your intended oration on Tierney?

*Rakely.* By the by—the world thought that poor Tierney was rather scurvily treated. Not a syllable said about him; yet he was the *ultimus rebellum*, the last of the Foxites.

*Blunderbuss.* So much the better. They were a set of scoundrels, with principle in their mouths and place in their hearts. Why, old Charley himself had no more notion of public honour, than a ship's purser has of giving up a perquisite, or a clerk in the Admiralty of



letting loose a fee. Remember how the patriot fire blazed in him when the fleet was in rebellion; how he harangued when the Nore was blocked up with mutineers; he saw the country shaking, but what was that to him? he saw the ministry likely to shake too, and bellowed accordingly. But we escaped him at last; we were not gone far enough on the road to ruin, to put power into his gambling hands; and the rogue was gallantly turned into the hold, after all. Sheridan acted nobly then—he saved the Whigs from being disgraced for ever.

*Friezland.* Ah, poor old Red-nose! Sheridan had something in him that made him always a bad Whig; party had not frozen him up; he was generally a knave, and of the most incorrigible kind; he seemed the fitter, of course, for our faction. But, confound the fellow, he had, now and then, a compunctious visiting; a sudden sense of what was due to human nature; a sting of honour, that made him the most insecure dog possible for Whig objects. He was clever, useful, but not always tractable, and, of course, never trustable.

*Rakely (to Megrim aside).* In the name of all that is marvellous, where did Friezland get that? His brains are no more capable of engendering three words of that speech than poor down-in-the-mouth Durham, or that little bubbling emblem of his own soup-kettle, Taylor; he must have stolen it from the "Age," that inveterate—

*Megrim.* Hold your tongue on that subject, Rakely, or tell the truth. The "Age" has hit both of us too hard to be a favourite with either. But I see nothing cleverer from John-o'-Groat's house to the Land's End. It never minces the matter, to be sure; it lays on us all, most devilishly, I admit; it flogs right and left, and does not care a pin's point whether it strips the skin off my shoulders or yours; lays a radical Whig bare from shoulder to flank, or scarifies an apostate Tory, until his nearest and dearest friends fly from him as a pickled monster. But it does its business heartily; where others only half do it, like miserable turn-coats and trimmers as they are; it cuts to the quick, and I, for one, can tell you, that the fear of its just vengeance has crushed, in the bud, more sprouting rascality than all the harangues of the very worthy and very mealy-mouthed gentlemen of his Majesty's opposition. As to its old character of ribaldry—that day is gone by, evidently, to return no more. It has higher things to do, and it does them powerfully. You see how justly it abused us, the other day, for not saying something about our old champion Tierney.

*Rakely.* What could we say of him—a Whig, that pretended to keep up appearances, as they are called; that made faces at what he thought rash and silly measures: nay, I have been informed, actually went to church on Sundays? Did you ever hear Rogers's lines on him?

*Megrim.* Nonsense, of course, if they were his. But let us have no more burthens laid on the little banker's head. That unfortunate Nestor, as Byron laughingly nick-named him, has been made the scape-goat of every desperate waggery; the foundling-hospital-basket for all bastard wit; the Parnassus-hulk for all the convicts against common sense that have been driven out of general society.

*Saveall.* Every man is liable to imputations of the kind; though, I believe, I have escaped that of ever having said a good thing. But, to do Rogers justice, he bears the general laugh, like a hero of ninety; talks of Byron, without, at least, any visible rage at his lordship's per-

petual sneers; and withers down to a tranquil oblivion on a retired allowance of a pun a day.

*Megrim.* Has the grand question of the authorship of that pre-eminent performance "THE NEWSPAPER" been ever settled between him and Canning's representatives? If they can but set a pair of hostile bibliopoles in a passion about it, it may bring half a dozen thousand pounds for the copyright of what's not worth sixpence to any man, woman, or child, beneath the stars. Saveall, recite it for us; you get hold of every thing that can be turned to money.

*Saveall.* On one condition—that the Club give me an order for a copy for every member on its publication. Now, you are to imagine a vault, grim as a *blue-stocking* drawing-room on a night of full *conversazione*. Three little Luciferians, real imps; not little Oscar Byrnes, or cat-visaged emanations from the Vestris; but real demons, with regulation tails and claws, dancing and screaming; in the centre of the room a little steam engine, the machinery of solid fire, the furnace, fed with dried dowagers' tongues, and the boiler bubbling up with a mixture of ink and aquafortis.

#### THE NEWSPAPER.

[*Dance of Imps, and Grand Chorus,*]

Black with gall from toe to thumb,  
Queen of Darkness—Scandal! come!

[*The ground opens, and the Queen rises, undressed, in the new Almack's costume. In one hand an opera-glass, and in the other a lady patroness's card. As she rises, a thick vapour ascends, which subsides in a shower of caricatures.*]

Spirits—scarlet, black, and blue!  
Little liars, ever new!  
Ye that through the West End wing,  
Giving every tale its sting;  
Catching whispers from the tongue  
Of moral dames, no longer young;  
Telling what rich fool is dipt;  
Telling what gay belle has slipt;  
Small conveyancers of sneers;  
Setting mankind by the ears;  
Telling who to France has fled,  
Fearful of a husband's lead;  
Telling who, in Crockford's hall,  
Lost last night the deuce and all,—  
Now your daily mischief spin!  
Inky imps! begin, begin!

[*The imps stir the fire; the boiler throws up a vapour, in which are seen hovering, paragraphs, inuendos, epigrams, and fragments of the Court Circular.*]

#### FIRST IMP chaunts.

Spirits! tell me, one by one,  
Who are *doing*—who are *done*.

#### SECOND IMP.

Full five hundred noble youths,  
With their fingers in their mouths,—  
Twenty guardsmen,—twenty lancers,—  
Lords of barbs, and opera-dancers,—  
Folly's destiny fulfilling,  
Stand this hour without a shilling!

## FIRST IMP.

Spy that shivering in the Square,  
 Watch the rout's slow emptying stair,  
 From the footmen catching names  
 Of its mob of naked dames—  
 While policemen, in a passion,  
 Curse the sleepless hours of fashion—  
 Bring the plunder thou hast gathered,  
 From those pigeons all unfeathered ;  
 Picture to the nation's eyes  
 Bedford's more than prize-ox size ;  
 Cowper's opera petticoat ;  
 Bayley's open heaven of throat ;  
 All the legs of all the Seftons ;  
 All the married—all the left ones.

*Chorus.*

Double, double ! life's a bubble !  
 Flirting is no sort of trouble !

## FIRST IMP.

Imp that, privileged to puff,  
 Deal'st in panegyric stuff ;  
 Giving Majesty a hint—  
 Plain, or else the devil's in't !  
 How would fit a bishop's wig  
 Philpotts, of all prigs the prig :  
 From the stable and the *bar*,  
 On the bench a shining star ;  
 How Sir Thomas's turned coat  
 Still is worth a five-pound note ;  
 How the " last delightful novel"  
 (By some scribbler in some hovel)  
 Owns its author in a lord  
 (Rascal, worthy of a cord !)—  
 Nay, the world are whispering  
 That its writer is—a king ;  
 Brodum's balsam, Canning's speeches ;  
 Stultz's patent dancing breeches ;  
 Scudamore on love and gout ;  
 Lessons to teach fools to spout ;  
 Classic Hamiltonian Greek,  
 Taught to infants in a week ;  
 Patent medicines—half a dose  
 Paints a death's-head like a rose.

*Chorus.*

Double, double ! man's a bubble !  
 Humbug is no sort of trouble !

## FIRST IMP.

Imp, in charge of human tricks,  
 Tell us how go politics ?

## IMP chaunts.

Bonaparte lies alone  
 On his St. Helena throne ;  
 You may nose him in the wind,  
 But his worse is left behind.  
 Cromwell slumbers many a day  
 In his house of wood and clay—  
 Bloody, bold, and hollow-hearted !  
 But his model's not departed.



Time alone the tale will tell,  
 Whether in a dungeon's cell,  
 Whether in a desert isle,  
 Whether in a royal pile,  
 Shall that model yet be seated ;—  
 Whether curst, and feared, and hated,  
 By what doom of guilty fame,  
 Shall be smote that model's name.  
 But the world still rolls along ;  
 Fools beget a foolish throng ;  
 Blockheads, only made for slaves—  
 Blockheads, native prey of knaves !

*Chorus.*

Double, double ! earth's a bubble !  
 Trimming is no sort of trouble !

SCANDAL.

Now the charm is featly wound,  
 Take to scoundrels above ground—  
 Soon to be your nearer neighbours—  
 Take your mischief-making labours !  
 On the types the paper lay,  
 Black enough to cloud the day ;  
 Then speed it on your wings unfurled,  
 And spread the poison through the world !

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THE CAPTAIN OF RIFLES.\*

THERE have been half a dozen narratives of the adventures of—a young Rifleman, an old Rifleman, a French Rifleman, a German, and so forth. And they have all had some claim on public interest ; for of all the eccentricities of a soldier's life, the Rifleman takes by right the first share.

But of all those self-historians our Captain of Rifles tells his tale the best, for he is a remarkably pleasant fellow ; he takes the world's roughnesses with the gayest *nonchalance*, and has a natural fund of humour, which is by no means the worse for its being perfectly in the camp style. His book has one fault, the rarest fault in books, it is too short. For we feel convinced that he might have indulged us with fifty pleasantries for one that he now gives us, and that we might have had to thank him for beguiling the cares of a month, instead of tantalizing us with the amusement of a day.

After seeing his first shots fired in Walcheren, the young Rifleman “retired upon Scotland,” to get rid of the ague, which was all that we got by our conquest.

In 1810, he heard that his company in the 95th was at Spithead under orders for the Peninsula, rushed from his heathy hills to take a share in the Spanish glories, and landed in Lisbon.

There he made the discovery which every stranger has made for the last five hundred years, that Lisbon is a very showy city from the river, and that it would require the whole river poured through its streets to make it endurable by the senses of any living thing but a pig or a Portuguese.

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\* “Adventures in the Rifle Brigade, in the Peninsula, France, and the Netherlands, from 1809 to 1815.” By CAPTAIN J. KINCAID. London. Boone.

After wandering for a few hours among the streets,—“in the vain hope that he had got among a congregation of stables and outhouses,” he opened his eyes to the novelties of the population.

“The church, I concluded, had on that occasion indulged her numerous offspring with a holiday, for they occupied a much larger portion of the streets than all the world besides. Some of them were languidly strolling about, and looking the sworn foes of time, while others crowded the doors of the different coffee-houses; the fat, jolly-looking friars cooling themselves with lemonade, and the lean, *mustard-pot-faced* ones sipping coffee out of thimble-sized cups, with as much caution as if it had been physic.

“The next class that attracted my attention, was the numerous collection of *well-starved* dogs, who were indulging in all the luxury of extreme poverty on the endless dung-heaps. There, too, sat the industrious citizen basking in the sunshine of his shop-door, and *gathering in the flock*, which he so bountifully reared on his withered tribe of children. There strutted the spruce cavalier, with his upper man furnished at the expense of his lower.” We know nothing in the descriptions of Portuguese society more expressive.

This was the time of the retreat to the lines of Torres Vedras, and the rifle company being ordered from Figueras to join the retreating force, moved upon Coimbra. To their astonishment they found this city of twenty thousand souls, without a living body. Wellington had ordered the whole population to follow the army. But the disappointment was a sore affliction to the Rifles, who expected good living there; “a company of rosy-cheeked, chubby youths, who, after three months’ feeding on ships’ dumplings, were thus thrust, at a moment of extreme activity, in the face of an advancing enemy, supported by a mouldy biscuit, and a pound of raw beef, drawn every day, fresh from the bullock.”

The Rifleman prefaces his tale with a candid declaration that he means to talk of nobody but himself and his own regiment.—“Every man may write a book for himself, if he likes, but *this* is mine. And, as I borrow no man’s story, neither will I give any man a particle of credit for his deeds, as I have got so little for my own, that I have none to spare. Neither will I mention any other regiment than my own, for there is none that I like so much, and none that so much deserves it; for we were the light regiment of the light division, and fired the first and last shot in every battle, siege, and skirmish, in which the army was engaged during the war. In stating the foregoing resolution, however, with regard to regiments, I beg to be understood as identifying our old and gallant associates the 43d and 52d, as a part of ourselves, for they bore their share in every thing; and I love them, as I hope to do my better half (when I shall come to be divided).”

The first exploit of his detachment was one which Don Quixote would have envied, and Sancho Panza panegyrised.—“October 1, 1810. We stood to our arms at daylight, this morning, on a hill in front of Coimbra; and as the enemy soon after came on in force, we retired before them through the city. The civil authorities, in making their own hurried escape, had left a jail-full of rogues unprovided for; who, as we were passing near them, made the most hideous screaming for relief. Our Quarter-master-general humanely took some men, who broke open the doors, and the whole of them were soon seen trowling along the

bridge into the wide world, in the most delightful delirium, with the French dragoons at their heels."

After this specimen of the varieties of human happiness, they reached a small town where the commissaries were destroying some stores which they were unable to carry off. The Rifles came in for shirts and shoes, while the streets were running with rum, which the soldiers were drinking as they marched along. Some years after, the commissariat attempted to charge the men with the price of the shirts and shoes. But they were favoured with a soldier's answer; that "one half of them were dead, and the other half would be d—mn-d before they would pay any thing."

At Torres Vedras, the Rifles were happy: they were, of course, in advance of the lines, and lived during the day in the little town of Arruda, retiring, however, to a bivouac among the hills at night. They here indulged in the free luxury of out-post life.—"We certainly lived in clover while we remained here; every thing we saw was our own, seeing no one who had a more legitimate claim, and every field was a vineyard. Ultimately it was considered *too much trouble* to pluck the grapes, as there were a number of poor native thieves in the habit of coming from the rear every day to steal some; so that a soldier had nothing to do, but to watch one when he was marching off with his basket-full; when he would deliberately place his back against that of the Portuguese, and relieve him of his load, without wasting any words about the bargain. The wretch would then follow the soldier to the camp, in the hope of having his basket returned, which it generally was, when emptied."

Massena abandoned his position in front of the lines on the 9th of November, leaving, as is usual with the French, a little evidence of stratagem in "some straw-stuffed gentlemen" to occupy the usual posts of his sentries. "Some of them were cavalry, some infantry, and they seemed such respectable substitutes for their spectral predecessors, that in the haze of the morning, we thought that they had been joined by some *well-fed* ones from the rear." Massena had now retired to Santarem, where he remained four months longer doing nothing. His conduct in this whole campaign was utterly inexplicable. He first stopped to storm the heights of Busaco, when he might have walked round them; in this attempt he lost 10,000 men killed and wounded. His next business was to have rushed on to Lisbon at all risks, as upon his reaching it depended the success of the campaign. But he halted in front of the lines of Torres Vedras, though he reached them before they were completed, while the British were yet in the hurry of their first occupation, and while it was more than probable that in lines of so many miles extent, he would have found some unguarded or feebly defended post. This he neglected, but sat down to look at the British fortifying them day by day, and receiving reinforcements, while his own army was dwindling down by hunger and disease. Such was his position through the whole month of October. On his withdrawing from the front of the lines in November, it was the natural surmise, that to avoid the further loss of men in an unfriendly country, where all hope of effective service was now at an end, he would have made the best of his way over the frontier. On the contrary, the spirit of lingering seemed to have taken full possession of this once famous *Enfant gâté de la victoire*, and at Santarem he



lingered until the 6th of March, without firing a shot, with his army perishing, his enemy conquering him by the mere force of want and the weather, and his reputation ruined in Europe. Massena on his return to France was thrown into total obscurity by the public scorn for his conduct in this campaign, and suffered the penalty richly deserved by a long course of military violence and robbery and remorseless rapine.

The French are cruel alike in advance and retreat, and their hatred of the Portuguese brought out their cruelty in the deepest colouring. They murdered and burned wherever the sword or the torch could be applied. One scene of atrocity among many of the same kind on the march, is strikingly yet simply described. After a perpetual firing on the French rear-guard from day-break till evening—"daylight left the two armies looking at each other, near the village of Illama. The smoking roofs of the houses showed that the French had just quitted it, and, as usual, set fire to it; when the company to which I belonged was ordered on piquet there for the night. After posting our sentries, my brother officer and myself had the curiosity to look into a house, and were shocked to find in it a mother and her child dead, and the father with three more so much reduced by famine, as to be unable to remove them from the flames. We carried them into the open air, and offered the old man our few remaining crumbs of biscuit; but he told us that he was too far gone to benefit by them, and begged that we would give them to his children. We lost no time in examining such of the other houses as were yet safe to enter, and rescued many more individuals from a horrible death.

"Our post that night was one of terrific grandeur. The hills behind us were in a blaze with the British camp fires, as were those in our front with the French ones. Both hills were abrupt and lofty, not above eight hundred yards asunder, and we were in the burning village in the valley between them, the roofs of houses every instant falling in, and the sparks and flames ascending to the clouds; the streets were strewn with the dying and the dead—some killed in action, some murdered—which, together with the half-famished wretches whom we had saved from burning, contributed to make it a scene well calculated to shake a stout heart, as was proved in the instance of one of our sentries, a well-known devil-may-care fellow. I know not what appearances the burning rafters might have reflected on the neighbouring trees at the time; but he had not been long on his post, before he came running into the piquet, and swearing, by all the saints in the calendar, that he saw six dead Frenchmen advancing upon him, with hatchets over their shoulders!"

The pursuit continued with incessant vigour, the French rear occasionally facing about, and commencing a fire on the pursuing light troops, to give time for their main body to take up a position. On one of these occasions, our Rifleman's history was near being brought to a conclusion. Seeing some of the 60th running along a deep road, which would, in another moment, have exposed them to the fire of the French line; he ran forward to warn them. A ball struck him, and he lay for dead long enough to attract the attention of one of the 60th, who, in the usual spirit of military activity on such occasions, began to strip him, and had unbuttoned his jacket, when, luckily for him, a volley from the French drove the 60th off the ground. On recovering, his first feeling was for

his head, from which the cap had been knocked away some yards. The cap, however, had saved his life, and he escaped with a contusion. The variety of military life makes even its hazards almost pleasanter than the monotonous indulgences of peace. The evening of this day of danger almost compensated for its hardships. The Rifles got a good dinner, one of the rarest occurrences of the whole campaign. "There is nothing," says this lively soldier, "so gratifying to frail mortality as a good dinner when most wanted and least expected! It was perfectly dark before the action finished. But on going to take possession of the fires which the enemy had evacuated, we found their soup kettles in full operation, and every man's mess of biscuit lying beside them in stockings—the French mode of carrying them; it is needless to say how unceremoniously we proceeded to do the honours of the feast. It ever after became a saying among the soldiers, whenever they were on short allowance, 'Well, we must fall in with either the commissary or the French to-day, I don't care which.'"

The pursuit goes on, enlivened by touches of character.—"The French were beaten over the Mondego, and the light division followed them. But the late Sir A. Campbell, commanding the next division, would not suffer any of their baggage to cross the bridge, in the idea that it might impede his march. He, however, received no order to march, and we were thereby prevented from getting anything to eat for the next thirty-six hours. I know not whether the curses of individuals are recorded under such circumstances; but if they are, the gallant general will have found the united hearty ones of four thousand men registered against him for that particular act."

The following day had its incident and its remark. "March, 19th. We this day captured the aid-de-camp of General Loison, with his wife, who was dressed in a splendid hussar uniform. He was a Portuguese, and a traitor, and looked very like a man who would be hanged. *She* was a Spaniard, and very handsome, and looked very like a woman who would quickly get married again."

At length the enemy, on approaching the Spanish frontier, made a stand, and the consequence was, an attack on a large scale. But a sudden change of the weather misled some divisions of the British; and, in the confusion, the attack was left to a part of the light division. Their success was among the most extraordinary instances of gallantry, in a war full of brilliant examples.—"Even the second brigade of our division could not afford us any support for nearly an hour; so that we were thus unconsciously left with about fifteen hundred men, in the very impertinent attempt to carry a formidable position, in which stood as many thousands."

"The weather, which had deprived us of the aid of our friends, favoured us so far as to prevent the enemy from seeing the amount of our paltry force; and the conduct of our gallant fellows, led on by Sir Sydney Beckwith, was so truly heroic, that, incredible as it may seem, we had the best of the fight throughout. Our first attack was met by such overwhelming numbers, that we were forced back, and followed by three heavy columns, before which we retired slowly, and keeping up a destructive fire, to the nearest rising ground, where we re-formed, and instantly charged the advancing masses; sending them flying at the point of the bayonet, and entering their position along with them, where we were assailed by fresh forces. Three times did the very same thing

occur. In our third attempt, we got possession of one of their howitzers, for which a desperate struggle was making, when we were, at the same moment, charged by infantry in front, and cavalry on the right, and again compelled to fall back. But fortunately, at the moment, we were reinforced by the arrival of the second brigade; and, with their aid, we once more stormed the position, and secured the well-earned howitzer; while the third division came upon their flank, and they were driven from the field in the greatest disorder."

Thus ended the battle of Sabugal, April 3, 1811; and in two days after, the triumphant army entered Spain. On that day month was fought the battle of *Fuentes d' Onor*, an ineffectual attempt of Massena to retrieve his lost laurels. There are now and then burlesque things, even in the horrors of battle. The light division covered the right of the line, the battle raging chiefly on the left and centre.—"We were lying by our arms under a burning sun; some stray cannon shot passing over and about us, whose progress we watched for want of better employment. One of them bounded along in the direction of an *amateur*, whom we had for some time been observing, securely placed, as he imagined, behind a piece of rock, which stood about five feet above the ground, and over which nothing but his head was shown, sheltered from the sun by an *umbrella*! The shot in question touched the ground three or four times between us and him, he saw it coming, lowered his umbrella, and withdrew his head. Its expiring bound carried it into the very spot where he had that instant disappeared. I hope he was not hurt; but the thing looked so ridiculous, that it excited a shout of laughter. We saw no more of him."

But, after all, life—even military life—is not made up of battles, the domestic feelings intervene, and even the Rifleman, with his "green one incarnadined" by victory, stoops delighted to the details of homely life—food, fire, and lodging.—"Our regiment had been so long quartered in Fuentes, that it was like fighting for our firesides. The *padre's* house stood at the top of the town. He was an old friend of ours, and an old fool; for he would not leave his house until it was too late to take anything with him. But, curious enough, though it had been repeatedly in the possession of both sides, and plundered, no doubt, by many expert artists, yet none of them thought of looking so high as the garret, which happened to be the repository of his money and provisions. He came to us, the day after the battle, weeping over his supposed loss, like a sensitive christian; and I accompanied him to the house, to see if there was not some consolation remaining for him. But when he found his treasure safe, he could scarcely bear its restoration with becoming gravity. I helped him to carry off his bag of dollars, and he returned the compliment with a leg of mutton."

There is one plague in the Peninsular, which draws, perhaps, as much blood as the bayonet, yet which draws it not less in the piping times of peace, than amid the havoc of war. To this enemy many a bold Briton paid the tribute of his patriotic gore, the peninsula being, in every age, its strong hold.—"On taking possession of my quarter this evening," says the Captain, "the people showed me an out-house, which they said I might use as a stable, and I took my horse into it; but, seeing the floor strewed with what appeared to be a small brown seed, heaps of which lay in each corner, as if shovelled together to take to market; I took up a handful, out of curiosity, and truly they were a



curiosity : for I found that they were all *regular fleas*, and that they were proceeding to eat both me and my horse, without the smallest ceremony. I rushed out of the house, and knocked them down by fistfuls, and never yet could comprehend the cause of their congregating together in such a place."

If the traveller should have any desire to investigate the phenomenon for himself, we give him the name of this head-quarters of the flea tribe. It was the village of Atalya, at the foot of the Sierra de Gota.

To the British troops, all seasons seem to have been nearly alike—the fiery summer and the frosty winter. The campaign of 1812 commenced the 8th of January, by the investment of the strong fortress of Ciudad Rodrigo. The whole detail of that extraordinary capture is admirably given.—“There was a smartish frost, with some snow on the ground ; and when we arrived opposite the fortress, about mid day, the garrison did not appear to think we were in earnest: for a number of their officers came out, under the shelter of a stone wall, and amused themselves in saluting and bowing to us in ridicule.” This was genuinely French, and a proof of the native buffoonery of that facetious people. “But,” as the Captain observes, with some natural scorn, “before the day was done, some of them had occasion to wear the laugh on the opposite side of the countenance.”

The proceedings to change the mirth of those gay Messieurs were rapid :—“We lay by our arms till dark, when a party of a hundred volunteers from each regiment, under Colonel Colborne of the 52d, stormed and carried the Fort of St. Francisco, after a short, sharp action, in which the whole of its garrison were taken or destroyed. The officer who commanded it was a chattering little fellow, and acknowledged himself to have been one of our saluting friends in the morning. He kept incessantly repeating a few words of English, which he had picked up in the assault ; and the only ones, I fancy, that were spoken, viz. “dem eyes and blest eyes,” and in demanding the meaning of them, he required that we should also explain, why we stormed a place without besieging it ; for, he said, that another officer would have relieved him of his charge at day-light, if we had not *relieved* him of it sooner.” This capture was of great importance.—“The enemy calculated that it would have kept us at bay for a fortnight or three weeks, whereas its capture the first night enabled us to break ground at once, within breaching distance of the walls of the town.”

The service of this celebrated siege was severe. It fell to the first, third, and fourth divisions, who took it alternately for twenty-four hours.—“It continued to be dry, frosty weather, and as we were obliged to ford the Agueda up to the middle, every man carried a pair of *iced-breeches* into the trenches with him.”—“January 12. My turn of duty did not arrive till eight in the evening, when I was ordered to take thirty men, with shovels, to dig holes for ourselves, as near as possible to the walls, for the amusement of firing at the embrasures for the rest of the night. The enemy threw frequent fire-balls among us, to see where we were, but as we always lay snug until their blaze was extinguished, they were not much the wiser, except by finding, from having some one popt off from their guns every instant, that they had got some neighbours whom they would have been glad to get rid of.”

The next turn for duty was of a more passive kind, but curious in its way, and curiously observed on :—“I was sent to take the command

of the Highland company, which we had at that time in the regiment. I found them on piquet, half of them posted at a mud cottage, and half of them in a ruined convent close under the walls.

"We could not show our noses at any point without being fired at; but as we were posted there merely to protect the right flank of the trenches from any sortie, we did not fire at them, and kept as quiet as could be, considering the deadly blast that was blowing around us. There are but few situations in life where something may not be learned, and I stood indebted to my twenty-four hours residence there for a more correct knowledge of martial sounds than in the study of my whole life before.

"They must be an *unmusical* pair of ears that cannot inform the wearer whether a cannon or a musket played last; but the various *notes* from their respective mouths admit of nice distinctions. My party was too small, and too well sheltered to repay the enemy for the expense of shells and round shot, but the quantity of grape and musketry aimed at our particular heads, made a concert of first and second whistles; while the more sonorous voice of the round shot, travelling to our friends on the left, acted as a thorough bass: and there was not a shell that passed over us to the trenches, that did not send back a fragment among us as soon as it burst."

Two practicable breaches were soon made. On the 19th of January the assault was made, at eight in the evening, by the third and light divisions; the latter being appointed to the left breach. The storming party, consisting of three officers, and a hundred men from each regiment of the division, rushed forward at the signal. The enemy were prepared for them; and the space which the troops had to pass was instantly in a blaze with fire-balls, and swept with grape and musketry, which, as the captain justly observes, "are the devil's own brooms."

As he was one of the officers employed on this party, he gives us the following reflections, worthy of him equally as a soldier and a philosopher:—"The advantage of being on a storming party is considered as giving the prior claim to be *put out of pain*; for they receive the first fire, which is generally the best; not to mention that they are expected to receive the earliest salutation from beams of timber, hand-grenades, and other missiles. But I experienced no such preference, for, as every ball has a considerable distance to travel, I have generally found them equally ready to pick up their man at the end, as at the beginning of their flight; luckily, too, the other proportions cannot always be adjusted at the moment; so that, on the whole, the *odds* are pretty near, that all concerned come in for an equal share of whatever happens to be going on."

The assault was triumphant. The struggle at the breach was brief; and, in less than half an hour from the advance, the fortress, one of the strongest in the Peninsula, was captured.

The next morning, the fifth division took charge of the town, and the rifles, and other regiments of the light division, marched out. Yet they had provided for themselves handsomely, short as the time was.

"Lord Wellington happened to be riding in at the gate at the time when we were marching out, and had the curiosity to ask the officer of the leading company what regiment it was? for there was scarcely a vestige of uniform among the men; some of whom were dressed in

Frenchmen's coats, some in white breeches and huge jack-boots, some in cocked hats and queues; most of their swords were fixed on their rifles, and stuck full of hams, tongues, and loaves of bread, and not a few were carrying bird-cages. There never was a better masked corps."

The reflection that follows this glorious achievement is manly and natural, though expressed with the characteristic oddity of the writer.

"There is nothing in life half so enviable as the feelings of a soldier after victory. Previously to a battle, there is a certain sort of something that pervades the mind, not easy to be described. It is akin to neither joy nor fear, and probably *anxiety* may be nearer to it than any other word in the dictionary. But when his battle is over, and crowned with victory, he finds himself elevated for a while into the regions of absolute bliss! It had ever been the summit of my ambition to attain a post at the head of a storming party—my wish had now been accomplished; and I do think, that after all was over, and our men laid asleep on the ramparts, I strutted about as important a personage, in my own opinion, as ever trod the face of the earth. But as the sun began to rise, I began to fall from my heroics, and when he showed his face, I took a look at my own, and found that I was too unclean a spirit to worship, for I was covered with mud and dirt, and with the greater part of my dress torn to rags."

The Spaniards and Portuguese had, by this time, become completely tired of finding apartments for their guests, and had adopted all kinds of contrivances, to prevent them from making "the house their home." An usual contrivance was to say that some epidemic was in the family. The gallant Rifleman, pleasantly records a surprising cure on one of those occasions:—"I received a billet, on a neat little house in Elvas, occupied by an old lady and her daughter, who were very desirous of evading such an incumbrance." They accordingly kept the house fast, and resisted for a long time, a series of kicking at the door, until it had nearly given way. The old lady then tried her invention, came down, and whispered in the captain's ear, that there was a fever in the house, of which her daughter was lying dangerously ill. The captain instantly declared that he was a *medico* (doctor), and might be of use to the young patient. He now made his way up stairs, "where there was a very genteel-looking young girl, the very picture of Portuguese health, lying, with her eyes shut, in full dress on the top of the bed clothes, where she had just hurriedly thrown herself."

The nature of her illness was of course rapidly determined, and the *medico* proceeded *secundum artem*. "I walked up to the bedside, and hit her a slap on the thigh with my hand, asking her at the same time, how she felt herself. Never did Prince Hohenlohe perform a miracle more cleverly; for she bounced almost as high as the ceiling, and flounced about the room, with a countenance, in which shame, anger, and a great portion of natural humour were so amusingly blended, that I was tempted to provoke her still further by a salute. Having thus satisfied the mother, that I had been the means of restoring her daughter to health, she thought it prudent to put the best face upon it, and invited me to partake of their family dinner: in the course of which I succeeded so well in eating my way into their affections, that we parted with mutual regret, the ladies telling me, I was the *best* officer they had ever seen."



In this gay strain, he runs through the peninsular campaigns, fighting and falling in love alternately. The sieges of the great fortresses, the famous march to the frontier of France, and the battles of Vittoria, the Pyrenees, and Thoulouse, are spiritedly described. The peace at length sets him loose in 1814; and he is shooting at woodcocks in Scotland, when news arrives of Napoleon's return. He rejoins his battalion, fights at Waterloo, which he describes capitally, and thus triumphantly closes one of the most attractive, eccentric and animated volumes that has been produced by the British campaigns.

#### NOTES OF THE MONTH ON AFFAIRS IN GENERAL.

OUR grand Reforms are going on in a grand style of excision. Clerks, enjoying the extravagant salaries of twenty shillings a week, are forced to submit to the pruning knife, or the sabre, we forget which; and serve their insulted country at the rate of ten. Diggers and delvers, at the rate of a shilling a day, are allowed the honour of contributing to the preservation of their country by the offering of six-pences, and there is still a hope, that by further judicious reforms of this vigorous, and yet easy kind, our beloved country may yet be saved.

But we should wish to know, whether the gallant officers in possession of trivial places from fifteen hundred to five thousand pounds a year and upwards, continue to receive their half-pay, and all those little emolumentary adjuncts, termed allowances, forage money, office money, &c., which make so pleasant an addition to the establishment of a military gentleman emulous of serving his country, on the best possible terms for himself. We believe that those gallant gentlemen have not sacrificed a single shilling, and that they receive their half-pay as regularly in their sumptuously furnished apartments in the Horse Guards and Downing Street, as if they were lounging out their mornings in an attic in Whitehall, and lounging out their evenings at the United Service.

We should also like to know, how many of the holders of good things in the shape of Military Inspectorships, Commissioners of Clothing, &c., have been mulcted of their half-pay, since they began to feel the public purse dropping its liberality on them in the shower of pensions and sinecures?

Now for another branch.

*Officers' Widows.*—The question whether officers' widows should continue to enjoy pensions after marrying again, is now under the consideration of Government. It is urged that the practice is, in fact, rewarding one man for the services performed by another, and encouraging improvident connections which lead to misery, while they perpetuate one burthen on the country and create another.

All this may be very well; though in the scantiness of the widow's pension, whose general sum is thirty or forty pounds a year, there seems to be no very powerful temptation for fortune hunters. But, we may be suffered to ask, is there any idea of reducing the allowance of the paymasters of those widows' pensions? whose salaries amount to a thousand a year each; the whole actual business being of the simplest nature, and done by clerks, and the whole trouble of the paymasters being to sign the receipt for their own quarter's salary, and put the money in their pockets.

We should also like to know, whether, when those poor devils of officers' widows are forced to give up their petty provision, the widows of the placemen about Whitehall are to be allowed to keep their pensions, and marry whom they please, thus to fasten upon the public purse? That there are such individuals, and tolerably well known to the public, we believe. And we ask, what is justice, if it be not even-handed?

But the more unfortunate consequence of this regulation will be, not a saving to the country, nor the prevention of those marriages, which have been here with such ludicrous pomp called "rewarding one man for the service of another;" but an increase of prevarication, a temptation to perpetual falsehood imposed on those widows. They will marry, if they like; as what woman was ever capable of thwarting her inclination for any thing, from prudential motives? Not a sixpence will be saved; but a vast many protestations of perpetual widowhood will be wrung from the unfortunates, who have plunged into second matrimony, with a full determination to let go the public allowance on no condition whatever. We hope that oaths will not be required, for though a promise is equally binding in honour, yet the oath is a more formidable mode of meeting the temptation; and in the multitude of instances, the temptation would carry the day. We hope so foolish an attempt will be abandoned. It must be nugatory on any considerable scale, and even on the smallest, it will be only a temptation to weakness and poverty to commit falsehood.

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Mr. Nash's conduct in the purchase of the Crown Lands has been brought before the House. But the most effective part of Colonel Davies's speech, was his denunciation of Mr. Goulburn.

"He could not easily conceive how a man, like the individual alluded to, should be at his time of life so sordid as to be impelled to the commission of such fraudulent acts as these by the thirst of gold; but it was an extraordinary sight to him, and one difficult to assign a cause for, why the Chancellor of the Exchequer should be so regardless of his good name as to wish to bind it up with the tainted mass of this man's character. He pledged himself, if the House now gave him permission by sanctioning the present motion, to prove from documents he had since obtained possession of, that the party whom he thus accused had been guilty of many acts which the House would feel itself bound to reprobate, although sanctioned by the countenance and support of the Chancellor of the Exchequer; and, in this instance, he would take care not to suffer his object to be defeated by permitting the Committee to bind him in his accusation to a precise phrase, as they had on the former occasion, which had, he acknowledged, been the means of securing his defeat."

Mr. Goulburn was immeasurably shocked, that any body should think him capable of doing any thing that a perfect gentleman and pure senator should not do. He rose in becoming indignation, charged the motion, as tending by "the light of a side wind," as that classical orator the Attorney-General says: or by "running counter to the corner stone," as that not less classical orator Mr. Brougham expresses it; to censure the last year's committee, which committee had given its verdict on the matter by declaring "that Mr. Nash was innocent, but had done wrong," which strikes us as a rather enigmatical species of acquittal.

He next defended Mr. Nash's conduct, on the ground that he was then sick in his bed ; which again strikes us as a curious ground of defence. But let us hear this nervous orator's own words.

" Mr. Nash was, it would appear, to be hunted session after session, until the gallant member could find at last some set of men weak enough to coincide with him in his views. Nor would the House sanction such a course, when, in addition to its manifest injustice, he informed them the victim now singled out to satiate his resentment was an aged man, in so dangerous a state of illness as would ensure him the commiseration and sympathy of every man within those walls. If any member imagined that the charges made against him, as a man destitute of probity or honour, were well founded, Mr. Goulburn trusted he would speak his mind out fully, in order that he might have, before the subject was ultimately decided, an opportunity of defending himself from charges which he fondly hoped would not be levelled against him by any other man within those walls. Under such aspersions as he had heard made against him to-night, it was impossible he should, even at the hazard of life and all he held dear in it, suffer his character to remain for a single hour without attempting its vindication."

Now of the delicacy of this indignant gentleman's virtues, far be it from us to doubt ; for the law of libel assumes a tenfold frown, when we dream of disputing the virtue of a placeman. But this Mr. Goulburn is our supreme disgust. This was the man whose miserable mediocrity of understanding, would have kept him to the last hour of his life among the sweepings of office, but for his affected zeal for the cause of Protestantism. This was the man, who regularly lost his breath, and apologized for forgetting the half of his speech, by his overwhelming horror at any attempt to bring Popery into the legislature. This was the man whose Protestantism was so founded on a rock, was so rigidly righteous—an Aristides who courted unpopularity by the sternness of his honesty, a Fabricius who could no more be turned from the path of honour, than the sun from his course ! that he was sent over to Ireland, expressly to be a check on the slippery genius of the Irish Administration ; to be a drag-chain upon the precipitous politics of that very silly and prattling cabinet ; to be ballast for the top-heavy bark of the Irish government, with such a monkey tribe perched upon the shrouds.

Yet this was the man, whom, in a few months after the strongest protestations of sincerity in the noblest cause that could move the heart of honour, we saw sneaking to the ministerial foot, and unsaying every syllable that he had ever said before.

With respect to Mr. Nash, we have not heard that he has been compelled to disgorge any of those purchases which the committee, lenient as it was, pronounced to be wrong. His canal shares, and his Charing-cross purchases, are, we believe, still in his possession. He has been " badgered a little for them," as the Marquis of Lansdowne phrases it ; but he is willing to bear the burthen, if we still let him keep the reward. But this we hope will not be suffered, notwithstanding his being in his sick bed, and in the bosom of the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

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We hear extraordinary things of the financial difficulties of the crowd of Institutions that have started up with such rapidity during the last half dozen years. But the Horticultural Society takes the lead, at least,  
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in publicity. Yet even this publicity was accident. Committees, auditors, secretaries, the full machinery of check and supervision, had long been in motion; yet not one of these vigilant persons seems to have had an idea of the fact, that they were on the eve of bankruptcy, till some anonymous billet in a newspaper gave them the intelligence.

Then all was wonder and speech-making. After a succession of meetings, a grand meeting of the members of the society was held a fortnight since, in the hall of the institution, Regent-street, for the purpose of receiving the report of the committee appointed to inquire into the state of the society's debts, &c.—The debts were shown to be 19,700*l.*, and the assets were estimated at 16,500*l.* It was thought 1,000*l.* per annum might be saved by retrenchment. Mr. Sabine's resignation was announced.

How the debts of any society under heaven could have amounted to 19,000*l.* without any of its governing members knowing the circumstance, appears to us among the oddest things imaginable.—The president was in such astonishment at the discovery, that he has remained in a state of astonishment ever since. The committee and Mr. Sabine were equally thunderstruck; and, till now, seem to have but very imperfectly recovered their faculties. Yet an account of receipts and disbursements was furnished, in a very clerk-like style, every year, at the general meeting; though, from Mr. Gordon's speeches, we cannot perceive that the intelligence made its way into it, that the society owed 19,000*l.*, and was 3,000*l.* worse than a beggar. Of course we have no idea of charging any fraudulent intent in this on any of the parties; for of fraud no evidence strikes us. But the negligence somewhere is perfectly unaccountable. The whole business always exhibited a most flourishing aspect in the reports transmitted to the newspapers. The monthly meetings sent away every member in raptures at the prodigious celebrity and infinite expansion of that Horticultural Society, which was to fill every cottage in England with grapes and Newtown pippins, and astonish the ends of the earth with the British pomona. On those days it was perilous to walk through Regent-street, at least so long as Sir Watkin Williams was in sight, to hold one by the button, and panegyrize the exquisite buttermilk raised from his last specimen of mangel wurzel; or Mr. Frankland Lewis, with both his pockets full of raw potatoes, to rush out in the spirit of liberal distribution to all who on that day had the calamity to be his friends.

The horticultural dinner was always a superb affair, so far as mutual congratulation, and hobnobbing to fructification, subscription, granulation, and the eternal countenance of grantees, were concerned. There was not an assembly on earth in which was felt more zeal in getting drunk for the good of grafting. And when the meeting at last gave way, there was not a member, whether slumbering in his bed, or preferring the more congenial repose under the table of the society, but felt visions of Pomological (the Greek-Latin *hybrid* belongs to Mr. Phillips) glory dazzling his nightmare, and unborn orchards crowding on his soul.

But then comes the explosion—terrible and strange. The apples were apples of Sodom. The prosperity was all rind; and accounts unexamined, bills unpaid, and debts unconjectured, made the core. The golden pippin was dust, and the silver pomegranate was ashes. And the members went away, like the feeders on the Sardonic herb,

with their mouths so distorted between smile and sourness, that many of them have never since recovered their usual blandness of physiognomy. Sir Watkin has fled the town, swearing, in the purest Armoric, against ever trusting any thing more versed in this world's ways than one of his long-bearded, caprine compatriots. Frankland Lewis took refuge from despair in a sinecure, and vows never to touch a potatoe in its state of nature, as long as he can call himself a placeman. Mr. Sabine has retired to his Hortus Siccus, and, abandoning contemporary fame, is preparing an exculpatory address to all future mankind, which Jekyll, remorseless punster, calls, like Madame Roland, "*un appel à la postérité.*"

Through good and evil we have fought for the Thames tunnel. We have made our pilgrimage to its shrine, braved the depths of Deptford to see it, and never grieved over the loss of that which, as Pope tells, ran between Swift and the love of a shirt or a supper, which ousted Marlborough of his fame, and which, in our own degenerate day, stripped Lord Melville of his privy councillor's gown, and had nearly stripped Blenheim of its ancient monarchs of the grove. In humbler language, we paid our shilling, and were glad. The sight was, in the simplest ratio of profit, worth the money; and we hope that our word will go so far with the world as to stir it up to defy even the perils of a navigation through the streets of Deptford, to see the tunnel, and see in it the most singular evidence of the powers of human ingenuity and intelligent labour that the world can boast of—a work ten times the value of the Pyramids, the wonder of the old world; and ten times more requiring invention and intelligence than the route of the Simplon, the wonder of the modern.

"The annual meeting of the proprietors of this undertaking was lately held at the City of London Tavern. It appeared from a report which was read, that little or no progress has been made towards a completion of the work; but that they do not despair of its accomplishment whenever the prosperity of the country may be such as to encourage loans or subscriptions of money for the purpose. Upwards of 26,000 visitors have, during the last year, been admitted, paying the usual price, which has assisted very much towards the expenditure."

We say to them, that the time will certainly come, when their admirable work will be felt to be, what it is, a national object—an honour to the country, which the country will be proud to sustain, even if it were solely as the triumph of its talent;—but which will be to the proprietors a magnificent source of revenue from the moment of its completion.

It was lately announced that "Kean had engaged for his *spouse*! and himself, for a year, one of those new fangled demi-gothic cottages on the banks of the Regent's Canal, near the Hampstead-road; where he has been seduously occupied in perfecting himself in the character of *Henry the Fifth*, which he stands pledged to perform at Drury-lane Theatre." This is one of the odd helps to genius that great men adopt in difficult cases. Mr. Bayes is recorded as having always written tragedy upon a regimen of stewed prunes. Morland's summons to his genius was the brandy bottle. Young brought himself into training for his "Night Thoughts" by a candle in a scull. Rabelais swallowed green peas; and Porson got drunk with "Mountain Dew." The

idea of a demi-gothic cottage, for the study of Henry the Fifth, did credit to the actor's taste ; and the association between the gallantry of the warrior, and the cusps and mullions of the building in which his spirit was to be raised again, was in the best style. However, Kean failed in the experiment, and we are sorry for it. He is a man of ability, and, as such, his failure ought to be a matter of regret ; unless it should have been through that negligence which so often mars the fame of genius ; or that contempt for his audience, which, however it may sometimes be so natural to feel, it must always be so impolitic to display. But there is power in Kean still ; and if he would but assume the manliness to throw off some of those habits, private and public, which have sunk his reputation, it might not, even now, be too late for him to recover his popularity.

Sir Thomas Lawrence's will is a curious document. We hate that perpetual affectation of sanctified language which makes one of the most disgusting characteristics of our canting day. But there is, after all, a certain decorum to be observed, unless we would set at defiance the customs of society, and, what is of a much higher value, the opinions of all wise and right-minded men. In the will of Sir Thomas Lawrence, which, we must take it for granted, has been given word for word to the public, we cannot discover a syllable that might not have been written by a man who believed, that when the breath was out of his body, there was an end of him here and hereafter. Yet, men as remote from superstition, or unmanly fear, as the most daring infidel alive, have generally taken occasion of a document, which so seriously reminds man of his precarious tenure here, to commence their wills with some testimony to their acknowledgment of a religious belief. The bequeathing of property has been generally preceded by some solemn and natural recommendation of that only possession which remains alike to rich and poor—the immortal part of our nature—to the great Source from which it came, and to which it hopes to reascend. But, in the will of this celebrated man, there is, unhappily, not a syllable that can sustain the idea of his having supposed himself to be above the plant, or the pebble at his feet.

We speak of this, not as actually doubting of his belief, nor as desiring to fasten upon the memory of a man of genius, and general knowledge of life and literature, a charge not less fatally hostile to his character for common understanding and common morality, than to the loftier hopes that belong to things beyond the grave ; but with regret, as a negligence, as a wasted opportunity for clearing his name, and as, perhaps, an encouragement to weak and empty minds to sanction their own insults to the general wisdom of the pure and the virtuous, under the shadow of his genius.

In a professional point of view, the abstract of his will gives an interesting statement of his collection and its intended disposal :—

"The will has been proved in Doctors' Commons, by his sole executor, Mr. Knightly, and probate granted for personal property, under *forty-five thousand pounds*. Sir Thomas states that his collection of drawings by the old masters, are, he confidently believes, the finest in Europe, and worth twenty thousand pounds ; but he directs them to be offered to 'his Most Gracious Majesty for eighteen thousand pounds.' In case of his declining to take them, they are to be offered to the Bri-



tish Museum, Mr. Peel, and Lord Dudley, in succession; and if not purchased by either of those parties, are to be advertised in 'all the capitals and principal cities in Europe for twenty thousand pounds, and afterwards sold by public auction.' Two volumes of paintings, by F. Bartolomeo, are to be offered in precisely the same manner, except that the National Gallery is substituted, for the British Museum, for 800*l*. A series of original drawings of Cartoons by Leonardo da Vinci, for his Last Supper, for 1,000*l*.; the Wife of Potiphar accusing Joseph, by Rembrandt, for 1,500*l*.; and two small paintings, by Raffaele, for 1,000*l*.; all to be disposed of as above stated. His collection of Architectural Casts he offers to the Royal Academy, for 250*l*.—they cost him 500*l*.; his magnificent set of Sevre Porcelain, given to him by the King of France, he leaves to the Academy, to be used on all great occasions. He recommends to his executor, his dear friend William Young Ottley, Esq., to make the sale catalogue of his various works. After the payment of his just debts, he leaves the entire residue of his wealth to his sister, nephews, and nieces."

How has it happened that we have no "Life of Lord North?" while the world is bored in all quarters with all kind of lives—the plodding, the powerless, the puppyish; women that never were young, and boobies that never were old, the faded refuse of courts, and the bustling coxcombry of club-rooms. "*Exoriare aliquis nostris ex ossibus ultor*," might be the indignant exclamation of the premier's ghost to his lounging and caricaturing descendants. North's ministry was the most interesting period of the late stirring reign. All the elements of party were in hot and rapid motion; all the elements of power were shaken; all the vigour of democratic talent, strengthened and elevated by the grace and habitual dignity of the most accomplished nobility of an accomplished time, was in full display, and England stood between the new and the old worlds, like the tutelar genius, or the destroying angel of both, as she looked on them in peace or anger.

If we had leisure for such things, we ourselves should give the work to mankind; but we are busy watching the fortunes of the Emperor of China, estimating the working of our new constitution for Columbia, and luxuriating with the indulgence of Attic taste over the brilliant eloquence of Mr. Peel.

But if the world's ear is dead to the magnificent tossing and roaring of those billows, on which the skiff of the western republic made her escape into port, but which so soon roared and thundered round the great warship of France, bursting over her decks, dashing away at every heave the gilded and royal ornaments and the noble crew, and finally plunging her, in mingled flame and blood, down to the depths from which she has not been raised by the *hand of man*; why does no lover of the keen exposure of party revive the more than satiric sagacity of the minister who dragged Fox from his bad eminence by a word, stripped the mask from that most subtle of political swindlers, and shewed the most ostentatious partizan of the populace at his feet, kneeling for office and infamy together?

Or, why does no lover of the mere pleasantry of the wittiest man of his time, collect those sparkles of wit, which in his day flashed perpetually through the debate and through general society? This we feel to be a charge upon our own souls. But what can we do, with the care of

empires pressing upon us, with the aspect of affairs in Greece robbing our pillows of sleep, and complaints of the robbery of thirteen houses at Peckham in one week, making us tremble for the fame of our dearly beloved Peel police? We must abandon the "noble Lord in the blue ribbon" to those minor biographers, who perplex mankind with the crushings of quartos into duodecimos, and give us the Life of a Conqueror, or the thousand years of a dynasty, for five shillings.

One of the newspapers charges Kenny, the dramatist, with having succeeded to other reversions of old radical Holcroft, besides his wife.

"A well-known dramatist is at his old tricks again. Some time since, an opera was represented as a new one which turned out to have been acted forty years ago. Lately he has presented a farce to the same manager, which cannot be original, as there is *something very like* it to be found in a comedy written by the first husband of the playwright's lady. The comedy we allude to is *The Road to Ruin*."

To this charge we demur on several grounds. In the first place, unless a dramatist of the present day makes oath before a magistrate, that his play is not plunder from beginning to end, we have a right to presume that not a syllable of it is his own. In the next, if Kenny can produce a good comedy, farce, or interlude, out of all the works, played, or portfolied, of old Holcroft, we look upon him as doing more than any man of common sense ever expected; or any man on earth, but himself, could do. And, thirdly, if his play resembles any play that we have seen for the last half dozen years, it has every claim to the title of the Road to Ruin—a title which, we sincerely propose, shall in future supersede the moral sentences of all kinds that used to stare upon us from the top of the stage; and though *Veluti* in *Speculum*, might be the proper motto for the King's Theatre during the epicene reign of the late *soprano*, we yet proclaim, that the "Road to Ruin" is, for all time to come, the true and only motto for all theatres minor and major, and all places of public entertainment whatever; always excepting the chapel of St. Stephen at Westminster, where the motto shall be limited to the "Contested Election" Committee Rooms.

We had not heard any thing of our friends of the State-Paper Office for the last month, but we knew that they could not be idle. And now the light breaks in upon the wondering world.

"*The State-Paper Office*.—The treasures of the State-paper Office, from which the industry of Mr. Lemon has drawn so much to interest the present age and all posterity, have long been exposed to destruction, being kept in a common dwelling-house, which house, by the way, was likely to fall. It is at length decided that a new State-Paper Office shall be built; the plans of Mr. Soane have been approved, and, under the superintendence of that admirable architect, the building will shortly be commenced." The house is to cost £23,000!

Why, in the name of all that is spider-woven and moth-eaten, are we not to let the course of nature, always wise, be fulfilled, and the old house fall upon the old papers? The dead never buried their dead in a more appropriate sarcophagus. If the State-Paper Office have ever produced from the utmost profundity of its cobwebs, any thing better than scraps of scraps, illegible nonsense, or the most useless waste paper with which office clerk ever wiped his pen, we will be "a soused gurnet."

The "Milton discovery," magnified as it was through both ends of the trump of fame, has turned out an absurdity, and has long since sunk into the waste paper of which it was made. The Elizabethan letters, and the two or three other trifles that from year to year were squibbed before the public eye, to remind it that there was so meritorious an establishment as the State-Paper Office in existence, have all gone out, and now we are to have a New Building, to remind us that the officers of this inimitable national establishment ought to have suites of new apartments therein. Verily, this is a building age. Let the people cry out against the intolerable burthens that are crushing the dwellers in the drawing-room into the parlour, as old Horne Tooke once said, and the dwellers of the parlour into the kitchen; they are answered by a supercilious declaration from head-quarters, that the last imaginable retrenchment has been made. But let the most gewgaw fancy be set in a ferment to discover some new means of extravagance, it has only to be a building fancy, to find itself welcomed with the fraternal embrace of the high and mighty. Five hundred thousand pounds have been already flung away in turning old Buckingham house, a decent and comfortable old brick house, into new Buckingham palace, a ridiculous, uncomfortable, and unkingly plaster of Paris house; and before its royal tenant will ever lay his head upon his pillow in this plaster of Paris house, it will cost five hundred thousand pounds more. And John Bull will have the double delight of paying, and being laughed at by every stranger between Cape Horn and the Cape of Good Hope.

But the architect is the reconciling charm. If we should ever be tempted to be king—an office too troublesome for the most outrageous extent of our patriotism—the true temptation to us would come in the shape of the unlimited power to march from Windsor at the head of a legion of Irish bricklayers, and knock down, as a propitiation to the offended Pallas Minerva of our isle, every furlong of lath and plaster, Roman cement and mortar *marble!* that has ever assailed the public eye under the direction of modern art. If ever a generation of blockhead architects were gifted with supremacy over the public purse, that supremacy is now in the hands of that generation. There may be able architects in embryo; there may be Wrens and Inigo Joneses hidden in the holes and corners where nature keeps her curiosities; but never was any period of any country more brutified by monstrosities in brick than the reign of his majesty.

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If we were called on to point out the most memorable instances of human absurdity, we should be strongly inclined to select them from the works of the law-makers.

"By the French law, a father can dispose of but half his property by will, if he leaves but one child; of one-third, if he leaves two children; and of one-fourth, if he leaves three or more children behind him."

The consequences of this precious law are, that a son may be as profligate as he will without regard to his father's displeasure, as he must receive the same portion, be he good or bad—that a father will not expend any thing, if he can help it, on the advancement of his son in professional life or otherwise, inasmuch as no allowance will be made for that expenditure in the general distribution of the property—that the infirm son, who cannot provide for himself, is put on the same footing with the son who can—and that the father is deprived of one of the great motives



to the increase of exertion, by knowing that he labours equally for the ungrateful and the grateful, and that the distribution of the fruit of his labours is taken out of his hands. So much for the law of equality.

Another, and perhaps more injurious result, in a public point of view, is the breaking down of property into fragments. No right of eldership exists, to make a head of a family. The French peer can leave his eldest son but the *majorat* or small property annexed to the title. In England the law by which the estate descends to the elder is productive of the best consequences on general society. By constituting a head of the family, families are kept together. The younger members of them have a support in the respect felt for the head, and in the influence which his fortune or rank gives him in the country. The great establishments, parks, and mansions, of the landholders of England, which are among the highest ornaments of the empire, and are of still more importance as centres of public feeling, of hospitality, of protection to the poor, and of manly habits and honourable feelings in the upper ranks, are kept up by this heirship. And, what is of higher value still, the landed interest, in which is the true strength of England; the peerage, and the general aristocratic branch of the public body, without which the constitution must be either a despotism or a democracy, altogether originate in the right of eldership. There may be occasional hardships in the inequality of an elder and a younger brother's fortune; but the occasional hardship is counterbalanced by a crowd of advantages, the possession of which gives England a body of the manliest and most patriotic landed gentry on earth, and the absence of which is hourly crumbling down the nobility of France, and will, in the course of half a century, turn its whole population into a mob, unless common sense be vindicated, and the State righted by a *revolution*.

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We have to regret the recent death of a very intelligent and valuable member of society, the Honourable Douglas Kinnaird. Uniting the accomplishments of a scholar with the habits of a man of the world, no individual was more qualified to enjoy or to gratify the extensive circle of friends, distinguished by rank and talent, to whose intercourse he was entitled equally by his birth, his fortune, and his acquirements. Largely acquainted with literature, he was peculiarly attached to the Drama, and a few years since took an active part in the concerns of Drury-lane Theatre, while it was under the management of a committee. He was the intimate friend of Byron, with whom he kept up, perhaps, a longer and more confidential correspondence than any of his Lordship's surviving friends. He was one of the principal partners in the Bank of Ransom and Co., Pall Mall, a firm not less known for its opulence than for the extent and liberality of its dealings.

## MONTHLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, DOMESTIC AND FOREIGN.

*Narrative of the War in Germany and France, by the Marquess of Londonderry, 4to. ; 1830.*—This is an animated narrative—though not very lucid in arrangement, nor always clear in the details—of the two memorable campaigns, which terminated in the first dethronement of Napoleon. The story is limited pretty closely to military matters, and the writer, full of professional prepossessions, makes his pages ring with valour, and glory, and laurels; and drains the vocabulary of all its laudatory terms to pour them upon the gallantry of the allies. The author, then General Charles Stewart, was despatched by his brother, Lord Castle-reagh, to the King of Prussia, to re-open our diplomatic relations, and to act in communication with Lord Cathcart, who was with the Emperor of Russia, and Mr. Thornton, ambassador at the court of Sweden. Though invested with no military command, he was warranted by the general nature of his commission, and impelled by martial ardour to mingle in the *mêlées* of the field, and observe the conduct of all—his very business was to gather materials for the series of despatches, which constitute the staple of the present volume.

During the suspension of hostilities in the summer of 1813, the Prince Royal of Sweden joined the allied troops, and as England subsidized him to the amount of two millions, some right was thus acquired of looking sharply after his conduct. Bernadotte was of course an object of suspicion, and, with General Stewart, nothing short of seeing him in actual conflict with the French, was likely to remove unfavourable impressions. He recorded his feelings at the first interview, in a phrase of some emphasis and fancy—"he clothed himself," says he, "in a pelisse of war, but his under garments were made of Swedish objects and peace." Subsequent facts confirmed the *plain* truth of this remark; Bernadotte took no part in the second campaign—the invasion of France—but kept his troops in Holstein, manifestly with the view of securing that country as his share of the general spoil, which he anticipated would soon be to be divided. His conduct previously to the battle of Leipsic, General Stewart hints was very equivocal; and takes credit to himself for forcing him, if not to a change of purposes, certainly to a more complete committal of himself in hostility with the French, and does not hesitate to maintain that he might have done more than he did on one of the busy days before the battle of Leipsic. On the 16th, two days before that battle, encouraged by Blücher, he ventured to dispatch a note to him, written in pretty abrupt terms, urging him to march forthwith, or he would repent of it for ever. This note led to an interview a day or two after; Bernadotte took him aside, and in a low

tone said—"Comment! Général Stewart, quel droit avez-vous de m'écrire? Ne rappelez-vous pas que je suis le Prince de Suède, un des plus grands généraux de l'âge? et si vous étiez à ma place, que penseriez-vous si quelqu'un vous écrivoit comme vous m'avez écrit? Vous n'êtes pas accredité près de moi; c'est par mon amitié que vous êtes ici; et vous m'avez donné beaucoup de peine." The general excused himself on the urgency of the case. "Eh bien," replied Bernadotte, "vouliez-vous que nous soyons amis? Vous savez, mon ami, l'amitié que je vous porte; pourquoi ne pas causer ensemble des dispositions militaires? Dites-moi vos pensées; mais ne m'écrivez plus, je vous en prie de grâce." He was with difficulty dissuaded from entering into a capitulation to allow Davoust and his troops to return to France; and actually dismissed the French officers, who were his own prisoners, insisting on his right to do as he pleased with them. Throughout the whole campaign he was tenacious of his own plans, and exceedingly disposed to think himself treated with less respect than was due to his military reputation. The details relative to Bernadotte indeed are by far the most attractive portion of the volume.

A summary is given of a conversation of some interest between Napoleon and General Meerveldt. Meerveldt had been taken prisoner a day or two before the battle of Leipsic, and, after the battle, was dismissed on parole, and charged with propositions of peace to the Emperor of Russia. In a personal interview, Napoleon told him he would give up Dantzic, and other towns, and retire behind the Saale; resign Hanover to England, ensure the independence of Holland, and separate Italy from France. But England, he added, would never make peace without insisting upon what he would not consent to, a limitation of the French navy. General Meerveldt then inquired if he would resign Erfurth as well as the other fortresses? Napoleon hesitated. The general then said, the resignation of the protectorate of the Rhine was necessary. Napoleon replied, it was impossible; but on being told that Bavaria had withdrawn from his protection, and that other members were negotiating with the allies, he exclaimed—"Then the protectorship of the confederation ceases of itself. As to Spain, it was a question of dynasty—*je n'y suis plus*—therefore, that question is decided."

At the close of this volume, when gathering up all his reminiscences, the marquess states there are "two points he wishes to record as deeply rooted in his memory." We were amused with them—perhaps some of our readers will also be. "I was the only individual present, when I saw England's king clothe his august ally, the Emperor of Russia, with the robes of the

garter. The graceful manner, and indescribable amiability with which the one performed his task, and the difficult and awkward mode in which the other ultimately managed to get into and put on the magnificent paraphernalia, cannot easily be forgotten—indeed, the scene surpassed description.” This is one of the “points”—the other is thus described. “It was on the steps, at the *fête* at Guildhall, that I knelt down and kissed my sovereign’s hand on his appointing me the ambassador to the court of Vienna, and at the same moment nominating me one of his lords of the bed-chamber—a circumstance entirely unlooked for, and unexpected by me.”

The delighted marquess has not yet exhausted his materials—he contemplates another volume, embracing the details of the campaign of 1815, and the transactions of the Congress of Vienna.

*Fitz of Fitzford*, by Mrs. Bray, 3 vols., 12mo.—Mrs. Bray resides at Tavistock, and is, of course, within reach of Dartmoor and its wilds, and its tords, each of which has its own legend, and one of these, of a very painful cast, she has re-embodied, and spread the details over the usual quantum of sheets. With considerable practice in writing, she is moreover a very intelligent and clever woman, and capable of describing with full effect whatever falls under her own eye—she is fond of landscape and scene-painting, and in this her taste is good, and her execution true—domestic scenes also, and coarse dialogues, with some humour in them, suit her admirably; but, unluckily, she has the ambition to cope with characters of wilder energy, for which, being quite out of the pale of her experience, she is compelled to draw upon others, or to *force* her imagination—a thing which will not bear forcing. Of these, in the novel before us, she has two, and one of them tearingly extravagant; but being obviously made to pattern, she is not chargeable for the original conception, and need only plead guilty to the minor offence of adoption.

The scene and story are laid in the neighbourhood of Tavistock, and in the reign of Elizabeth. Fitz is the only son of a retired judge, of good property, who amuses his leisure with advising his friends, and dabbling, in company with the schoolmaster, in astrology. Old Fitz’s nearest neighbour is another judge (Glanville), who has a very lovely girl under his guardianship; and between this lady and young Fitz arises an attachment, from which springs a flood of misery, which deluges many of the pages. The story of old Judge Glanville’s daughter is a very miserable one. She had given her affections to a man of ruined fortunes, but was compelled by her father to abandon her lover and marry a rich old miser. The consequence was a speedy elopement. After some considerable interval, her retreat was discovered, and she was forced back again

to her husband; and finding no other effectual means of freeing herself from her odious shackles, she, with the aid of her female attendant, poisoned him, and paid the penalty of her “treason,” according to the fashion of the times, in the flames, to which she was condemned by the official sentence of her own father—such is still the tradition of the neighbourhood. His young and beautiful ward is, though the judge knows nothing about the matter, his own grandchild—the offspring of his daughter’s adulterous connection. She had been bequeathed to his care and kindness by a very intimate friend, was endeared to him, and regarded as his own child. Of her mother’s story she knew nothing. The person whom she supposed to have been her father, had, on his death-bed, when committing her to Glanville’s protection, charged her to listen to the advice and injunction of one Standwich, as the dictates of a parent. This Standwich presents himself to the reader in very equivocal positions—at the head of outlawed miners—connected with pirates—and the fanatic agent of schemes for the rescue of the Queen of Scots—sometimes in the mail of a soldier, and again in the frock of a priest. By gradual disclosures he proves to be the very seducer of the old judge’s daughter, and of course the father of his ward, over whom he had long in secret exercised the authority of a parent, without avowing his paternal rights. A match between her and young Fitz, he resolves at all hazards to prevent—old Fitz had been his evil genius—the main instrument first in tearing from him the object of his affections; and finally, in plunging her into the flames. By dint of threats and mysteries he gets the youth despatched to the Flemish wars, where he is quickly wounded and taken prisoner, and Standwich contrives to intercept all letters, and confirm the reports of his death. In the meanwhile, the poor young lady, much against her will, is prevailed upon, by the dark promptings of Standwich, to consent to give her hand in marriage to a neighbouring knight, the friend of Fitz. On the day of celebration, however, in spite of all impediments, young Fitz presents himself alive again to the bridal party, and of course a sad scene of confusion follows. The marriage, nevertheless, goes on; and the disappointed Fitz, after fevers and sufferings, recovers some degree of equanimity, and engaging in public business, is honoured with the command of the Castle of Lidford. While in this command, the treasonable practices of Standwich are discovered, and he is finally seized and committed to the custody of Fitz. Despairing at last of escape, he communicates to his daughter his paternity; and she, prompted also by despair, at length claims the pledge Fitz had made in happier days, to aid her in case of need. Fitz visits her in the absence of her husband, and intelligence of the visit is conveyed to him by



the jealousies of a lady, who has figured before in the story, but we had forgotten her. By the demon-like manœuvres of this lady, a meeting is brought about between the enraged husband and Fitz—swords are drawn—and, provoked beyond endurance, Fitz runs him through the body—and shortly after, in the hot fit of a fever, and the recollection of a sort of a prophecy of his father's, does the same for himself.

The story hangs loosely together, and there are more agents than business. Stand-wich has more instruments than he requires; there is a Jew who quotes half the bible; and a desperate virago who has a finger in every thing, and effective in nothing. An old schoolmaster has some humour, and we looked to see him again; but the writer, apparently, had too much on her hands, and perhaps forgot him.

*Library of Entertaining Knowledge, Vols. I., II., III., IV.*—Without doubt the term *useful* would be the more appropriate epithet for this collection of sterling information, in which the imagination and all its vagaries are studiously excluded. To be sure it is no easy matter to make everybody fix the same sense to the same word, and doubtless the "Diffusion Society" think it as much becomes their gravity, to identify the *utile* with the *dulce*, as Cicero did with the *honestum*. But every man to his taste—the books are valuable books, under whatever title they pass into the hands of their readers. The first volume, called the *Menageries*, is occupied with quadrupeds solely, not arranged after any recognized system, but according to the writer's convenience or sense of the "entertaining;" leaving the forms to be learnt from the wood-cuts, which are very respectable, but not of equal quality. The text is confined to descriptions relative to the habits and propensities of animals, varied and illustrated with abundance of familiar anecdotes, for very many of which the very intelligent compiler himself stands sponsor. The *second* volume concerns vegetable substances, and embraces trees and fruits—the main objects pursued are to point out the uses of the first, and to tell the history and cultivation of the other. The *third* is filled with accounts of men who have successfully pursued knowledge under difficulties—collected expressly for the purpose of exciting emulation. The diligence of the writer has suffered few remarkable cases to escape him; and the only faults we find are the abundance of the instances and the brevity of the notices—singly they whet without satisfying the appetite, and collectively they blunt and confound its perceptions. The *fourth*, fantastically entitled *Insect Architecture*, is replete with accurate and specific information relative to the more striking instances of Insect economy. It of course forms only one division of the subject of Insects, and will be followed, according to the announce-

ment, by a volume of Insect transformations.

If the treatises on mathematics and science, published under the auspices of the same society, were written with half the simplicity, with half the desire to inform, that distinguishes this series of *Entertaining Knowledge*, they would fulfil the hopes so confidently, but, as it proves, so delusively, held out to us. Many of the treatises we allude to are of a very superior cast, but for that very reason calculated only for the cultivated and accomplished—precisely for those who do not want them—who have already free access to the gates of science, if they choose to walk in. What is wanted for the uneducated—for those who are wholly unused to abstractions, is the easy, even more than the cheap.

*The Diary of Ralph Thoresby, F.R.S., author of the Topography of Leeds, by the Rev. J. Hunter, F.S.A., 2 vols., 8vo.*—Thoresby was one of the most indefatigable collectors on record, and one of the most indiscriminate—nothing came amiss—"curiosities, natural and artificial," two terms which embrace the universe, were equally and eagerly swept into his net. Inheriting from his father the nest-egg of a museum, it was the pride and pleasure of his existence to add to its treasures, and next to adding, of course, to exhibit them to wondering gazers. His actual grasp was limited only by his narrow means—he was a married man with a family, and in business as a clothier, but not very successful, and no wonder; for if his body was in the market, his soul was in his library. His collections, however, as such things will, grew insensibly, and attracted visitors far and near; and he was thus by degrees brought in contact or correspondence with all the men of his day eminent in the line of antiquarianism. His native town, an ancient and extensive one, presented a fertile field for the range of his inquiries; and his scribing labours, at least those which appear in independent publications, were mainly spent in scanning its antiquities, and illustrating its records. His "*Ducatus Leodiensis*" is a choice specimen of the topography of the old school, where every acre and house are described with the solicitude of a surveyor—every parochial tradition and event, great and small, is recorded; and every family of any local distinction since the flood, bepedigreed. His own museum constituted *magna pars* of the town, and accordingly the Museum Thoresbyanum occupies more than half of his goodly folio. The interests of the world seemed centered in Leeds, and his Vicaria Leodiensis furnishes "learned men, bishops and writers," enough to stock a kingdom. Numbers of his correspondents had the benefit of his assistance—Bishop Gibson, in his Camden—Calamy, in his *Memoirs of Puritan Ministers*—Stevens, in his *Monasticon*; and the works of Oba-

diah Walker, Bishops Nicholson and Hærne, make frequent acknowledgement of favours. At his death, or soon after, his collections of letters from celebrated persons found their way to the British Museum; but his own museum, to the opprobrium of the town, was dispersed, partly by auction, while his personal correspondence and his diary went no one knew whither. The portions of the diary now published, with the correspondence which will immediately follow, were discovered a few years ago in a garret in the city, and rescued by Mr. Upcott, of the London Institution, whose corrassions of the autographic remains of eminent persons exceed those of any man living. During the printing, another volume of the Diary was found in the library of Christ's Hospital.

The Diary commences with the year 1678, when Thoresby was in his twentieth year, and was continued, probably without any interruption, till 1724, within a year of his death. Two gaps, one of eight, and the other of six years, are supplied briefly by a "review," in his own hand, which he seems to have made every ten years; and a third of about five years, for which there is no substitute. This is not, we think, very deeply to be lamented; nor can we at all sympathize with the editor in his regrets. *Satis superque.* Thoresby's life was uneventful and uniform; he records no public matters; or if now and then he alludes to them, it is only with a prayer that evils may be averted. The whole Diary, in short, is strictly of a private character, presenting frequent notices of his family circumstances and temporal concerns; but chiefly recording his studies, his readings, his correspondence, his times, and his religious exercises. It was designed, he observes incidentally, not for the inspection of others, but for private direction and reproof. Nothing so attractive as a peep into such a sanctum, where the individual is anything above mediocrity, with an unfettered spirit, and disposed to *expatiate*. Thoresby had no intellectual superiorities; he was evidently an honest, well-meaning man, not calculated for the tumults of life or the tricks of business; and therefore wisely, at the end of twenty years of unproductive conflict with more successful competitors, abandoned the attempt, retired on a slender competency, and devoted the rest of his days to his museum and his pen. For a diary prosecuted nearly fifty years, the uniformity of the tone is most remarkable; no one can question his identity; he was the same man from first to last; his habits as steady and unchanging in youth as in age; his pursuits the same; the same piety, the same profound respect for the clergy, the same fondness for sermons and securing the "heads" of them, the same constant attendance on public prayers, the same observance of private; the same credulity—the same *bonhomie*—the same phraseology and sentiments,

coupled with a complete absence of all desire to point his inquiries in any direction but that which, by some early bias, they insensibly took and kept. Any thing like enlightenment the reader must not look for; he had no general or original views; he never broke out of the lines of prescription; and the bigotry of his sentiments, inseparable from narrowness of spirit, is softened only by the kindness of his nature.

His self-censures, which frequently recur, chiefly concern the waste of time—that is, of time abstracted from his particular pursuits. "Can find time for anything but what I should do," he observes in one place, when he had spent some part of an evening at a tavern. "Too merry for our circumstances—too many profane words, and much precious time spent idly, if not sinfully"—upon an occasion when he had entertained some friends (*Æt.* 24). Once on a Sunday, when on a visit, after attending service—"the rest of the day and evening spent very unsuitably to the duties of the day, though we enjoyed the modest parson's good company and Squire Dyke's; evening, sat too late, or rather early, with the young gentlemen, and was foolishly cheerful, and vain in my expressions; too compliant, &c." (*Æt.* 37.) Going once to a play, he notes—"Curiosity took me there, but fear brought me back;" the first, and he hopes the last time he shall be found upon such ground. At his parish church once some sensible stranger preached—"I was especially vexed at these words: 'Precise persons, now-a-days, will cry out of innocent plays and honest comedies, &c., when in the meantime themselves are the greatest actors in the world;' a speech, in my opinion, very unbecoming a minister of the gospel at any time, much more in the pulpit; leading to the encouragement of those insatiable devourers of precious time." Yet very much of this precious time was spent, apparently, in very frivolous employments—copying tomb-stone inscriptions especially; or, when the forenoon, which he mentions without any disapprobation, was employed in cementing the broken pieces of a large ancient figure of Seneca's head, that worthy philosopher (*Æt.* 24, when he probably knew nothing of him but by report) after writing some pedigrees. Once he went a hunting, "the first time," he writes, "and I think the last, being of Sir Philip Sydney's mind, next to hawking I like hunting worst." One Sunday, ladies of rank were introduced to see his collections of "rarities and coins:"—"which with reluctance I refused, because of the unseasonableness, with proffer of service the next day, whereby I avoided the outward breach of the command. But alas," he adds, "my vain thoughts, like tinder, are easily inflamed; and any good notion, like a spark, quickly extinguished."

"Showing collections" often occurs—

much of his time must have been thus occupied: now and then he complains, but gratified vanity peeps out notwithstanding. (July 7, 1810.) "Showing to Mr. W., vicar of Halifax, and in the evening to a stranger, brought by Captain Neville, as a kinsman of Dr. Sacheverell's, but supposed to be the Doctor himself, incognito; the hand is not unlike, and the motto suitable, '*Dulce et decorum pro patria pati*,'"—every visitor inserted his name and a "motto" in Thoresby's album. A few days after—"Showing collections to Dr. Gibson, of Covent Garden; in company were two of Richard Cromwell's daughters (one was Dr. Gibson's wife), who took notice of what related to that family. Thus I am exposed, like a common inn-keeper, to guests of all complexions; the last was Dr. Sacheverell's kinsman, then two of Oliver Cromwell's grand-daughters (one of which seemed to have his *height of spirit*); but as much as moderation is decried, one betwixt both extremes is, in my opinion, to be preferred before either."

Thoresby was a great discerner of providences. In his early years a mutual attachment between himself and a young lady was broken off by her friends, and they parted in tears. She married a richer man, not much to her comfort, and died early. "The kind providence of God which foresaw this (her early death), and how unfit I was for such a trial, prevented it (her marriage with him) in mercy." His affection survived the affront, or her premature death would have been ascribed to the guilt of jilting. Ascriptions of this kind are frequent. After attending evening service, he was "unwillingly engaged with Mr. D. and Mr. C., unsuitably to the day, and in return lost a silk handkerchief—a just punishment for unsuitable discourse." Recording a tremendous storm—"this thunder-storm," he adds, "was ordered by Providence for the detection of a murderer;" and then details the story—the man took shelter in somebody's house, and was recognised.

Speaking of the comet of 1682, he adds: "Lord, fit us for whatever changes or alterations it may portend; for, though I am not ignorant that such meteors proceed from natural causes, yet are frequently also the presages of imminent calamities."

His public devotions were unfailingly paid—but not always with discretion. He complains once of the ridicule thrown upon him by his fellow-townsmen, for begging the prayers of the congregation for his safety, when setting out on a journey. Some good-natured friend "fished out" who the prayers were for. In such formalities he had the utmost confidence. Being once about to return from London, he says:—"I was at the prayers at St. Lawrence Church, and requested of a devout gentleman I had observed most constantly there, that they would please to continue their prayers for those upon their journey *till Friday* next—it is a good provision against dangers, to

have a stock of prayers going forward for us."

He once met Whiston in company—"wretchedly heterodox;" and once dined with Locke at Lord Pembroke's. Speaking of "Locke's Essay," he observes—"Some passages to be cautiously admitted, as where he says that revelation is not so sure as our reason or senses (Thoresby not distinguishing evidently between revelation and testimony); and the famous Bishop Stillingfleet taxes him with some odd notions, if not heterodox, about the resurrection."

The short incidental notices which occur here and there of known persons are amusing; but the judgments pronounced upon them are of no sort of value, from the calibre and prepossessions of the man.

*Murray's Family Library, Vol. XI.—*

It is not, we think, more than a twelve-month, or two at the most, since we expressed at some length our opinion of Mr. Washington Irving's History of Columbus. The eleventh volume of the "Family Library" contains an abridgment of that voluminous work, compressed by the author himself. Nothing could have been better imagined—the original was decidedly too long, and nobody better than himself could know, if he consulted his own recollections in the composition, where, in particular, he had bestowed his tediousness. We like the *degree* of compression too, that is, down to about one-fourth or a fifth; and we are quite sure, the same process, and in the same, or even a more liberal measure, might be very advantageously applied to more modern works than our pages, if we could spare them, would contain. Nothing worth preserving in the original work is lost, and the price of the abridgment is less than a tenth.

*Sydenham, or the Man of the World,*

3 vols., 12mo.—This is a story of the times, and by implication at least lays claim to a large acquaintance with the higher classes of life, though without affording indisputable proofs of personal intercourse with the scenes and sets, which the author shews up, private or political. The whole, we suppose, might be readily picked up without his mixing in the circles of fashion, or the houses of parliament—without being a guest at L— or H— house, or a member of Brookes's. The sketches, as to views, motives, and effects, correspond very accurately with the common talk which floats in the atmosphere of club-rooms and every-day society. If descriptions like these before us, professing to throw open boudoirs and drawing-rooms—the whole interior of fashionable follies—are to carry weight, they require authenticating—the writers should communicate their names—let us know their condition and rank in life—where and with whom they associate, what are their opportunities, and then we can appreciate their communications. None but our



country friends can enjoy these anonymous disclosures—their capacities of faith are unfathomable and insatiable.

Sydenham, however, is a young man, with large estates and a baronet's title—cool and mature—intelligent and cultivated—with ambition not merely to shine by reflexion, but to be his own sun—to be influential wherever he circulates, or in whatever direction he bends his efforts. Coming early to his property, he fell, on his first entrance into society, into that class of fashionables over which Brummel was known to reign; and by treating the monarch with something like his own indifference, piqued him into extraordinary attentions, and became prime favourite, or prime minister. Frequently as that prince of coxcombs has been of late exhibited, Sydenham presents the most complete portrait of him we have seen—furnishing, indeed, the most amusing part of the work. The declension of his power, and his final abdication, are described with something like the solemnity of history; to avoid a collision with the leaders of two parties, he chose to cut both, and make overtures to a third—a very exclusive set—quite another caste; and being there repulsed—the news spread—the spell broke—his authority vanished like a dream, and he himself withdrew. The author is doubtless too young to have known anything personally of Brummel, but the recollections of many are still fresh, and he will be thought to have conceived him well. A very different story, however, is told of Brummel's exile.

Confident in the maturity of his knowledge, and trusting to his facility of expedient for extricating himself from embarrassments, Sydenham ventures boldly to the very brink of danger—to study character. He affected to fall into the snares of a matchless match-maker—and though drawn further in than he meant to go, he finally baffled the matron's manoeuvres, and the brother's bullying, with admirable ease and tact. With more difficulty he escaped the arts of a noble lord, who threw his wife in his way—brought the cause into court, and was nonsuited. During the first burst of *éclat*, he withdrew from town, and visited his mother in Bath, where an opportunity is taken to shew up a coarser set—visitors of his mother's at “tea and turn out.” By and by a contest for the county introduces him in electioneering scenes and intrigues. Though defeated, with the loss of twenty thousand pounds, he obtains a seat readily for a borough by family influence, and now turns his attention to political distinction. He is eagerly courted by both the leading parties, but eventually joins the whigs—to be one of “all the talents.” This was at a period when a great tory leader had gone over to the whigs, and hopes rose high through this new ally of expelling the old tories. The new ally (Canning), however, and the old leader of

opposition (Brougham, without disguise) soon clash, neither will give way to the other. The old leader, consequently, coalesces with the tories, and with some of his friends takes office; while the new whig, baffled by this treacherous desertion, breaks into vituperation—is coughed down by the house he so recently commanded—goes home, takes to his bed, and dies. The whole tissue of the intrigue is laboriously unravelled, and Brougham, Canning, Tierney, Sheridan—together with Devonshire House and its once brilliant mistress—are all dissected with considerable skill and effect. The intrigue is wholly, of course, imaginary, but the incidents are all traceable in the last twenty or thirty years, only thrown into new combinations. B——— for a few months has the lead of the Commons, and is then consigned to the bench and the peerage—this is prophetic.

*Records of Captain Clapperton's last Expedition to Africa, by R. Lander, 2 vols., small 8vo; 1830.*—Lander's Journal, it will be recollected, was printed with Captain Clapperton's. His sole purpose in presenting that Journal to the government was, he says, to account for his conduct after his master's decease, and for the property left, by that event, in his hands at Soccotoo. It was drawn up in haste by himself, with no other aid than that of a younger brother—it was incomplete, ill-expressed, and moreover not the medium for recording the observations which he also, as well as his master, had made during his journey and sojourn. He has now had time to get up his recollections more voluminously, and trimming and dressing up the original journal in a holiday suit, has aimed at “depicting in true colours the customs and ceremonies of the powerful nations or tribes, inhabiting that vast tract of country lying between Badagry and the beautiful kingdom of Houssa.”

Young as Lander still is—now only twenty-six—he has led a stirring life. At eleven he went, as a servant boy, to St. Domingo; and returning, after an absence of three years, to England, was in the service of several persons for another four years, and with one or other of them visited several parts of Europe. In 1823 he accompanied Major Colbrook to the Cape, and the settlements of South Africa. The following year he was again in England, and again in service, when hearing of Captain Clapperton's new expedition, he solicited to be taken into his service, and was, with the qualifications he obviously possessed, readily accepted. Every person attached to the expedition, except Clapperton and his man, it is well known, quickly perished; and the distinctions between master and servant, in their solitary state, were of course soon abandoned—Lander became the companion of his employer. Arrived at Kano, Captain Clapperton found it impracticable to get to Bornou,

and leaving Lander with the baggage, proceeded forward to Soccatoo, distant about two hundred and fifty miles. The Sultan received Clapperton with civility, but quickly, without communicating his intentions, despatched messengers to Kano, to bring Lander, with all the baggage, to Soccatoo. At war with the Shiek of Bournou, and jealous of any intercourse between him and Clapperton, he resolved to intercept whatever was destined for him; and, in spite of Clapperton's remonstrance, insisted upon the letter, with which Clapperton was furnished by the government, for the Sheik. The commotions of the country forbade for a time any further prosecution of the purposes of the mission, and before the opportunity of proceeding occurred, Clapperton fell another sacrifice to the climate; and Lander, left by himself in a remote country, had no alternative but to make his way home, as well as he could. The Sultan stripped him, before he suffered him to depart, of every thing of value, and gave an order for a sum of cowries to be paid him at Kano—but the bill was, if not protested, treated with little respect. Partaking largely of his master's enthusiasm, Lander made an attempt to return by the way of Fundah, a place on the Niger, with the view of following the stream to Benin—as if no further doubt hung over the course of the river. He was, however, driven from his purpose by the jealousies of the chiefs on his march, and obliged to return by the old track, but was everywhere well received, and his journey to the coast was accomplished without danger or alarm. He arrived there three days after the death of Parke's son, who was setting out to ascertain the place of his father's death, but perished for want of common prudence and acquaintance with the climate. In his progress to Soccatoo, Clapperton had visited the spot where Parke was reported to have been killed, but no journal or papers could be heard of—they had either been destroyed or conveyed no one knew whither. The inhabitants of Boussa were exceedingly reserved, Lander says, on the subject, and uniformly gave equivocating or evasive answers to our inquiries as to the manner in which it had occurred. They seemed indeed overwhelmed with shame, at the part they or their fathers had taken in the dreadful tragedy, and did all in their power to shift the blame from the shoulders of themselves and their countrymen.

Lander's account of the Falatahs is of some interest, with that of their founder, Danfodio and his son Bello, the present sultan: but the details will not come within our limits, and will not bear compression. The volume, on the whole, is amusing enough, and adds, besides, considerably to our knowledge of Central Africa. He has made the most of his personal adventures. Zam, the fat lady of Wou-Wou, in despair at last of persuading Lander to accept at once of her hand, and the means of depos-

ing the king, and reigning in his stead, begged him on his return to assure his countrymen that *any* white man would be acceptable, and she would transfer to him her affections, her spacious person, and her regal views. At Katunga he found himself unable to refuse the offer of four princesses, and the command in chief of the army, and the office of prime minister; but declined taking possession till he had been home. At Badagry, the hostility of some Portuguese exposed him to the necessity of swallowing Fetish water, and he escaped the consequences of this perilous ordeal, only by hastening to his hut, and contriving to throw it up again.

Lander is already on his way back to Africa. The government have commissioned him and his brother—the scribe—to attempt to reach Fundah, and trace the river from thence to Benin.

*Darnley, by the Author of Richelieu, 3 vols., 12mo.*—Once read, as novels are, and thought of no more, how is it that men of talents spend their efforts upon anything so ephemeral? Because the employment is profitable—a successful novel *pays* better than any production that can be executed in the same time by the most facile operator. But this will not last; the same fate awaits it, as has overtaken many other modern manufactures—too many labourers crowd to the loom, and, large as is the demand, the supply is rapidly exceeding it. Goods of the same quality will not, we know, obtain the same prices this season as the last. This depreciation will go on—speculators, *vide licet* publishers, will venture less and less; the cheapest hands will be retained; the best, who stick out for old prices, will turn their labour into other channels, and then we shall be deluged with flimsy cottons—content with show instead of substance.

Such a novel as “Darnley” a few years ago, would have filled London with wonderment; now it is only what every one looks for—it is but one of a score, equally good, in a season. Though, as a tale, nothing very remarkable, it is interwoven with historical personages, and tells well as the story of private and unrecorded events, mingling with characters within the knowledge of all of us. The author has made himself familiar with the principles and habits of the time, and mixes up his tale cleverly and naturally with known facts and circumstances. Darnley is the only son of a nobleman, who, falling under the royal displeasure, had been stripped of his title and estates, and the son was compelled to seek for honours and renown in foreign countries. He wins his spurs in the conflicts of Flanders and France. Of course, amidst his successes, the thought of England, and the hope of recovering his hereditary distinctions fill his bosom, and prompt all his exertions. He returns *incognito*—resolved to conciliate Henry's fa-

your by stealth and manœuvre, as he dares not present himself in his own name and quality. By the generous assistance of the noble Buckingham, he is furnished with the means of making a handsome appearance, and a lucky incident gives him a favourable introduction. Henry was fond of tilting, in disguise as a private person, and at the time Darnley reached Greenwich—then the royal residence—had an expedition of this kind in view with Lord Devonshire. At the critical moment, he meets with a disabling accident, and a dexterous courtier suddenly presents Darnley as a competent knight to supply his place. He is accepted, performs his part to admiration, and rapidly makes his way to the heart, or at least to the transient and capricious fondness of the monarch. No time indeed was to be lost, for Darnley had his foes. The man who held his paternal estates was aware of his return, and of his intimacy with the king—he had indeed intercepted him on his landing, and thrown him into a dungeon, but had unwittingly let him slip through his fingers. He makes up, however, for his negligence. Wolsey, whose absence of a month or more had been very favourable for Darnley, returns from York, and Sir Payan, Darnley's foe, presents himself, to announce a conspiracy, at the head of which he places Buckingham, and this very Darnley as chief associate, now insidiously wooing the king's confidence, the better to betray him. Forthwith the Cardinal orders his barge, and hastens to Greenwich, prompted by the double hope of crushing Buckingham, his old enemy, and Darnley, the new favourite. Henry, however, with a feeling of kindness—Darnley had rescued him, a day or two before, from being smothered in a pool of mud, while hawking—refuses to allow of his immediate arrest, and even gives him a timely hint to escape to the continent. In Flanders, on the borders, he has the good fortune to save the life of Francis, and through him he is finally restored to Henry's favour, at the celebrated meeting of the two monarchs in the Field of the Cloth of Gold. We have not half sketched the tale; and have forgotten the ladies—neither of them very significant. One is attached to Darnley, and the other to Lord Derby; and Wolsey desires to marry Darnley's mistress to Lord Derby. The game of cross-purposes is sufficiently embarrassing; but the current of love finally runs smooth, and each lady falls to the lord she loves best. The scenes about the palace and the park—the *fêtes* within, and Henry's pursuits without—are graphically given, lively and effective.

*The British Naturalist*; 1830.—The bold and commendable purpose of the very able writer of this little volume, is to make everybody *his own naturalist*—to lead him, that is, to study living subjects, and abandon

dead systems. His purpose he prosecutes by connecting the animal he meets with, with the place where he meets with it, and the food it feeds on, and inquiring why it is there, rather than anywhere else. "The plant and animal," as he says himself, "is taken in conjunction with the scenery, and the general and particular use, and, when that arises naturally, the lesson of morality and natural religion." He traces the mountain, for instance, from its base to the summit, and talks of the bear and the wolf, which once among us inhabited it; and the wild cat and pine martin, which still do: the gnats in the pools—the heathberries—the Alpine hare—the ptarmigan—the eagle, and the mechanism of the eagle's eyes, &c. With the same purpose he visits the lake, the river, the sea, the moor, and the brook. The volume is but a small one, and contains but a specimen of the author's views. Materials are in preparation for extending the work, not only to a series of volumes of the *British Naturalist*, but to follow, or alternate those, with the *Foreign Naturalist*. Such a work, pursued in the spirit with which it is so well begun, will be sure to make its way—to the extinction, we hope, of the present mode of regarding and studying natural history, which has little else to do with animals, but their skeletons.

*History of France and Normandy*, by W. C. Taylor, A.B.—Mr. Taylor is the author of a little volume, also recently published, entitled "*Historical Miscellany*," embracing sundry portions of history, for the most part usually neglected in school books. This "*History of France*," commencing with the accession of Clovis, and brought down to the Battle of Waterloo, is, in like manner, destined for a class-book, and is accompanied with recapitulatory questions at the end of each division, after the fashion of Pinnock's histories. The portion which relates to Normandy, and the wars of our Edwards and Henries, is stated to have been carefully compiled from the old cotemporary chronicles, as, if not more faithful, at least better conveying the spirit and manners of the age, and thus throwing more light on the motives and characters of those whose deeds are recorded. The whole is written with spirit, and the exercise of sound judgment and discretion is everywhere visible. It bears, perhaps, too many marks of haste—but, in so narrow a compass, it could be nothing but a sketch, and a very good sketch it is.

*Sketches from Nature*, by J. M<sup>r</sup> Diarmid.—So very miscellaneous is this little volume, that not even the comprehensive word "*Nature*" will embrace the contents—nay, one piece actually details the process of the sculptor's art—and a very distinct one it is, by the way. A considerable portion is occupied with sketches of animals, descriptive of their habits, accompanied by numerous and well-attested anecdotes; and this,



together with descriptions of two or three remarkable spots, as the Mall of Galloway, and Colonel M'Dowall's fish-pond communicating with the sea, and filled with tame fishes, seems to have suggested the general title, "for want of a better." Mr. M'Diarmid is, we believe, a printer at Dumfries, and editor of a paper in the same town; and has had occasion professionally to furnish obituary tributes to several persons of local reputation, some of which are here reprinted. Captain Clapperton was born in the neighbourhood, and claimed a similar tribute—his is a very animated sketch. Indeed, every part of the volume gives proof of cultivation and intelligence—the author is a very clever person, and his volume of scraps a very readable one.

*Weeds and Wildflowers, by the late Alex. Balfour; 1830.*—Mr. Balfour's name and some occasional pieces of his, were not unknown to us, but his story was wholly so—it is one of some interest, and told by the editor of these relics in a very sensible manner. The son of parents in a very humble station, he was brought up a weaver, but early smitten with the love of books, at the termination of his apprenticeship he took to school-keeping in his native village. After a few years he removed to Arbroath, as clerk to a merchant and manufacturer. His employer dying, he entered into partnership with the widow, and on her retiring, in 1800, extended his business, in conjunction with others, by government contracts for ship-canvas. His success was considerable, till in the year 1815—a year memorable for commercial distresses—the firm was involved in the bankruptcy of a London house, and he was suddenly thrown from comparative affluence into a state of dependence. His resource was the superintendence of a house of business for two or three years, till he was struck with paralysis, and rendered incapable of locomotion for the rest of his days—he died a few months since. From a very early period he had dabbled in literature, and was, with few interruptions, in frequent communication with the provincial periodicals. Long practice gave facility of composition, and the last painful years of his life were soothed, and his family chiefly supported, by his literary efforts. Besides his constant contributions to Constable's Magazine, and two other Scotch periodicals, he was the author of three or four novels, "Campbell," "The Probationer," and "The Highland Maid," the latter of which the editor describes as a tale of interest, and one which, under more favourable bibliopolic auspices, would have certainly worked its way to popularity. Of his poetry, the most remarkable is "Characters omitted in Crabbe's Register," in which he has most successfully caught the spirit and tone of Crabbe. The volume before us has another specimen or two of the same kind, which it would be difficult

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to characterise justly, otherwise than by saying they are wholly Crabbe. The tales are simply and agreeably told—one descriptive of some German dreams, and another of the equivoques and embarrassments produced by the close resemblance not only of two sisters, but a brother also—not at all Germanish, but scarcely less improbable.

*Field Sports of the North, by L. Lloyd, Esq., 2 vols. 8vo.*—Be the subject what it may, any book written not for writing's sake, but because the writer has something to tell, and really knows what he is writing about, must fix an intelligent reader's attention. The prominent topic of these volumes is bear-shooting, and the author's shooting grounds were the wide provinces of Wermeland and Dalecarlia. He has spent some years in Sweden, and knows the country thoroughly; but the present work is limited merely to a description of his sporting tours in the years 1827-8. Nothing shootable came amiss—wolves, foxes, elks, capercalis (*cogs de bois*), but the bear was the prime object of pursuit; and of that animal he has furnished a great deal of minute information—no naturalist ever probably had his personal experience, and no one certainly has conveyed particulars so numerous of the bear's habits and peculiarities.

Bears are not so abundant in Sweden as to be found with facility. In the southern parts, cultivation, which is spreading on every side, has fairly expelled them; and even in the less populated districts of Wermeland and Dalecarlia, the appearance of a bear is a signal for the neighbourhood to assemble for its destruction. This is done on a very large scale—1,500 men sometimes co-operate—it is a sort of parochial levy, and every parish contributes a certain quota for the chase. The turn out is called a scall, or battu—the party will enclose a space of fifty miles, which takes one man for every fifty and sixty yards; and then advancing, gradually narrow the circle. The game is thus, of course, enclosed, and driven to one spot, when the sportsmen, placed in what is called the shooting line, await the arrival, and make the best use they can of their opportunity. Engaging such numbers of people, the hunt is, of course, quite an event; its approach is announced from the pulpit; the government give a bounty, and the bear itself, valuable for its flesh and its fur, affords an additional prize.

The author's facilities enabled him to settle a variety of questions relative to the habits of this formidable animal. Some doubts have been entertained as to the period of gestation, and the condition of the young at their birth. No bears, it has been said, have been found with cubs in their wombs; but Mr. Lloyd had ocular proof in one of his own killing. She carries her young six months, and brings them forth in January

or February, perfectly formed. The cubs, when first born, are *very* small—the size of puppies—not, however, *unshaped lumps*, which the mother licks into form, but really bears in miniature.

The notion of the bear's sucking its paws for food is now generally exploded, but Mr. Lloyd furnishes some hints which may very well account for the blunder. He does suck his paws. Mr. Lloyd thinks he gets a new skin on the balls of his feet every year, and suggests, with some probability, the sucking may facilitate the operation.

Through the summer, the bear is lean; but, as the berries get ripe, he grows fat. Towards the end of October, he ceases to feed, and eats nothing through the winter. His bowels and stomach become quite empty, and contracted into a very small compass, whilst the extremity of them is closed by an indurated substance, called Tappen, composed, it seems, of the last substances, such as pine-leaves, and what he collects from the ant-hills, of which he has eaten. Undisturbed, he sleeps through the winter, and retains his fat—no perceptible difference is found, let him be shot at what part of the winter he may. The fat about the intestines, which is never considerable, is used medicinally, and also for the hair, in Sweden. Such are its virtues, that some one, Mr. Ross, perhaps, to express his full sense of them, has said, "If you rub a deal box with it over night, it will be converted into a hair trunk by the morning."

The rustic Swedes speak of the bear as having the wit of one man, and the strength of ten; and the author tells endless anecdotes illustrative of both qualities. He brought up some young ones—"they were most amusing fellows, though they soon became too formidable for play-things. They could climb with great facility. Indeed, every now and then," says Mr. Lloyd, "if my window happened to be opened, they would ascend the side of the house, and thus get access to my room. Bears are not unfrequently domesticated in Wermeland. I heard of one that was so tame, that his master, a peasant, used, occasionally, to make him stand at the back of his sledge, when on a journey; but the fellow kept so good a balance, that it was next to impossible to upset him. When the vehicle went on one side, Bruin threw his weight the other way. One day, however, the peasant amused himself by driving over the very worst ground he could find, with the intention of throwing the bear off his equilibrium; by which, at last, the animal got so irritated, that he fetched his master, who was in advance of him, a tremendous thump on the shoulder with his paw. This frightened the man so much, that he had him killed immediately."

*Cloudesly, by the Author of "Caleb Williams," 3 vols. 12mo.—With Mr. God-*

win's metaphysical spirit, a tale of some master passion is the very thing best calculated to shew his strength. No man can more nicely discern the complexities and shades of feeling, or describe them more intensely. His forcible diction and vivid conception combine to impress the reader deeply. The mere construction of the tale is, we allow, a secondary matter, and the author, it is obvious, does not regard it as a principal one; but, nevertheless, a little more regard to this point would have more concentrated the interest, and could have done no harm.

The recorder of the tale, at an early age, from family circumstances, was sent to sea in the merchant's service; but, falling ill, was left, at some port in Russia, in the care of some good-natured person, and, by him, eventually placed in an inferior post in Peter's new university. After a while, he was removed into the office of Beren, the Empress Anne's favourite, and was, for a time, much distinguished by him; but, at last, offending that potent personage, he fled from his implacable revenge, and returned to his native village, to a friend with whom he had kept up a correspondence during his services in Russia. His letters had been shewn to a nobleman's steward—they embraced, probably, the whole history and statistics of Russia—and by him to his lord, a melancholy moody peer of the neighbourhood. By this lord, Meadows was speedily sent for. He had a special occasion for a youth of his activity and intelligence; and, finding him apt, made him forthwith his confidant, and employed him. Here begins the tale, for it is the conduct of this lord, and his confederate in guilt, Cloudesly, which forms the staple of the story. This Lord Altin, with an elder brother, had served under Prince Eugene. While in this service, the elder married a Greek lady, whom he had rescued from violation, and fell in a duel, a short time before the birth of her first child. The younger brother, the Lord Altin of the story, had a strong thirst for the peerage, and the opportunity seemed suddenly placed within his grasp. If the shock killed the lady, or if she produced a girl, the title and estates were all his own. If a boy came into the world, could not *he* be disposed of? Cloudesly, his brother's servant, and he, quickly understood each other, and when the mother actually gave birth to a boy and died, Cloudesly took the child with five hundred pounds a year, and his employer the title and property. The destruction of the child was not thought of—his removal seemed secured—and Cloudesly fixed himself in Italy, and brought up the child as his own. The child proved, as the child of a nobleman should, of a noble spirit; and his guardian, to soothe his own conscience, educated him as a gentleman, with a strong feeling, all along, that he would finally recover his rights, and a determina-

tion, finally, of aiding him in the recovery. The more successful were his cares for the child, the more stinging was his remorse; and at last, finding the state of his feelings intolerable, he went over to Ireland, and had an interview with the peer, whom he found in a far more pitiable condition than himself. Lord Altin had married, and death had carried off his wife and all his children, save one. He felt it to be the penalty of his crime. He was still, however, resolute not to abandon what he had sacrificed honour and peace to obtain. While Cloudesly was meditating an appeal to public justice, a letter from a friend, in whose care he had left Julian, now a young man of eighteen, informed him, the boy had quitted his roof, and was supposed to have joined some profligate acquaintance, connected with banditti. The next news Lord Altin hears, was Cloudesly's death, without any information of what was become of Julian. The intelligence threw the peer into agonies, and his new confidant, Meadows, is dispatched to Italy to discover his retreat. This was finally accomplished. The youth had, indeed, associated with a company of robbers, commanded by a ruined nobleman of lofty abilities and qualities, and had been arrested with a party, and was in imminent peril of being hanged. He was rescued by the arrival of Lord Altin in person—he had lost his last child, and was ready to make all the reparation in his power to the son of his brother. He makes a clear conscience, and the scene closes. The tale must be read, not skimmed.

*The Christian Physiologist; or Tales of the Five Senses, by the Author of the Collegians.* 1830.—This is a mixture of physiology, divinity and romance—a whimsical union we do not remember to have met with before. The triple purpose of the artist seems to have been to strike out some new and taking application of his recent studies in anatomy and natural theology. Knowledge, he discovers, should be the handmaid of virtue—Christian virtue; but the handmaid, it seems, now-a-days, chooses herself to be mistress, and, as usually happens in such cases, treats the expelled lady very scurvily. More, in plain language, the author complains—more is thought of knowledge than conduct; and, therefore, he resolves to contribute his mite toward putting matters in the right order again. Accordingly, he selects for his especial department, the five senses—to point out, apparently, how the knowledge of their uses should subserve to the virtuous employment of them. These, therefore, he first describes after the manner of Joshua Brookes; or, perhaps, some more fashionable demonstrator of anatomy; and to each sense tacks, what appears to him, an appropriate and illustrating tale. Thus, after detailing the parts and purposes of the eye, he tells how an old Irish woman once went

blind, just at the time her darling son was returning after a long absence; how a very skillful surgeon removed the cataract, and enabled her to recognise her said son, a few days after; and how she was very grateful to God, the surgeon, and his needle. Then comes, in the same way, the hearing, with all the bones of the ear, down to the stirrup; and a tale of a youth born deaf and dumb, who suddenly, *without* the aid of any surgeon, in a fit of strong emotion, is seized with intense pain in his ears, followed by the discharge of a thin liquid that bursts in his throat. Multitudes of sensations rush in by the new inlet. The youth conceals the fact from his parent, takes lessons in talking privately, and, on some grand occasion, surprises the wondering old man with a grand display of the use of his tongue. The cure of a voluptuary, by exposure to a little difficulty about eating and drinking, and the sight of misery and oppression, illustrates the sense of feeling. *Smell* gave him some trouble, he acknowledges, and the best he could do, after roundly abusing perfumes, was to tell of a maniac, who went mad from a lady's burning in his arms, self-consumed—the effect of habitually bathing in camphorated spirits of wine. She took fire, as they say old women used to do from drinking brandy. By the way, we remarked Mr. Donovan, in a volume of the *Cabinet Cyclopædia*, quotes numerous instances. They all occurred, we observed, a long way off, and most of them a long while ago. The fact wants authenticating sadly.

*Cabinet Cyclopædia*, vol. 4.; *Sir Walter Scott's Second Volume of the History of Scotland.* 1830.—The managers of the *Cabinet Cyclopædia* have shewn no little tact in securing the services of Sir Walter Scott, and still more in placing him in the forefront of the battle. No imaginable manœuvre could with half the certainty have fixed attention upon the new undertaking. The public will, probably, be much their debtor—not for Sir Walter's history, for that had been resolved on before the *Cyclopædia* was thought of, and would have come forth in some other shape—but for drawing from others, what, without their prompting, would never perhaps be accomplished. The reigns of Mary and James, till his accession to the English throne, occupy the greatest part of this volume. The ease and simplicity of the narration are admirable, and not less remarkable is the soundness of judgment every where visible, or the temper with which every question is discussed. Mary puzzles him; circumstances condemn her, while the absence of legal evidence acquits her. He cannot pronounce a peremptory verdict, and makes a Scotch return of *non proven*, which indicates lack of evidence for guilt, but enough of it for doubts of innocence. Hume, whom he calls, of course, with some reference to the case,



the *acute*, being told of a new work, in which the author had made a well-argued defence of the queen—"Has he shown," said he, "that the queen did *not* marry Bothwell?" He was answered, of course, in the negative. "Then," replied Hume, "in admitting that fact, he resigns the whole question."

Sir Walter traces, perhaps, too curiously, some of James's peculiarities, and especially his timidity, to the consequences of the brutal assault upon Rizzio, committed in his mother's presence before his birth.

A weakness in his limbs, which he never entirely recovered, gave him a singular, odd, ungainly, and circuitous mode of walking, diametrically opposite to that which we connect with the movements of majesty. The same shocking scene, probably, gave rise to a nervous timidity, by which James was affected to a ludicrous degree. It was remarked of him, that different not only from the disposition of his fathers, but from that of his mother Mary, who could look with an unshrinking eye upon all the array of war, James wanted the most ordinary personal courage, a virtue, and one is sometimes tempted to suppose the only one, of that age. The king could never behold a naked sword without shrinking, and he turned away his head even from that very pacific weapon which he was obliged to draw for the purpose of bestowing the *accolade* on a knight dubbed with unhacked rapier and from carpet consideration. The same species of timidity ran through his whole mind and actions, like an extensive flaw in a rich piece of tapestry, defacing and rendering of little value that which would have otherwise been rare and precious. Thus, while nature had given him a sound and ready judgment, and a wit, which was sometimes even brilliant, she withheld from him that accurate knowledge of propriety, which is manifested in applying to its proper place, or using in its fit time, either what is serious or what is humorous, without which tact or sense of propriety, wisdom sinks into a venter of proverbs, and wit into a mere buffoon. To remedy, if possible, these natural defects, James's education had been sedulously cared for; his tutor, George Buchanan, being not only one of the best scholars of the age, but capable of rivalling the purest classics in the composition of their own beautiful language. In this art he accomplished his pupil James, just up to that point where strength and vigour of thought is demanded to give animation to language, but unfortunately he could conduct the royal student no farther. The ordinary subtleties of scholastic learning were easily comprehended by a mind which delighted in ingenious trifling, but a timorous disposition cannot form ideas of dignity and resolution, nor, of course, can a timorous mind frame, or a hesitating tongue give utterance to, a daring conclusion.

*Stricture of the Rectum, &c., 3d. Edn., by Frederick Salmon. 1830.*—Books of all professions find their way, occasionally, to our sanctum, and Mr. Salmon's volume struck us, some time ago, as remarkable for the vigour of the composition, and the clearness with which he discussed his subject. The particular classes of disorders,

which it concerns, are notoriously very widely diffused, and being, as they are, at once painful and formidable, it deeply concerns the world to have the causes well sifted, for the purpose of getting the curative process placed upon the basis of full knowledge and rational principle. A third edition, within a very short period—for a medical book—proves we were not mistaken as to its apparant value. Mr. Salmon regards piles as a *salutary* consequence of stricture, and fistula in ano, as a *necessary* one. Of these diseases, however, stricture is not the only source, and he deprecates misconstruction on that point. With Mr. Salmon's extensive practice, in this particular department, his opinions must be worth weighing.

*Reminiscences of Henry Angelo, Vol. II.*—Angelo's book will amuse numbers. It is essentially coarse, as may be supposed, relative as it is, for the most part, to odd and eccentric persons—to such as have won the laurels of notoriety, by profligacy, folly, foppery, pretension, or impudence—to demerits and swindlers among high and low. Angelo's profession brought him acquainted with many of the young nobility and bucks about town—with people of the theatres especially, and stage-struck amateurs. With some talents for acting, he was one, regularly, of Lord Barrymore's corps, and, for the same purpose, impressed, occasionally, for the service of the Margravine of Anspach. These distinguished persons are accordingly brought forward frequently upon Angelo's stage. His admiration for lords is of the profoundest kind, and he favours the public with a list of at least a hundred of the peerage whom he has taught to handle the foils. The Chevalier d'Eon figures—Weltjee, the Prince's cook at Carlton House, Old Grimaldi, Peter Pindar, Dr. Kitchiner, Antony Pasquin, Lady Hamilton,—her whole story, by the way—Graham, his earth-bath and celestial-bed quack, Matthews, Lord Byron—with scores of others of the last forty or fifty years.

We quote an adventure of Dr. Johnson in his Scottish tour, not recorded by Boswell. It is a favourable specimen of Angelo's manner, and sufficiently ludicrous.

*Dr. Johnson's Pudding.*—Last summer I made another excursion to Scotland, with the intention of completing my series of views, and went over the same ground described by the learned tourists, Dr. Johnson and Boswell. I am in the habit of taking very long walks on these occasions, and perceiving a storm threaten, I made the best of my way to a small building. I arrived in time at a neat little inn, and was received by a respectable-looking man and his wife, who did all in their power to make me comfortable. After eating some excellent fried mutton-chops, and drinking a quart of ale, I asked the landlord to sit down, and partake of a bowl of whisky-punch. I found him, as the Scotch generally are, very intelligent,

and full of anecdote, of which the following may serve as a specimen:

"Sir," said the landlord, "this inn was formerly kept by Andrew Macgregor, a relation of mine; and these hard-bottomed chairs (in which we are now sitting) were, years ago, filled by the great tourists, Doctor Johnson and Boswell, travelling like the lion and jackal. Boswell generally preceded the doctor in search of food, and being much pleased with the look of the house, followed his nose into the larder, where he saw a fine leg of mutton. He ordered it to be roasted with the utmost expedition, and gave particular orders for a nice pudding. 'Now,' says he, 'make the best of all puddings.' Elated with his good luck, he immediately went out in search of his friend, and saw the giant of learning slowly advancing on a pony.

"My dear Sir," said Boswell, out of breath with joy, 'good news! I have just bespoke, at a comfortable, clean inn here, a delicious leg of mutton; it is now getting ready, and I flatter myself we shall make an excellent meal.' Johnson looked pleased—"And I hope," said he, 'you have bespoke a pudding?'

"Sir, you will have your favourite pudding," replied the other.

"Johnson got off the pony, and the poor animal, relieved from the giant, smelt his way into the stable. Boswell ushered the doctor into the house, and left him to prepare for this delicious treat. Johnson feeling his coat rather damp, from the mist of the mountains, went into the kitchen, and threw his upper garment on a chair before the fire; he sat on the hob, near a little boy who was very busy attending the meat. Johnson occasionally peeped from behind his coat, while the boy kept basting the mutton. Johnson did not like the appearance of his head; when he shifted the basting ladle from one hand, the other hand was never idle, and the doctor thought at the same time he saw something fall on the meat; upon which he determined to eat no mutton on that day. The dinner announced, Boswell exclaimed, 'My dear doctor, here comes the mutton; what a picture! done to a turn, and looks so beautifully brown!' The doctor tittered. After a short grace, Boswell said—

"I suppose, Sir, I am to carve, as usual; what part shall I help you to?" The doctor replied—

"My dear Boszy, I did not like to tell you before, but I am determined to abstain from meat to-day."

"Oh dear! this is a great disappointment," said Boszy.

"Say no more; I shall make myself ample amends with the pudding," Boswell commenced the attack, and made the first cut at the mutton. 'How the gravy runs; what fine-flavoured fat—so nice and brown, too. Oh, Sir, you would have relished this prime piece of mutton.'

"The meat being removed, in came the long wished for pudding. The doctor looked joyous, fell eagerly to, and in a few minutes nearly finished all the pudding. The table was cleared, and Boswell said,

"Doctor, while I was eating the mutton you seemed frequently inclined to laugh; pray, tell me, what tickled your fancy?"

"The doctor then literally told him all that had passed at the kitchen fire, about the boy and the

basting. Boswell turned as pale as a parsnip and, sick of himself and the company, darted out of the room. Somewhat relieved, on returning, he insisted on seeing the dirty little rascally boy, whom he severely reprimanded before Johnson. The poor boy cried: the doctor laughed.

"You little, filthy, snivelling bound," said Boswell, 'when you basted the meat, why did you not put on the cap I saw you in this morning?'

"I couldn't, Sir," said the boy.

"No! why couldn't you?" said Boswell.

"Because my mammy took it from me to boil the pudding in!"

"The doctor gathered up his Herculean frame, stood erect, touched the ceiling with his wig, stared, or squinted—indeed, looked any way but the right way. At last, with mouth wide open (none of the smallest), and stomach heaving, he with some difficulty recovered his breath, and looking at Boswell with dignified contempt, he roared out, with the lungs of a Stentor—

"Mr. Boswell, Sir, leave off laughing; and under pain of my eternal displeasure, never utter a single syllable of this abominable adventure to any soul living, while you breathe.' And so, Sir," said mine host, "you have the positive fact from the simple mouth of your humble servant."

*A Concise System of Mathematics, by Alex. Ingram. Second Edition.*—*Multum in parvo* is a merit more frequently claimed than deserved—this little volume does deserve it, *si quid aliud*. It is an enlargement of Mr. Ingram's "Concise System of Mensuration,"—enlarged by himself, we suppose, though some vague terms in the advertisement seem to make it doubtful—the publishers talk of *their* efforts and inquiries. Though theory is not neglected, practice is the main object of the book, and among the improvements enumerated are facilities for land-surveying, with numerous examples of common cases. The gauging part is entirely recomposed, and adapted to the imperial standards—and so is also the mensuration of artificer's work, and a new head has been added to the latter, on the strength, flexibility, and fracture of timber. Large additions are made in the shape of tables, especially of logarithmic tables, of numbers from one to ten thousand—of logarithmic sines and tangents for every minute, and of natural sines and tangents for every five minutes of the quadrant. The publishers boast of completeness and cheapness, and it is, apparently, well entitled to the praise of both merits.

*A Compendium of Modern Geography.*—A very handy and competent compendium. We remember looking closely over the first edition, and suggesting some corrections as to the pronunciation, directed by the usher, of the names of certain places. Some of these he seems to have adopted—at least the requisite changes are made, and it is not a custom to trouble reviewers with acknowledgments. The principal amendments or additions apply to the descriptive tables which embrace the chief places in each country, a general index at the end to

every place mentioned in the volume, the amount of population, from the last census, and that of many towns in foreign countries, the course of rivers, the altitude of mountains, &c. The work seems scarcely susceptible of further improvement in the same bulk. We can no longer talk of the *quarters* of the world—the grand divisions of the globe are now, it seems, among all geographers, *sevenths*.

*Companion to the Globes, &c. by R. T. Linnington.*—This is a third edition of a very well arranged book. Its chief value arises from compression—we do not observe any material deficiencies, compared with similar "Companions," of double the number of pages. *Cæt. par.* this is one good, and the lower price is another.

*Gorton's Topographical Dictionary, Part I.*—If this work be executed in the manner which its importance demands, it will be an acceptable publication; but more, much more local inquiry, instituted for the occasion, is requisite than is likely to be made. Advantage will be taken, we doubt not, of the latest printed information, and

the specimen before us is a very favourable one. A number of particulars not usually introduced into our common gazetteers, are attended to,—population, post-towns of every village, the bearings and distances, with the whole contents of the *Liber Regis*, corrected down to the period of publication, where the facts can readily be got at, that most mean. A more rapid publication would surely be desirable; three years and a half is a long period to wait for its completion. The two sheets and a half might appear once a fortnight, or double the quantity once a month. Alderney, we observe, is stated to be only *thirty* miles from the nearest point of the English shore. The editor must keep his eyes open.

*Easy Rhymes for Children from Five to Ten Years of Age, by the Author of Cato, or the Adventures of a Dog, &c.*—This is a well written little work, and one that we strongly recommend to be put into the hands of children, as being likely to produce much benefit from the cautionary as well as moral and entertaining tendency of the tales.

#### FINE ARTS' EXHIBITIONS.

##### SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

THE seventh annual exhibition of this Society, which has just been opened to the public at the rooms in Suffolk-street, is very far, indeed, from supporting those favourable hopes which we have lately been induced to entertain, relative to the progress and prospect of art among us. It would do but little credit to the least refined of continental capitals; to the capital of (say what we will) the most refined nation in the world. Of the four hundred and seventy-nine paintings in oil, which form the staple of the exhibition, and by which alone the condition of art may be judged and estimated, it is not too much to say, that nine-tenths are many degrees below mediocrity; and that at least half of these are so utterly worthless as to make it almost ludicrous (if it were not lamentable) to look upon them as candidates for public favour. We are at all times extremely loth to point out particular objects of art for dislike or reprobation, because we may give pain, by so doing, with little chance of benefitting either the sufferers or any one else; for people are not to be criticised, still less shamed or abused, out of their self-love. And if we were to attempt the task of pointing out all the instances of failure in the case before us, we should have little else to do but reprint the catalogue of the collection. In order, therefore, to avoid the charge of being either tedious in referring to many, or invidious in selecting a few, we shall merely ask the spectator to enter the great room, and commence his inspection with the commencement of his cata-

logue; and if he can proceed but two steps in his examination without twice turning aside, with feelings of mingled sorrow and contempt, then we shall see more occasion than we do at present, for descending to individual censure. In the mean time, we shall address ourselves, as usual, to the more useful and agreeable task of pointing out to public notice the few objects in this exhibition which claim that distinction at our hands; and we cannot do even this, without premising, that it is only by comparison with their wretched rivals, that even the greater part of these acquire a title to distinct notice.

*No. 5. A Caravan at Rest. R. B. Davis.* This is the largest and most conspicuous work in the room; and, with many grievous faults and deficiencies, it is among the best. The scene represented is that of a party of Bedouin Arabs, selling horses; and the life and action of the picture arise out of the various points of view in which the animals and their owners are exhibited. The tone of this picture is glaring, and, we must think, false, and many of its details are feeble and inappropriate; but the composition is good, and the general effect is lively and striking.

*No. 15. Interior of a Highland Cottage. A. Fraser.* This is one of the best of several of those pleasing little scenes of domestic life and nature, with which our exhibitions have lately abounded, and in which we succeed better than in any other department of the art.

*No. 22. Portrait of a Lady. S. Howell.* Among the many portraits in this collec-



tion, this is one of not more than half-a-dozen that will bear to be mentioned in terms of common respect. It is a promising work; there is an airiness and grace of style about it, and a light vivacious mode of handling, the want of which are the bane of this important class of art in the present day.

*No. 29. The Empty Wallet. J. Inskipp.* This is one of several pictures by the same artist, all of which evince considerable knowledge of art, power of hand, force, and originality of conception; if, indeed, that can be called original, which is evidently grounded on a previously-existing style—that of Sir Joshua Reynolds. We should be disposed to say, that the little pieces now alluded to, comprising Nos. 29, 71, 291, 225, 302, 435, are, in point of force and truth of delineation, worth nearly all the rest of the collection put together. Still they are far from what may reasonably be looked for at the artist's hands; and what they are especially deficient in, is that great secret of art—the agreeable. The very best of these little studies (for they have the air of studies merely, and can scarcely be regarded as works exhibiting any completeness in themselves, except the two least meritorious, "The Sportsman," (201) and "The Legend," (225) by far the best of them; and, at the same time, the least agreeable) is "The Harvesters," (435). But in all there is great truth of character and force of style.

*No. 40. Welcome Friends. J. Knight.* This is, without exception, the best picture in these rooms; and it is one that would have deserved particular commendation in whatever company it might have appeared. It represents the meeting of old (and young) friends in a Highland cottage; and the conception of character and delicately true delineation of that character, in the three old people, are excellent; the breadth of handling, throughout, is strikingly superior to that of any other artist of the day, who devotes his efforts to similar scenes, Wilkie alone excepted; and, finally, the colouring is clear, rich, and harmonious. The composition, however, is very defective, particularly in relation to the principal seated figure, who is taking a hearty hand-shake, with one hand, and a glass of ale with the other, at one and the same moment. The young couple forming the right hand group have little to recommend them, and have, indeed, no business in the composition. This is by no means so good a picture, on the whole, as the same artist's "Auld Robin Gray;" but it has great and peculiar merit, nevertheless.

*No. 55. Reflection. E. T. Parris.* This is a female figure, full of grace and sentiment, by the artist of the Colosseum panorama. It is seldom that two so opposite styles proceed from one hand, as that which aims at mere distant effect, and that which

works out its object by careful and elaborate finishing, as in the instance before us.

*No. 74. Plunder. G. Lance and H. Slous.* This is among the most striking and best executed pictures in the collection; but it aims at that incongruous mixture of incompatible qualities, which shews either a mischievous or an insufficient degree of confidence in the artists who have planned it. It represents a wounded and bleeding soldier, on the field of battle, watching, sword in hand, a pile of plunder, in the shape of a whole coach load of gilt tankards, cups, plates and dishes, &c., which seem to have been just deposited on the spot, by Messrs. Rundle and Bridge, while the still proceeding battle is seen in the distance. And the mischief is, that the great merit of the work consists in the extremely clever manner in which all this "plunder" is executed. This is elevating into a leading and distinguishing feature what should be passed by with a hint merely; or it is attempting to invest with a moral interest that which appeals to the senses alone.

*No. 139. Naples. W. Linton.* The artist has shewn much taste and skill in depicting this favourite scene of all artists—this common-place of the painters' art—the Bay of Naples; but if he has contrived to give an original character to it, he has succeeded at the expense of truth and nature. The scene has a formal, artificial, and classical air, which is not to be found in the lovely original. Nevertheless, the picture is one of the three or four most meritorious works in the collection.

*No. 143. Interior of a Polish Synagogue. S. A. Hart.* There is considerable breadth and force of style in this picture, and some brilliant colouring. By means of a better chosen subject, the artist (whose name is new to us) might produce a striking and original work.

*No. 161. Portrait of Marquis Clanricarde. J. Lonsdale.* This is one of the only three strikingly good portraits in this exhibition, the others being, one we have noticed above, by S. Howell (22), and a portrait of A. White, Esq., by J. Simpson (197). The present work is full of vivacious truth of character, and is without that crying sin of portrait-painting, an affectation of unmeaning refinement, and of unnatural force of intellectual expression.

On entering the north room, we find it extremely difficult to restrain the expression of that almost unmingled disapprobation which nearly the whole of its contents are calculated to call forth. The general want of merit, or rather the positive presence of the direct opposite of merit, is so conspicuous, and almost universal, that it might well be deemed invidious if we were to particularize. We shall, therefore, merely state, that we find scarcely any thing in this and the south room which will bear even a moderate degree of commendation, except a pleasing Moonlight Scene, by Hoffman (269);

two or three clever and agreeable pieces, by J. Wilson; some very excellent architectural scenes, by Roberts; and a scene, which is much better executed than conceived, by W. Kidd, from the novel of Rob Roy (450). The extremely clever pieces, by Inskipp, in these two rooms, we have noticed above.

Our limits compel us to take an abrupt leave of this exhibition, with an expression of regret, that it has called forth so little praise at our hands, and that it deserves so much more censure than we have either the space or the inclination to bestow upon it.

*Mr. Haydon's Eucles and Punch.*

These two new productions of Mr. Haydon, display great, various, and most valuable powers; and if they include faults which are nearly as conspicuous and manifold as their beauties, they are at least not faults of omission or of ignorance, but of a mistaken or a perverse notion of the claims and capabilities of art. In seeking to accomplish more than his subjects, respectively, were susceptible of, Mr. Haydon has, in some degree, missed the general effect aimed at; and in over-informing his individual figures and expressions, he has injured their truth, at least, if not their individuality. In the Punch, the funeral and the wedding are superfluities, at best; perhaps they deserve to be ranked as injudicious and injurious obtrusions; the latter of them, however, we can well forgive, on account of the two admirable expressions to which it has given rise, in the coachman and the black footman. They are pieces of conception and execution that would have excited marked attention, if they had occurred (as they almost might) in some of Hogarth's best works. The figure that best pleases us in the Punch, is that of the admiring countryman; and the only two which do not please us at all, are "the young men of fashion."

In the Eucles there is great power of execution displayed: perhaps in the instance of the figure whose back is to the spectator, more than has before been exhibited by any living artist, Mr. Haydon himself included. There are few things in Rubens superior to this figure. The colouring, too, is excellent, and the composition is at once elaborate, simple, and complete.

These two works will undoubtedly raise

the reputation, and, we hope, the fortunes, of this distinguished artist; but they still leave us much to hope from his future exertions.

*Howard's Outline Illustrations of Shakespeare.* The sixteenth and seventeenth numbers of this excellent and most interesting work are, in most respects, answerable to those which have preceded them. No. 16 includes Othello and Titus Andronicus. The first of these dramas affords full scope to that simplicity of composition which is so well adapted to the outline mode of delineation; and in all the plates of Othello, the two chief characters (the Moor and Iago) are admirably characterized and distinguished. The address of Othello to the assembled senators, is full of a grand simplicity; in the first insinuations of Iago (plate 4), the whole design, expression, and composition is capital; and the death-scene of Desdemona is beautifully impressive and pathetic, even in its incipient preparation. The scenes from Titus Andronicus are infinitely more crowded and complicated, so much so, as to sometimes need the effect of light and shade.

No. 17 includes Romeo and Juliet, and Timon of Athens. In the illustrations of the first-named of these plays, we must confess ourselves disappointed—probably on account of the exaggerated associations which most of us are happy enough to have connected with this divine composition, from reading and learning to appreciate it, in early life. Putting all stage recollections out of question, neither the Juliet, nor the Romeo, nor any one of their looks, movements, and expressions, are exactly answerable to our ideal of the star-crossed lovers. The scene of the balcony, however, where the couple are taking leave, after Romeo's banishment, is full of passion and poetry; the scene in the tomb, where he is gazing on her supposed corpse, is intent and striking; and the two next, the concluding ones, are designed with equal skill and originality. The Timon is treated with unusual brevity, and on account of the absence of female characters, it affords inadequate scope to the artist's skill. Much, however, is effected, and all with unusual originality of feeling and conception.

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3 P 2

for a certain combination of or improvements in springs, applicable to carriages, and other purposes.—27th February; 2 months.

To Joseph Chessebrough Dyer, Manchester, Lancaster, patent card manufacturer, for certain improvements on, and additions to, machines or machinery for conducting to, and winding upon, spools, bobbins, or barcells, rovings of cotton, flax, wool, or other fibrous substances of the like nature.—27th February; 6 months.

To William Grisenthwaite, Esq., Nottingham, for having invented certain improvements in steam engines.—27th February; 6 months.

To Robert William Sievier, Southampton Row, Russell Square, St. George's Bloomsbury, Middlesex, sculptor, for having invented certain improvements in the construction of rudders for navigating vessels.—27th February; 6 months.

To Simon Thompson, Great Yarmouth, Norfolk, mariner's compass maker, for having invented certain improvements in piano-fortes.—27th February; 6 months.

To William Howard, Rotherhithe, Surrey, iron manufacturer, for having invented certain improvements in the construction of wheels for carriages.—27th February; 6 months.

To Philip Chilwell De la Garde, Exeter, gentleman, for having invented certain improvements in apparatus for fidding and unfidding masts, and in masting and rigging of vessels.—27th February; 6 months.

To Thomas Prosser, Worcester, architect, for having invented certain improvements in the construction of window sashes, and in the mode of hanging the same.—6th March; 6 months.

To Thomas Richard Gappy, Bristol, sugar refiner, for having invented a new apparatus for granulating sugar.—6th March; 6 months.

To Ralph Stephenson, Colridge, Stafford, potter, for having invented improvements in machinery for making bricks, tiles, and other articles.—6th March; 6 months.

To James Ramsay, and Andrew Ramsay, Greenoch, North Britain, cordage and sail-cloth manufacturers, and Matthew Orr, Greenoch, aforesaid, sail maker, for having invented an improvement in the manufacture of canvass and sail-cloth for the making of sails.—20th March; 6 months.

To George Scott, Water Lane, London, engineer, for having invented certain improvements on, or additions to, windlasses and relative machinery, applicable to naval purposes.—20th March; 6 months.

To John Alexander Fulton, Lawrence Poultney Lane, Cannon Street, London, merchant, for having invented an improvement in the preparation of pepper.—20th March, 6 months.

To William Erskine Cochrane, Esq., Regent Street, Middlesex, for having invented an improvement, or improvements, on his patent cooking apparatus.—20th March; 6 months.

To Benjamin Rotch, Furnival's Inn, Middlesex, barrister at law, for having invented improved guards, or protections, for horses' legs and feet, under certain circumstances.—20th March; 12 months.

*List of Patents which, having been granted in the month of April, 1816, expire in the present month of April 1830.*

William Lewis Brimsecomb, dyer, for a machine for fulling cloths.

Joseph Turner, Yorkshire, mechanic, for an improved rotatory engine.

John Woodhouse, Bromsgrove, civil engineer, for a method of forming the ground for roads and pavements.

Wm. Atkinson, Bentinck Street, architect, for a method of forming blocks with bricks and cement in form of Ashlar-stone for building.

Wm. Stenson, Coleford, engineer, for an improved engine, by steam or other power.

Wm. Lasalle, Bristol, apothecary, for the improvement of gig and cards in clothing manufactories.

Geo. Bodley, Exeter, founder, for an improved metallic engine to work either by steam or water.

## BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIRS OF EMINENT PERSONS.

### GENERAL GNEISENAN.

General Count Gneisenan was a native of Prussia, and was universally regarded, not only as one of the bravest, but one of the most able and most scientific generals of the age. His military knowledge was remarkably extensive; his eye was quick and keen; cool and clear headed, his judgment was distinguished by its soundness; and comprehending, in an instant, as it were, the capabilities of every thing around him, he possessed extraordinary promptness and firmness of decision. Under the most disastrous reverses—even when resorting to measures apparently verging upon rash-

ness—his presence of mind never failed him; his orders and instructions were uniformly given with the utmost decision, propriety, and calm intrepidity. At the close of the late war he served in the capacity of head of the staff to the Prussian main army, under Marshal Blücher; and it was a common saying amongst the officer, "Gneisenan plans our operations, and Blücher carries them into effect." To his skill in the higher branches of military tactics no greater compliment than this could be paid.

This distinguished officer was born in the year 1760; and from his early youth he



applied himself unremittingly to the study of the military sciences; a study to which, throughout his life, nearly all his leisure hours were devoted. On the attainment of his twentieth year, he entered the service of the Margrave of Anspach, as an officer, and went with the troops of that prince to America, to assist the English in the war against the colonists.

It was not until the year 1792 that Gneisenan attached himself to the service of his native country. His regiment was at that time quartered in Silesia. Ten years afterwards he obtained a company; in 1806 he was made a major; and, in 1807, the king of Prussia sent him from Königsberg, with the rank of lieutenant-colonel, to take the command of Colberg, which, through his exertions, was one of the few strong-holds of Prussia that did not surrender to the force of Buonaparte, before the peace of Tilsit.

During the siege of Colberg he was promoted to the rank of colonel. After the treaty of Tilsit he left the army, apparently in disgust, and came over to England; but, in point of fact, he was sent to this country on a secret diplomatic mission.

Colonel Gneisenan returned to Berlin in 1810, and was for some time employed in the war office. In 1813, he was appointed major-general, and quarter-master-general, in which capacity he commanded the memorable retreat of the combined Russian and Prussian forces, from the scene of their discomfiture by Buonaparte, at Lutzen, to Breslau. During the armistice that succeeded, he exerted himself in forming the national militia of Prussia, called the Landwehr.

His next appointment was that of chief of the Prussian staff, to which we have already alluded. After the armistice he remained with Blücher's army, and the destruction of the French Marshal Macdonald's corps on the Katzbach, the subsequent crossing of the Elbe, and the glorious results of the battle of Mockern, near Leipzig, on the 16th of October, 1813, were ascribed chiefly to his able advice.

Raised to the rank of lieutenant-general, Gneisenan, in 1814, contributed greatly to the victories of the allies at Brienne, and Paris, as he had done in the battle of Montmirail. It is said to have been chiefly his opinion which determined the bold march upon Paris.

For these and former services the king of Prussia now raised Gneisenan to the dignity of a count, appointed him general of infantry, and gave him landed estates in Silesia, the rent roll of which exceeded ten thousand dollars a year.

It was chiefly General Gneisenan who, in 1815, enabled the Prussian army, which had been defeated by the French in a sanguinary engagement, near Ligny, on the 16th of June, to resume the offensive in the course of two days, and to advance to the assistance of the Duke of Wellington at

Waterloo, with whom he, under Blücher's command, pursued the enemy up to the very gates of Paris.

Count Gneisenan assisted at the subsequent negotiations in the French capital; and, after the conclusion of the general peace which followed, he was appointed governor of the Prussian provinces on the Rhine.

In the following year, however, his name having been often mentioned by M. Schmaltz, in his *Memoirs of the Secret Societies in Germany*, Count Gneisenan demanded an inquiry into his conduct; and, as the king conceived it unnecessary to grant this, he solicited leave to retire. His majesty accordingly allowed him to retire on full pay, and to reside wherever he might choose, simply on the condition of relying upon his services in the event of a war.

A few years afterwards Count Gneisenan was appointed a Prussian field-marshal, and governor of Berlin.

The count married in 1796, and had by his lady, who survives him, seven children, the eldest of whom is an officer in the Prussian foot guards. He occasionally resided on his estate in Silesia, where he died, in the autumn of 1829, in his 69th year.

#### THE REV. THOMAS BELSHAM.

The Rev. Thomas Belsham, the Unitarian minister of the chapel in Essex-street, Strand, died at Hampstead in the early part of November, in the 80th year of his age. This gentleman was the brother of William Belsham, the furious Whig-historian, who died a year or two since. In early life, he was some time tutor at the dissenting academy at Daventry; but inclining to Unitarianism, he removed to the New College, Hackney, whence he succeeded Dr. Priestley in 1794, at the Unitarian Meeting-house near that village. There he continued till 1808, when he was chosen to occupy the pulpit of Essex-street chapel, vacated by the death of the Rev. Thomas Lindsay.

By his sect and party, Mr. Belsham was regarded as an able and powerful advocate of the Unitarian doctrine. He was the author of several sermons;—A Charge at the Ordination of Thomas Kenrick, at Exeter, 1785.—A Review of Mr. Wilberforce's *Practical View of the Christian Religion—Elements of the Philosophy of the Mind, and of Moral Philosophy—A Summary View of the Evidences and Importance of Christian Revelation—Letters on Arminianism and other Topics on Metaphysics and Religion—Biographical Memoir, and a Sermon on the Death of Mr. Lindsay—A Calm Review of the Scripture Doctrine concerning the Person of Christ—Letter to Lord Sidmouth on the Bill relative to Protestant Dissenting Ministers—The Rights of Conscience asserted, with respect to the Interpretation of the Toleration Acts—Memoirs of the late Rev. Thomas Lindsay, &c.*

## MONTHLY AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

THROUGHOUT the present month, the weather has been generally favourable for the occupations of agriculture, and the advantage seems to have been taken, in all parts of the country, with an eager diligence and assiduity, in order to recover the lost time occasioned by the frost. The oat and pulse crops, with few exceptions, may be said to be finished; and, upon forward soils, some of them are appearing above ground. Barley, upon some good light lands, was judiciously put in early, the obstacles and press of business considered; and such lands are in good progress of culture for mangold and turnip sowing. The former is the most tender of the roots in use, and the least able to endure frost, and is generally found to succeed best from early planting. After all, the turnips prove to be less injured by the frost than had been expected, receiving greater damage from a single casual frosty night subsequently, no doubt, on account of the renewal of vegetation by the change of temperature. It is generally found that the rutabaga, or Swedish turnip, has been more affected by the frost than the common English; whence it is supposed, that foreign root, originally chosen for its presumed superior hardness as well as nourishment, has at length degenerated on our soil. There is not much complaint yet of a short quantity of turnips. Notwithstanding the weather has been favourable to agricultural labour, repeated variations of temperature have had an ill effect on the health of many; sore throats have been frequent, with fevers of a very malignant type; and even the small pox has prevailed in some parts, to an alarming degree.

The wheats, on the best lands, begin to exhibit a luxuriant and healthy appearance, thickly planted; on poor, exposed, and neglected soils, a too large proportion, they are backward, thin, and weak, which has given rise to an opinion that a general good crop must not be expected. This, however, will materially depend on the nature of the coming seasons. The grasses have stood remarkably well, and there is great expectation of a general crop. Last year's seeds, with one or two exceptions, have failed, and the clovers are scarce and of very bad quality. Winter tares continue to improve. The stock of potatoes, a never failing and most important article of national consumption, will not only prove sufficient, but the quality is far beyond expectation. Apples, two and sixpence the bushel; and did we want a distinctive characteristic for the year twenty-nine, it might well be styled the apple year. It has been found difficult to obtain oats fit for seed, and the price of such has been high.

Hoeing the wheats has been necessarily backward; on many farms it will be totally omitted, and, on but few, will be efficiently performed, from the almost general foul and neglected state of the land; indeed, farming operations, in most parts, seem to be hurried on, with more attention to getting through at any rate, than solicitude on the score of good husbandry, to which the times are not propitious. The accounts from markets and fairs, and of the general state of the country, are so various, and often contradictory, that it is by no means easy to form, or safe to hazard, a decisive opinion; yet, on a general view, there appear to be indications of a favourable change both in agricultural and manufacturing concerns; whether we ought to be sanguine enough to hope for a degree of prosperity, under our present system, adequate to the removal of that heavy and almost unaccountable load of distress which so bitterly oppresses this land of wealth, of overflowing plenty, and profusion, is an uncertain and fearful proposition. The great fairs have been fully, and well attended, and in some, store cattle have gone off briskly and at improved prices, sheep being in limited numbers and in demand; in others, the old leaven has prevailed—vast herds of store cattle and flocks of sheep, uncalled for and unsold. Fat stock has every where met with a quicker sale, though at reduced prices. The national stock of cattle, as of every thing else, population included, with the almost single exception of home-grown bread corn, has been indeed superabundant. Our letters from the stall-feeding districts, speak of a general hesitation as to purchase, the feeders having suffered so severely in their last year's accounts. The cheese and butter trade is in a state of great depression—the former especially. Much wort has been sold, or rather parted with, for the sake of raising the needful: though, according to a single account from a great sheep district, some has been sold at an advance of fifty per cent. In fine, there can be no doubt of a riddance anon, of this embarrassing surplus of the necessities of life, from the very nature of things.

Accounts still continue to afflict us, of a universal want of money in the country—*this medium has been converted into stock, and the sale of that stock must produce its return*; at least, so much of it as bad markets have left, the other portion becoming the property of the public at large. This, if no cause of merriment to the losers, is the legitimate merry-go-round of political economy. But the heaviest cause of affliction is the immense number of unemployed labourers, no doubt arising, in great measure, from the "Irish invasion."

Alas! that we cannot apply to our own *coloni* (husbandmen) the *fortunati nimium bona si sua norint*. The great majority of our farmers are in a most depressed state, utterly unable to pay the present rents, and poor's rates increasing; yet, strange to report, many farms, given up from distress, have been let at the old rents. Complaints are reiterated of the hardness and severity of landlords, to which Sir Robert Sutton is a noble exception; from his beneficent consideration towards his tenants, he has deserved well of the country. The general depression of price, on articles of produce, is calculated at from fifty to sixty per cent. Hops are a steady article, and considerable speculation in them is stirring. The fall of lambs may be deemed successful; but it is said that many ewes and lambs have been lost from the too free use of salted hay and of turnips. Sheep, rabbits, and deer, require much dry food. The rot has prevailed much among sheep and deer. Barley, from the inferior quality and low price, is one of the most losing articles to the grower; not one half of the last crop will be malted. *Scotia*, that northern land of promise, has had so favourable a winter, that even tender garden plants have received little or no injury.—Who would not be a Scot!

*Smithfield*—Beef 3s. 0d. to 4s. 2d.—Mutton, 3s. 4d. to 4s. 6d.—Lamb, 6s. 6d.—Veal, 3s. 4d. to 5s. 8d.—Pork, 3s. 0d. to 4s. 8d., best dairy fed, 5s. 0d. to 6s. 0d.—Rough Fat, 2s. 1½d.

*Corn Exchange*.—Wheat, 46s. to 94s. (best foreign)—Barley, 26s. to 38s.—Oats, 18s. to 31s.—Fine Bread, the London 4 lb. Loaf, 10½d.—Hay, 55s. to 95s. per load.—Clover, ditto 63s. to 115s.—Straw, 46s. to 56s.

Coals in the Pool, 25s. 6d. to 34s. 6d. per chaldron.

*Middlesex, March 22.*

## MONTHLY COMMERCIAL REPORT.

**SUGAR.**—The demand for West India Muscovadoes has been steady; the estimated sales for the week have been 2,000 hogsheads and tierces. The prices are without the slightest alteration. In refined goods there is rather more business: there is little alteration in the currency. In the refined market, the low descriptions of lumps, from 70s. to 72s., have barely supported the quotations of last week, having been only in limited demand; but the better descriptions of shipping qualities, say low single loaves and Prussian lumps, have been all taken out of the market. The refiners are very firm in their demands, and, in some instances, have obtained a slight advance. The sales of crushed Mediterranean have been small this week; although offers continue to be made in the finer descriptions, there has been less doing—no alteration in the quotation to be noticed.—*Foreign Sugar*.—A limited parcel of good white Pernamo has been taken 33s. to 34s. The public sale of 543 boxes of low soft yellow Havannah, met with few offers; only one or two lots sold, 23s. 6d. to 25s.; 97 chests of Havannah, in good order, sold at 26s. 6d.; the Brazil not sold.—*East India Sugar*.—Fifteen thousand bags of Mauritius sugar, sold this week at public sales, went off, with great briskness, at full prices; brown, 45s. to 48s. 6d., white, (low to good) 25s. to 29s., yellow, (fine) 22s. 6d. to 23s. 6d.

**COFFEE.**—The public sales of coffee have been rather extensive; the East India descriptions, of which 3,400 were in one sale, they were mixed, Java, Cheribon, and Sumatra. Yellow coffee went off at high prices; Havannah and coloured Brazil went off freely.

**RUM, BRANDY, HOLLANDS.**—Some proof Leewards, and rather over sold at 1s. 10d. In Jamaica there are few sales reported. Brandy continues firm—price for Geneva is 2s. 6d.—British spirits are advanced 11d. per gallon since the duty of it has been levied.

**HEMP, FLAX, AND TALLOW.**—The tallow market is steady without briskness. In Hemp and Flax there is no material alteration. Letters from St. Petersburg are dated the 2d. March. Exchange 10d. 13. 32. Tallow 39. a 90. Bought 2,000.

*Course of Foreign Exchange.*—Amsterdam, 12. 8.—Rotterdam, 12. 8.—Antwerp, 12. 8.—Hamburgh, 14. 3½.—Paris, 28. 85.—Bordeaux, 20. 15.—Berlin, 0.—Frankfort-on-the-Main, 156. 0.—Petersburg, 10.—Vienna, 10. 21.—Madrid, 35. 0½.—Cadiz, 35. 0½.—Bilboa, 35. 0½.—Barcelona, 35. 0½.—Seville, 35. 0½.—Gibraltar, 47. 0½.—Leghorn, 47. 0½.—Genoa, 26. 10.—Venice, 47. 0½.—Malta, 48. 0½.—Naples, 39. 0½.—Palermo, 118. 0½.—Lisbon, 44. 0½.—Oporto, 44. 0.—Rio Janeiro, 22. 0½.—Bahia, 25. 0.—Dublin, 1. 0½.—Cork, 1. 0½.

*Bullion per Oz.*—Portugal Gold in Coin, £0. 0s. 0d.—Foreign Gold in Bars, £3. 17s. 9d.—New Doubloons, £0. 0s. 0d.—New Dollars, £0. 0s. 0d.—Silver in Bars (standard), £0. 0s. 0d.



*Premiums on Shares and Canals, and Joint Stock Companies, at the Office of*  
**WOLFE, Brothers, 23, Change Alley, Cornhill.**—**Birmingham CANAL, ( $\frac{1}{2}$  sh.) 290*l.***—**Coventry, 850*l.***—**Ellesmere and Chester, 100*l.***—**Grand Junction, 286*l.***—**Kennet and Avon, 27*l.***—**Leeds and Liverpool, 452*l.***—**Oxford, 635*l.***—**Regent's, 22*l.***—**Trent and Mersey, ( $\frac{1}{2}$  sh.), 780*l.***—**Warwick and Birmingham, 270*l.***—**London DOCKS (Stock), 77*l.***—**West India (Stock), 190*l.***—**East London WATER WORKS, 115*l.***—**Grand Junction, 52*l.***—**West Middlesex, 75*l.***—**Alliance British and Foreign INSURANCE, 10*l.***—**Globe, 166*l.***—**Guardian, 26*l.***—**Hope Life, 6*l.***—**Imperial Fire, 115*l.***—**GAS-LIGHT Westminster chartered Company, 55*l.***—**City, 190*l.***—**British, 0*l.***—**Leeds, 195*l.***

## ALPHABETICAL LIST OF BANKRUPTCIES,

*Announced from February 23d, to March 22d, 1830, in the London Gazette.*

### BANKRUPTCIES SUPERSEDED.

Sir Walter Roberts, bart., Courtlands, Withcombe Rawleigh, Devonshire, and Fowey, Cornwall, banker  
 J. Connop and T. L. Evill, Token-house-yard, dyers  
 J. Glover, Derby, tailor  
 J. Walker, Clebanger, Hereford, miller  
 R. Moode, Romsey, plumber  
 J. Schofield, Middleton, dealer in coals  
 F. Ince and E. Elliss, Dudley, coach-builders and harness-makers.

### BANKRUPTCIES.

[This Month, 128.]

#### *Solicitors' Names are in Parenthesis.*

Atkinson, H. Doncaster, druggist. (Wiglesworth and Co., Gray's-inn; Nicholson, Wath)  
 Arnold, W. J. Great Tower-street, wine-broker. (Hill, Cross-lane)  
 Armstrong, W. Birkenhead, draper. (Adlington and Co., Bedford-row; Frodham, Liverpool)  
 Armitage, G. Aldonbury, woollen-cloth-manufacturer. (Clarke and Co., Lincoln's-inn-fields; Whitehead and Co., Huddersfield)  
 Bryan, E. South Bank, Regent's-Park, surgeon. (Gadsden, Fumival's-inn)  
 Britton, W. Horstead, builder. (Austin, Gray's-inn; Staff, Norwich)  
 Baker, J. Birmingham, grocer. (Holme and Co., New-inn; Bartlett, Birmingham)  
 Fowling, T. Gunthorp, and M. Bowling, Kent-street, Southwark, merchants. (Bicks and Harris, Gray's-inn; Brown, Burton-upon-Humber)  
 Bagnall, T. Westwell, baker. (King, Serjeant's-inn; Price, Burford)  
 Barton, T. Preston, money-scrivener. (Adlington and Co., Bedford-row; Southward and Co., Preston)  
 Bell, J. W. Pinner's-hall, merchant. (Dyer, Took's-court)  
 Brown, F. Prince's-place, Commercial-road, draper. (Larrey, Newgate-street)  
 Blinell, T. Wakefield, Blinney, R. and Binger, M., Morton, corn factors. (Adlington and Co., Bedford-row; Taylor, Wakefield)  
 Burden, T. Gloucester, grocer. (Brittan, Basinghall-street; Bevan and Co., Bristol)  
 Barrett, J. C. Northampton, corn-factor. (Vincent, Temple)  
 Buckley, J. Manchester, and C. Nunn, Old Change, gingham-manufacturers. (Swain and Co., Frederick's-place)  
 Clarke, R. and J. Tucker, Blackfriar's-road, oil and colour-men. (Parker, Fumival's-inn)  
 Cruickshank, W. and E. L. Whitehead, Lewisham, corn-dealers. (Wijiam, Alfred-place)  
 Clayton, J. Goldington, miller. (Lloyd, Bartlett's-buildings, Day and Co., St. Ives and St. Neots)  
 Crumpton, T. Shrewsbury, cordwainer. (Clarke and Co., Lincoln's-inn-fields)  
 Cattell, J. W., Huggin-lane, silk-shag-manufacturer. (Austin and Co., Gray's-inn)  
 Cunliffe, J. Rainhill, miller. (Blackstock and Co., Temple; Currey, Liverpool)  
 Clacket, H., Dover, grocer. (Rixon and Son, Jewry-street)  
 Coleman, C. W., Bond-street, auctioneer. (Robinson and Son, Half-moon-street)  
 Chambers, J., West Kent, draper. (Hall and Co., Serjeant's-inn; Brough, Boston)  
 Dandy, G., Tariton, corn-dealer. (Ellis and Co., Chancery-lane; Bray, Preston)  
 Deans, J. B., Bath, grocer. (Fisher, Castle-street)  
 Dawson, J., Keswick, ironmonger. (Chisholme and Co., Lincoln's-inn-fields; Fisher and Co., Cocker-mouth)  
 Dench, H., Seymour-place, upholsterer. (Williams, Alfred-place)  
 Davies, T., Gland-yar, linen-draper. (Jenkins and Co., New-inn; Clarke and Son, Bristol)  
 East, S., Lavenham, innkeeper. (Harris and Co., Beaufort-buildings)  
 Edwards, B., Yeovil, currier. (Satchell, Little St. Thomas Apostle; Watt's Yeovil)  
 Evans, D., Lanwenog, grocer. (Smith and Co., Red-lion-square; Franklin, Bristol)  
 Flutten, T., Hemel Hempstead, linen-draper. (Waugh, Great James's-street)  
 Friedberg, M., Paternoster-row, medicine-vender. (Hughes, George-street)  
 Foster, E., Blackrod, Lancashire, shoe-maker. (Milne and Co., Temple; Hopwood, Wigan)  
 Gibbons, D. and G., Christopher, Junr., Bristol, millers. (Williams, Gray's-inn; Watts and Son, Bath)  
 Green, E., Field-end, York, miller. (Clarke and Co., Lincoln's-inn-fields; Whitehead and Co., Huddersfield)  
 Gonzalez, F., Copthall-court, merchant. (Patterson and Co., Broad-street)  
 Gough, W., Windsor, coach-maker. (Rhodes and Co., Chancery-lane)  
 Gelson, G., Blackfriar's-road, timber-merchant. (Sheffield and Co., Finsbury-street)  
 Guerrier, S., Pentonville, bookseller. (Parker, Fumival's-inn)  
 Garlick, J., Balall, flour-dealer. (Heming and Co., Lincoln's-inn-fields; Woodcock and Co., Coventry)  
 Gooch, T., Crawford-street, linen-draper. (Brough, Feet-street)  
 Holt, G., Walton-on-the-Hill, school-master. (Appleby and Co., Gray's-inn; Whitehead, Manchester)  
 Holt, W., Kearsley, shopkeeper. (Mapshaw and Co., Carey street; Hampson, Bolton-le-Moor)  
 Hardy, W., Kirby, Moorside, tailor. (Sandan and Co., Old Jewry; Jacob and Co., Huddersfield)  
 Hyams, J. F., brandy-merchant. (Taylor and Co., Temple; Miller, Liverpool)  
 Hartop, R., Hoyland, iron-master. (Holme and Co., New-inn; Birks, Barnsley)  
 Hindle, R. F., Boroughbridge, innkeeper. (Dawson and Co., New Boswell-court; Gray, Borough-bridge)  
 Howarth, J. and G., Spout and, worsted-manufacturers. (Emmitt, New-inn; Craven, Halifax)  
 Hyde, J. and H., New Birmingham and Gainborough common-carriers. (Winter and Co., Bedford-row)  
 Heighington, G., Sheffield, wine-merchant. (Michael, Red-lion-square; Burbeare, Sheffield)  
 Hyde, J., Manche ter, cotton-manufacturer. (Scott, Lincoln's-inn-fields; Greenhaigh, Manchester)  
 Hibbard, J. West, West Kinnald Ferry, wood-caler. (Bell, Bedford-row; Cartwright, Bawtry)  
 Holmes, M., Leeds, builder. (Wiglesworth and Co., Gray's-inn; Souby, Leeds)  
 Hayton, J. B. and T. F. Bell, Kingston-upon-Hull, brokers. (Shaw, Ely-place; Brown, Hull)  
 Hosking, V., Claines, builder. (Platt and Co., New Boswell-court; Hyde, Worcester)  
 Isaacs, L. and J., Manchester, furriers. (Rowlinson, Liverpool)  
 Isaacs, L. and J., Manchester, furriers. (Makinson and Co., Temple; Makinson, Manchester)  
 Isherwood, J., Bolton, victualler. (Hurd and Co., Temple; Walker, Manchester)  
 Ireland, T., Manchester, dyer. (Milne and Co., Temple; Walker and Co., Manchester)  
 Jones, E., Liverpool, victualler. (Taylor, Clement's-inn; Davenport, Liverpool)  
 Johnson, H., Trowell, coal-dealer. (Hurd and Co., Temple; Greasley, Nottingham)  
 Jenner, J., Lindfield, wine-merchant. (Squires, Holland-place)  
 Johnson, O. T., Huddersfield, wool-stapler. (Clarke and Co., Lincoln's-inn-fields; Whitehead and Co., Huddersfield)  
 Jackson, T., Walworth, master-mason. (Hewitt, Token-house-yard)  
 Jacob, L., Chelsea, broker. (Spyer, Broad-street-buildings)  
 Kay, H., Leeds, victualler. (Battye and Co., Chancery-lane; Hargreaves, Leeds)  
 Kirkhouse, T., Merthyr-Tydfil, grocer. (Brittan, Basinghall-street; Bevan and Co., Bristol)  
 Lawson, W. J., Lombard-street, bill-broker. (Clayton, John-street)  
 Lloyd, H., George-street, jeweller. (Wills, Ely-place)  
 Lee, J., Oldham, cotton-spinner. (Milne and Co., Temple; Ratcliffe, Oldham)  
 Lees, J., Newton-moor, cotton-spinner. (Makinson and Co., Temple; Atkinson and Co., Manchester)  
 Lonsdale, J. and A., Manchester, silk-warehousemen. (Hurd and Co., Temple; Haufield and Co., Manchester)  
 Laurence, J., St. James's-street, jeweller. (Roe, Gray's-inn)

Morris, G., jun., Norwich, slater. (Clarke and Co., Lincoln's-inn-fields; Cowley, Norwich)  
 Moulton, W., Warwick, grocer. (Taylor, John-street; Poole and Co., Kenilworth; Haynes, Warwick)  
 Moulton, T., Warwick, grocer. (Sharpe and Co., Bread-street; Poole and Co., Kenilworth; Haynes, Warwick)  
 Mortlock, J., Bury St. Edmund's, innkeeper. (Clarke and Co., Lincoln's-inn-fields; Kingsbury and Co., Bungay)  
 Mellow, J., Almondbury, dyer (Bartye and Co., Chancery-lane; Stepenson, W. Imfirth)  
 Mulhony, J., Bristol, merchant. (Pearson, Temple; Daniels, Bristol)  
 Morris, E., Wrexham, tower. (Williams and Co., Chester)  
 Nathan, I. and H. Nathan, Westminster-road, music-seller. (Patterson, Mining-lane)  
 Pope, J., Great Yarmouth, cabinet-maker. (Dax and Co., Bedford-row; Waters, Great Yarmouth)  
 Percival, W., East gate, Lincoln, farmer. (George, Wardrobe-place)  
 Paulin, H., Berwick, innkeeper. (Burns, Doctor's-commons)  
 Pearce, W., Bodmin, chemist. (Taylor, Clement's-inn; Chapman, Devonport)  
 Pettifer, H., High Holborn, cheese-monger, Brough, Fleet-street  
 Pocock, G. A., Dartford, printer, Took's, Dartford  
 Polli, L., Bristol, carver. (King, Castle-street)  
 Pecqueur, L., Paddington-street, upholsterer. (Smith, Basinghall-street)  
 Perkins, C., Worthing, coach-proprietor. (Waugh, St. James's-street; Edmunds, Worthing)  
 Pratt, H. C., Norwich, linen-draper. (Brutton and Co., New Broad-

street; Rackham and Co., Norwich)  
 Rayne, J. and C., Newcastle-upon-Tyne, seed-crushers. (Plumtree, Temple; Cram, Newcastle-upon-Tyne)  
 Roobard, J., Kensington-gravel-pits, brewer. (Branscombe, Fleet-street)  
 Rendell, E. F., West Coker, rail-cloth-manufacturer. (Williams, Gray's-inn; Watts, Yeovil)  
 Robins, T., St. John's-square, silversmith. Eyre and Co., Gray's-inn  
 Reid, W., Ball-alley, watch maker. (Spyer, Broad-street buildings)  
 Rose, J., Old Jewry, auctioneer. (Birkett and Co., Cloak-lane)  
 Roberts, C., Leeds, clock-maker. (Jones, John-street; Hick, Leeds)  
 Raven, G., Griville-street and Sidmouth-street, apothecary. (Sawyer, Staple-inn)  
 Smith, T., Bride-lane and Lambeth, wine-merchant. (Gellatly, Lime-house)  
 Smith, H. T. and J., York, drapers. (Appley and Co., Gray's-inn; Whitehead, Manchester)  
 Sutton, E. P. Clement's-inn, money-scrivener. (Conway, Castle-street)  
 Shephard, J., Beaumont-mews, corn-dealer. (Sale, Aldermanbury)  
 Sampson, F. S., Brighton, bookseller. (Wootton, Token-house-yard)  
 Simon, J., Regent-street, hosier. (Burkitt and Co., Cloak-lane)  
 Steel, J., Southwark-bridge-road, builder. (Hewitt, Token-house-yard)  
 Smith, E., Nottingham, baker. (Yallop, Basinghall-street; Parsons, Nottingham)  
 Somersfield, P., Walsall, victualler. (Turner and Co., Bloomsbury-square; Hecley, Walsall)  
 Sweet, G., Upwoman, malster. (Holme and Co., New-inn; Waldron, Wiveliscombe)

Sambrook, M., Fishguard, draper. (Brittan, Basinghall-street; Daniels, Bevan and Brittan, Bristol)  
 Thompson, W., Rochester, glass-caler. (Rochford, Borough)  
 Thredder, H. V. jun., Barking, smack-owner. (Stratton and Co., Shoreditch)  
 Wagner, J., Piccadilly, tailor. (Tribbe, Clifford's-inn)  
 Westlake, G., Great James-street, boarding-house-keeper. (Nias, Copthall-court)  
 White, J., Taunton, upholsterer. (Norton and Co., Gray's-inn; Winter, Taunton)  
 Walker, W., Drury-lane, looking-glass-manufacturer. (Walton and Co., Girdler's-hall)  
 Wallace, W., Workington, shipwright. (Falcor, Temple; Thompsons, Workington)  
 Wilde, W., Oldham, cotton-spinner. (Ellis and Co., Chancery-lane; Hampson, Manchester)  
 Wilkinson, T., Audenshaw, gingham-manufacturer. (Adlington and Co., Beauford-row; Chew, Manchester)  
 Woodward, C., Manchester, innholder. (Appley and Co., Gray's-inn; Whitehead, Manchester)  
 Wainwright, M. and W. Wainwright, Leeds, woollen-cloth-manufacturers. (Fisher, Walbrook-buildings)  
 Ward, W., Coventry, ribbon-manufacturer. (Neming and Co., Lincoln's-inn-fields; Woodstock and Co., Coventry)  
 Wood, J. E., Shrewsbury, tanner. (Philpot and Co., Southampton-street; Kough, Shrewsbury)  
 Wainwright, M. and W. and J. Johnson, Catcote-street, woollen-warehousemen. (Fisher, Walbrook-buildings)  
 Wilkinson, R., Epworth, woollen-draper. (King, Castle-street; Mason and Co., Doncaster)

## ECCLESIASTICAL PREFERMENTS.

Rev. Dr. W. Carey, Bishop of Exeter, translated to the Bishopric of St. Asaph.—Rev. J. Bull, D.D., to the Vicarage of Stareton, Northampton.—Rev. Dr. Bull, to the Canonry of Christ Church.—Rev. Dr. G. Barnes, to the Archdeaconry of Barnstaple.—Rev. W. S. Carey, to the Rectory of Lzant, Cornwall.—Rev. J. Matthews, to the Vicarage of Fenton and Sherburn, York.—Hon. and Rev. J. S. Coeks, to be a Canon of Worcester Cathedral.—Rev. J. Natt, to the Vicarage of St. Sepulchre, London.—Rev. Dr. Chandler, to be Dean of Chichester.—Rev. G. H. Deane, to the Vicarage of Eckington, Worcester.—Rev. J. Jackson, to a Prebend in the Collegiate Church of Brecon.—Rev. C. Tripp, to the Rectory of Bundeigh, Devon.—Rev. J. Heath, to the Vicarage of Wigmore, Hereford.—Rev. T. Dean, to the Perpetual Curacy of Little Malvern, Worcester.—Rev. F. Faithful, to the Rectory of Haddleigh, Surrey.—Rev. W. Pirih, to the Rectory of Letcombe Bassett, Berks.—Rev. J. Brown, to the Rectory of West Lynn, Norfolk.—Rev. J. B. Schomberg, to the Rectory of Betton, Suffolk.

Rev. J. Ashby, to the Rectory of Wenham Magna, Suffolk.—Rev. G. Rooke, to the Vicarage of Embleton, Northumberland.—Rev. C. C. Clerke, to be Archdeacon of Oxford.—Rev. A. Crowdy, to the Vicarage of King's Somborne, Hants.—Rev. T. W. Peile, to be Domestic Chaplain to Earl of Westmoreland.—Rev. C. Holway, to the Rectory of St. Simon and Jude, Norwich.—Rev. S. T. Gully, to the Rectory of Berrynarbor, Devon.—Rev. C. Morgil, to the Rectory of Chilbolton, Hants.—Rev. T. W. Booth, to the Vicarage of Friskney, Lincoln.—Rev. C. Taylor, to the Vicarage of Almeley.—Rev. J. H. Seymour, to the Rectory of Northchurch, Herts.—Rev. E. Woodcock, to the Vicarage of Chardstock.—Rev. M. Blennerhasset, to the Rectory of Lyme Intrinsic, Dorset.—Rev. W. Church, to the Rectory of Woolsthorpe, Lincoln.—Rev. L. E. Towne, to the Rectory of Knipton, Lincoln.—Rev. C. Nairne, to the rectory of Shadoxhurst, Kent.—Rev. W. A. Norton, to the Rectory of Eyke, Suffolk.—Rev. R. Meiklejohn, to the Church and Parish of Strathdon, Aberdeen.

## CHRONOLOGY, MARRIAGES, DEATHS, ETC.

### CHRONOLOGY.

February 26. Protest of Lord Eldon, entered on the Journal of the House of Lords, on their Lordships' refusing a committee of inquiry into M.M. New Series.—Vol. IX. No. 52.

the causes of the present distress so severely felt in almost all parts of the kingdom. It was also signed by the following peers: Stanhope, Churchill, Richmond, Northwich, Teynham, and Radnor.

22. A Romish Catholic White Sheet spectacle performed in the Protestant Church of Mary-le-bone by a Mr. T. Vince, for having slandered the character of a fair vocalist (Miss Wells).

March 2. Motion made in the House of Commons, that Manchester, Leeds and Birmingham be enabled to send representatives to Parliament—for 140; against 188—majority 18. Same day, a petition presented, praying the elective franchise might be extended to Sheffield and other large towns.

4. Motion made in the House of Commons, that the right of electing members at present enjoyed by East Retford, should be transferred to Birmingham—for 119; against 152—majority 33.\*

\* The towns thus thought unworthy of being represented by even *one* member, boast a population of 435,000 Englishmen, viz. Sheffield 80,000; Leeds 85,000; Manchester 186,000; Birmingham 106,000!!! A contrast from the county of Surrey: Gatton, a mean village, is famous as being one of the most rotten boroughs in England: ever since the reign of Henry VI. it has sent *two members* to parliament, who are now returned by its constable annually chosen at the lord of the manor's court, by *seven electors*!!! Gatton Park (that carries with it the entire property of the borough!!!) was purchased by W. Petrie, Esq. of R. Ladroke, Esq. for £110,000, and by him sold to Sir M. Wood, Bart. Bletchingley (within six miles of Gatton Park borough) has about 90 votes, and the Reigate (about one mile from Gatton Park) voters are only those who have freeholds in the borough. These *three very populous places* send *six* members to Parliament, while London, Westminster, and Southwark, with a population of a million of inhabitants, sent *eight*!!! But the present Earl Grey, in his petition of May 6, 1793, has thus recorded (in the Journals of the House of Commons) our immaculate representation! "That the House of Commons does not fully and fairly represent the People of England—that the Elective Franchise is so partially and unequally distributed, that a majority of your Honourable House is elected by less than a two-hundredth part of the male population. That the right of voting was regulated by no uniform or rational principle. That Rutland, the smallest, and Yorkshire the largest county, return the same number of representatives: that Cornwall, which by the last census (then taken) appears to contain a population of 188,260, returns as many members to your Hon. House as the counties of York, Rutland, and Middlesex, which by the same census contain 1,693,377—and that Cornwall and Wilts, containing 373,376 persons, send more Borough Members to Parliament than Yorkshire, Lancashire, Warwickshire, Middlesex, Worcestershire, and Somersetshire united, which contain 2,971,260. That 70 of your Hon. Members are returned by 35 places, where the elections are notoriously mere matters of forms. That in addition to the 70 so chosen, 90 more of your Hon. Members are elected by 46 places, in none of which the number of electors exceeds 50. That in addition to the 160 so elected, 37 more of your Hon. Members are elected by 19 places, in none of which the number of Electors exceeds 100. That in addition to the 197 Hon. Members so chosen, 52 more are returned by 26 places, in none of which the number of voters exceeds 200. That in addition to the 249 so elected, 20 more are returned for counties in Scotland, by less than 100 Electors each, and 10 for counties in Scotland by less than 250 each. That in addition to the 279 so elected, 13 districts of Burghs in Scotland, not containing 160 voters each, and two districts of Burghs not containing 125 each, return 15 more of your Hon. Members. That in this manner, 294 of your Hon. Members are chosen, which being a decided majority of the entire House of

March 4. Sir C. Wetherell moved, in the House of Commons, for papers relative to the late *ex-officio* prosecutions, which he condemned as an unconstitutional and needless attack on the Public Press, and the liberty of its advocates.—The Home Secretary of State said, he never heard of the libels until his Learned Friend had thought fit to appeal to the law, and vindicate its authority by these prosecutions.—The Attorney-General defended himself, and the motion was agreed to.

— In the House of Commons, petition presented from Mayo, stating that the Rev. John O'Rourke, Protestant vicar, had been absent from his parish *thirteen* years, during which time many persons had embraced the Catholic faith!!! Same day, an address was voted to his Majesty, praying the appointment of Commissioners from the Privy Council of Ireland, to inquire into the abuses of the Church!\*

8. Field Marshal Prince Leopold visited the King on the subject of Greece.

— A meeting took place in the garden of the Eagle Tavern, City-road, for the purpose of forming a "Political Union." Not less than 25,000 persons were in the garden, and at least 10,000 more were unable to gain admittance. Mr. O'Connell was in the chair, and Mr. Hunt moved the resolutions, which were seconded by Mr. French, and carried unanimously. The meeting dispersed quietly.

10. A deputation from the central† committee, which advocates the interests of the British community in the inquiry now pending before committees of both Houses of Parliament, on the subject of the East-India Company's monopoly, had a very satisfactory interview with the President of the Board of Control, in which his Lordship assured the members of the deputation, that he was quite unbiassed on the important questions before the committees, and that it was most necessary that evidence should be produced on be-

Commons, are enabled to decide all questions in the name of the whole people of Great Britain. That 84 individuals do, by their own immediate authority, send 157 of your Hon. Members to Parliament. That in addition to these 157 Hon. Members, 150 more, making in the whole 307, are returned to your Hon. House, not by the collective voice of those whom they appear to represent, but by the recommendation of 70 powerful individuals, added to the 84 before-mentioned, and making the total number of Patrons altogether only 154, who return a decided majority of your Hon. House. That no less than 150 of your Hon. Members owe their elections to the interference of Peers. That the means taken by candidates to obtain, and by the Electors to bestow, the honour of a seat in your Hon. House, evidently appear to have been increasing in a progressive degree of *fraud and corruption*!!!

\* Sir J. Newport instanced the case of one clergyman, an unbenevolent curate, who had performed the duties 45 years for £40, £50, £60, £70, and lastly £69. 4s. Six bishops had passed him by, and yet his character unimpeached!!! Notwithstanding this, the riches of the Church of Great Britain and Ireland are known to surpass all the riches of all the other parts of the world together; but then some of the bishops have £20,000, £30,000, and £40,000 per annum!!!

† Formed by deputies that have arrived in London from Liverpool, Glasgow, Bristol, Manchester, Leeds, Birmingham, Plymouth, Dublin, Staffordshire, Newcastle-under-Lyne, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Sunderland, Stockton, Saddleworth, Hull, &c. &c. in consequence of the various petitions sent into Parliament upon that subject.



half of the general interests of the empire. His Lordship also informed them, that regulations would be adopted, permitting British subjects to reside in India, and to hold land on leases in that country, for the purpose of cultivation, &c.

12. Petition presented to House of Commons from the Merchants, Traders and Manufacturers of the City, complaining of the general distress.\*

15. Budget brought forward in the House of Commons, and the beer, the cider, and the leather taxes repealed.

22. The Lord Chancellor proposed the first reading of a bill for the purpose of facilitating the administration of justice! †

23. Motion in the House of Commons for inquiring into the distress of the nation negatived by 235 votes against 87, after a four days' debate.

26. House of Commons decided that the Hon. R. Dundas, and the Hon. W. Bathurst, (two Ministers' Sons), should not have each a *sinecure* (one of £500, the other £450!), by a majority of 18; for them 121; for the country 139!!!

#### MARRIAGES.

At St. George's, Hanover Square, the Hon. F. Spencer, third son of Earl Spencer, to Elizabeth Georgiana Poyntz, second daughter of W. S. Poyntz, Esq., M.P., Chichester, and sister to the Marchioness of Exeter.—At Godalming, the Rev. Dr. Wilson, to Miss Sumner, sister to the Bishops of Chester and Winchester.—At Twickenham, G. E. Pocock, Esq., eldest son of Sir G. Pocock, Bart., to Augusta Elinor, niece to the Earl of Coventry.—At Walmer, Lieut. W. W. P. Johnson, R.N., to Eliza, eldest daughter of Rear-Admiral T. Harvey.—At St. George's, Hanover Square, Grantham Munton, youngest son of Vice-Admiral Sir Joseph S. Yorke, M.P., to Marian Emily, eldest daughter of Sir H. C. Montgomery, Bart.—At Bathwick, Rev. J. S. Jenkinson, second son of General Jenkinson, to Harriet Caroline Augusta Grey, third daughter of the Hon. Sir G. Grey, Bart.—At St. George's, Hanover Square, the Hon. T. L. Corry, M.P. Tyrone, son of Earl Belmore, to Lady H. A. A. Cooper, daughter of the Earl of Shaftesbury.

\* Mr. Alderman Waithman, in delivering the petition, which was supported by two other City members, said, (on an attempt being made to "cough him down," as the phrase is,) that he stood there on a *better footing* than many members of that House, having been returned, free of expense, by 12,000 freemen!!! He therefore thought it right to represent the *real* state of the affair! If the House was determined to remedy our distresses, they should insist on a reduction of taxation, beginning at the *top*, and not stop till they reached the *bottom*; they should begin with the army and navy estimates!!—On one of the days when the general distress question was agitated, Alderman Waithman said, in allusion to the attempts to cough him down, "that it reflected little honour on *sprigs of nobility and young gentlemen* who had received a *university* education, to attempt to put down a plain man who was doing what he conceived to be his duty; it was true he knew little, and what he did know was acquired during hours which were devoted by others to *cards and the bottle*!"

† His Lordship stated, "that the sum in the control of Chancery amounts now to £40,000,000!!"—"There is," said his Lordship, "in the Court of Chancery a large fund, which I cannot describe better than by likening it to the *unclaimed* dividends in the Bank; it had its origin more than 100 years ago, and it now furnishes an income of £50,000 or £60,000 a year."

#### DEATHS.

Lady Augusta de Aneland, formerly Lady Augusta Murray, and consort of the Duke of Sussex. At Roll's Park, 72. Admiral Sir Eliab Harvey M.P. for Essex.—In West Square, Nathaniel Brassy Halhed, Esq., 79, formerly M.P. for Lynton.—Lady Macgregor Murray, 82, relict of Sir J. M. Murray, Bart., of Macgregor.—At Dunham Massey, Lady Louisa Grey, sister to the Earl of Stamford.—Frances, second daughter of T. Wood, Esq., and cousin to Earls Oxford and Strathmore.—At Edinburgh, Dr. R. Anderson, editor and biographer of an edition of the British Poets.—In Berners'-street, Lady Bensley, 70.—At Clandon, Mary, Countess of Onslow.—At Blandford, Cornelia, wife of the Hon. A. Stuart.—In Pall-Mall, East, the Hon. Douglas Kinnaird.—In Russel Square, W. Hay, Esq., 88.—At Stithell House, Lady Amelia Ann Pringle.—Sir Robert T. Farquhar, bart., M.P., and late Governor of the Mauritius.—At East Moulsey, Admiral Sir Edmund Nagle, 73. Groom of H.M.'s Bed-chamber.—At Stapleton Park, Hon. Miss Catharine Ann Petre.—In Bury, Mrs. Smythe, sister to Lady Stafford.—Mr. D. Adams, an eminent medico electrician, and mathematical instrument-maker to George III.—C. M. Williams, Esq., of the firm of Williams and Co., Birchin-lane, and nephew of R. Williams, M.P. for Rochester.

At Ballynagh, in the county of Cavan, much lamented, the Rev. James Pollock, aged 82. This gentleman was 54 years a Curate in the diocese of Kilmore; he lived in the administration of four B. steps, to one of whom he was Curate when his Lordship was Dean. He commenced his clerical duties in the times of *moderation*, when the salary was £50 a-year, but afterwards for a season enjoyed the more ample provision of £75!! When age and infirmities, of which he had not a few, interposed to prevent his performance of the extensive duties of his parish, he, of necessity, as well as to *make way for a more active functionary*, consented about two years since to retire, and was therefore again set down with his early and old friend, a *stipend of £50 per annum, and so died!!!*—Oxford Herald, March 27.

#### MARRIAGES ABROAD.

At the British Embassy, Paris, Viscount Stuart, to Emmeline, grand-daughter to the Bishop of Norwich.—At Madras, the Hon. Sir R. Palmer, Chief Justice, to Margaret Eliza, eldest daughter of C. I. R. B. Fearon.

#### DEATHS ABROAD.

At Cracow, Mrs. Jakabonski, 59, daughter of J. Forster, Esq., R.N., Warkworth.—At Montreal, Hon. Sir J. Johnson, 88, superintendent-general of Indian affairs in British North America.—At New Strelitz, his Serene Highness the Landgrave of Hesse, 85.—The Do-vager Grand Duchess Louisa of Weimar, 73.—At Paris, Cardinal de Clement Tonnerre.—At Paris, Count Bozon de Perigord; he was governor of the chateau de St. Germain and brother to the Prince de Benevente, alias Talleyrand, before the revolution Bishop of Autun.—At Boulogne, Maria Ramsay, relict of the late Major W. Ramsay,

and sister to Lady Dryden.—At Paris, 78, the Duchess de la Rochefaucault.—At Naples, 92, General Actoun; he had been in the Neapolitan service ever since 1792.—At Spanish Town, Jamaica, aged 151, Mrs. Judith Crawford. She had

the powers of her bodily strength, as well as her faculties, until within a few years since. She remembered the dreadful earthquake of 1682.—At Paris, 79, M. de Lally Tolendal.—At Hieres, Marshal Gouvion St. Cyr, 67.

### MONTHLY PROVINCIAL OCCURRENCES.

**NORTHUMBERLAND.**—At these assizes two prisoners were sentenced to death. Mr. Justice J. H. Park, in his address to the grand jury, said: "The police of this town in regard to preventive justice, he could say from his own experience of 40 years, was admirably conducted." He congratulated them on there being only 5 cases in the calendar; and he congratulated them the more, "because in the town where they now were, there was more vice among a small number of people than ever he witnessed on a similar occasion!"

The Corporation of Newcastle have appointed a deputation to go to London, to remonstrate against an application made to government, by the inhabitants of North and South Shields, for additional "Custom-house facilities."

A very fine mummy has been presented to the Literary and Philosophical Society of Newcastle.

**DURHAM.**—Three culprits received sentence of death at these assizes; there were very few prisoners in the calendar.

The church-yard of Sunderland is now lit-up with gas; and the light is so vivid, that no person could move across the ground without being seen.

The Marquis of Teesdale has presented the committee for making the road from Alston Moor to Gretna Bridge, with the sum of £1,200, to be appropriated by them in employing the distressed miners of Teesdale, who are out of employment.

At the Durham assizes, Mr. Justice Park instructed the jury to acquit a prisoner charged with stealing a sheep, because the animal was a ewe, and it was not described as such, but merely as a sheep.

During the late severe frost, which prevailed over the whole kingdom, the thermometer was generally from 4 to 5, and sometimes as much as 8 degrees higher in Durham and its neighbourhood than it was in Oxford and London.

\* Notwithstanding this eulogium on the preventive police, we find the following instance of early crime recurring at the same assizes:—Jane Wilkinson and Mary Hutton, two very little children, were charged with breaking into the dwelling house of L. Stoddart, and stealing therefrom a flannel shirt, cotton handkerchief, and two towels. They both pleaded guilty. His Lordship recommended them to plead not guilty, as there was another charge of housebreaking against them, and if found guilty of both offences he should find it right to send them out of the country probably for their lives. They still persisted in their plea. They were then arraigned for breaking into the house of Eleanor Fenwick, and stealing therefrom a bombazeen gown, and a coat and waistcoat. To this charge they also pleaded guilty. His Lordship said, that as the prisoners, young as they were, had been the subjects of 4 or 5 criminal charges before this, he thought it his duty to the public to sentence them for the first offence, to which they had now pleaded guilty, to 7 years transportation, and for the second offence to a further transportation of 7 years.—*Tyne Mercury, March 2.*

At a meeting held at Blampland on the 18th of March, it was resolved to petition Parliament on the distressed state of the mining districts.

**CUMBERLAND.**—"In looking back on the proceedings of the recent assizes," says the *Cumbrian Patriot*, "we should almost, we think, forget our duty, and our responsibility, if we did not indulge in a few observations, to which the most ordinary reflections naturally give rise. The first is, the defective state of the police in some parts of this county, and the second, the great increase of crime amongst youth. But another and a still more deplorable fact cannot be overlooked, the increase of juvenile offenders. Nearly one half of the prisoners at the late assizes were under 21 years of age! Two under 18 were convicted of horse-stealing, and two under 15 of house-breaking!!! These facts ought to impress upon all who duly regard the well-being of society, the duty of encouraging every endeavour to train up the rising generation to habits of religion and virtue. Persons in authority, and in responsible situations, have much to answer for where this subject is neglected. It is incumbent on all who have the power, and more especially on the Clergy and Magistracy, to repress every kind of vice and impiety, and to exterminate the haunts and seminaries of profligacy and villany; thus preventing rather than punishing crime!"

**YORKSHIRE.**—A meeting of the gentry, clergy, shopkeepers, and other inhabitants of the town and neighbourhood of Huddersfield was held, March 11, at the Court-House, to consider the propriety of petitioning Parliament to investigate the cause of the General Distress, and if possible to adopt such measures as may give permanent relief. It was determined to petition Parliament, and Lord Wharfedale was requested to present that of the House of Lords, and Lord Milton that of the Commons. Various resolutions passed, one of which was: "That the Distress mainly resulted from long and expensive Wars, occasioning an immense load of Debt, and Taxation to an insupportable amount." In another, advice is given to abolish all Sinecures, and reduce Salaries and Pensions, under whatever denomination, civil and military [Field Marshalism, of course, in a time of profound peace, not to be forgotten!] Huddersfield and the out-townships contain nearly 90,000 persons, of whom the proportion of 1 to 54 are deeply distressed.—*Leeds Intelligencer.*

A public meeting was held at Rotherham, March 17, at which a series of resolutions was passed in favour of a still more extensive remission of taxes. The meeting was remarkable for the good sense that distinguished the speeches of that class of the community "who gain their bread by the sweat of their brow." There was very little of that "humming and hawing."

phrasology so notorious in more august assemblies, the essay was a middling liberal estimation.

At a meeting held, March 18, by the inhabitants of Leeds, convoked by the Mayor, it was resolved to petition parliament for a further reduction in the public expenditure, and also for a full, free and equal representation of the people in the House of Commons, without which no retrenchment can be permanent, and likewise for abolishing all useless places and pensions.

Some of the leading whigs of Yorkshire have drawn up and circulated a protest and petition to Parliament, in which they call for a direct tax upon the funds to the amount of £7,000,000, together with the raising of the standard of gold to £6, and of that of silver to 7s. 9d. or 8s. per ounce.

Great efforts are making in the West Riding to obtain the removal of the assizes for that Riding from York to Wakefield, on the ground of the saving of time and expense to suitors and prosecutors residing in that district.

There were no less than 111 applications for relief to the Court of Insolvent Debtors, held at Wakefield, for the West Riding of Yorkshire, on the 5th, 6th, 8th, and 9th of March.

**NORFOLK.**—At the recent adjourned sessions for this county, Lord Suffield delivered a charge to the Grand Jury, in which, noticing the present distress, he strenuously recommended the plan of Cottage Husbandry, as a means of curing one of the causes of the general distress, the amount of the poor's rate, and the paramount importance of the moral degradation of the poor labourers. The answer of the Grand Jury to his Lordship tended to infer that all our distress is owing to high rents, tithes and taxes, in addition to the poor rates.\*

A Common-hall has been held at Norwich, the Mayor in the chair, "to take into consideration the cause of the unprecedentedly distressed situation of the country, and to petition the Legislature for a reduction of that taxation which operates so powerfully upon the middle and lower classes, and to enforce the most rigid economy into every department of the state;" when 13 resolutions were passed, and a petition founded on them unanimously carried. The meeting was attended by nearly 2,000 persons, and was held in St. Andrew's Hall.†

\* The Grand Jury thus conclude their answer: "From various causes it is quite apparent that his Majesty's Ministers are not disposed to ease the burthens which now weigh so heavily upon us; on the contrary, they have evinced a much to be lamented disposition to turn a deaf ear to the petitions of the people. From the Legislature therefore we have no expectation, and the only hope of relief to the yeomanry of the country must be placed in the landholders, and in the landowners only. If the plan suggested by your Lordship for the relief of the poor should be carried into effect, and should be found to answer the proposed end, it would benefit the agriculturist only to a certain extent, and that benefit would of necessity ultimately accrue to the landlord, in the better rent he would be enabled to obtain for his land. The only burthens of tithes and taxes would still remain without the slightest means in the power of the tenant of relieving himself from them."—*Norfolk Chronicle*.

† The speeches made upon this occasion were eloquent, and repeatedly cheered, the *Norfolk Chronicle* informs us. In one of them it was stated, "that the distress was real, was oppressive,

**SOMERSETSHIRE.**—The poor at Shepton-Mallet are not only unemployed, but their condition is wretched in the extreme; beyond the power of the few, who bear themselves above the reverses of the times, to alleviate, except in a very small degree. Their wretchedness is such, that they have lost all respect for character; they have no excitement to industry, to prudence, or economy; and what means have they but that of thieving to mitigate their miseries? Several of them have been sent to the Swan River, at the cost of the parish. There are about 3,600, receiving parish pay. Here are nine factories, formerly all cloth, but latterly some of them have been occupied in the silk and crape trade, of which three are totally unoccupied, and the rest only partially occupied.

*Wells, March 5.*—The universal cry of poverty and distress is as vehement here as any where. The farmers have no money—the labourers no employ—and the tradesmen no custom, at least, comparatively. A retailer told me, his usual takings were from 20s. to 30s. a day, and are now, frequently, not more than one shilling. The manufactories here are all closed, and many of the windows broken; one has scarcely a whole pane of glass in the building: the poor rates are therefore much increased, and the overseers have been obliged to borrow money at the bank, to carry them through the year.

The last report from the Bath Savings' Bank states the receipts to have been, since its commencement, £252,260. 17s. 4d.; and the balance in hand at present is £208,376. 15s. 2d., the number of depositors have been 3,922, besides 70 charitable and friendly societies.

and cannot be borne!"—"We are living in a population of 60,000 souls, and of that population 20,000 of them are unable to maintain themselves without parochial relief!"—"If we look to the higher and larger establishments of this city, we see them breaking and falling to ruin!" Allusions and comparisons were made to America by another speaker, where the chief magistrate received £5,000 per annum, and where there were no taxes but those paid on articles imported immediately on their entry! The French revolution was also alluded to by another, with their *sans culottes*: "what with bankruptcies, assignments, and compositions on every side, our own population were so reduced, that we shall soon see them *sans culottes* here!"—"Taxation is the sole, direct, and immediate cause of all their suffering."—"In the palaces of fund-holders, loan-mongers, and placemen, all is luxury and ease. The poor are degraded to a state of universal and reckless pauperism—small shopkeepers and tradesmen are broken and ruined—manufacturers, farmers, and merchants can scarcely stem the swelling torrent that threatens to sweep them away!"—"What has caused the uniting of whig, tory, liberal and brunswick, loyalist and radical reformer, and unchangeable quietist, and alarmist? What has wrought this miracle? Why, the awful sense of our common danger; the pressure of our overwhelming, universal, and intolerable distress!"—"The resolutions were introduced by Mr. Robberds, in an admirable speech. Indeed, times are wonderfully altered, for we perceive better speeches made out than in the legislature—no parliamentary phrases like "running his rigs upon me!" nor "bothering me always!" are to be found in any of the late provincial orators' displays, either at the manufacturing towns of Birmingham, Leeds, or Norwich—scarcely anything resembling "pot-house speeches," or even "pot-house manners!" No coughing, nor scraping of shoes on the door, as a delivery from unanswerable arguments!"



**GLOUCESTERSHIRE.**—The inhabitants of Dursley, assembled in the Town-hall, have petitioned parliament, “to take into their most serious and immediate consideration the unparalleled distress they are labouring under, attributable, in connection with the enormous weight of taxation, to the almost total stagnation of trade throughout this and the whole of the manufacturing districts.”

**DEVONSHIRE.**—By the late statement of the Devon and Exeter Savings’ Bank it appears that £1,262,996. 15s. 7d. have been received since its original institution, and that the total in payments made amounts to £588,254. 15s. 7d., so that the sum of £675,776. 19s. 3d. remains in hand. The number of accounts opened 31,285, and the number of deposits received 114,513.

At the last Report published of the state of the Devonport Union Savings’ Banks, the sum paid in by 5,188 depositors since its commencement, amounted to £288,134. 14s., out of which payments have been made of the sum of £43,467. 16s. 8d.—remaining balance £243,314. 9s. 8d.

**WORCESTERSHIRE.**—At a meeting of the freeholders of this county, held March 2, at the Guildhall, Worcester, it was unanimously resolved to petition the legislature on the present universally depressed state of the country, and praying a full and strict inquiry into its causes. Lord Beauchamp and the county members were requested to present the petition to the House of Lords and Commons.\*

At Worcester assizes, 23 prisoners received sentence of death; the persons tried for being concerned in the murder of the Rev. Mr. Parker, and then for his murderer Hemmings, were all discharged, although one confessed his guilt!!! The record, styled “the Clerk of Assize’s Calendar,” thus recites this case of English Juris-

prudence!—“*Standing indicted as accessories to a murder, but the principal felon not having been tried, and being now dead, and the prisoners therefore declining to plead, they are to be discharged!!!*”

**HANTS.**—The inhabitants of Southampton and neighbourhood have, by resolutions passed at the Guildhall, March 8, determined to petition Parliament, “to revise those Penal Laws by which the punishment of Death is inflicted.” At their recent assizes, 32 prisoners received sentence of death; and all have since been reprieved except one!

A petition from the Landholders of this county has been presented to Parliament, complaining of their present depressed state, which they attribute in a great measure to being undersold in their own markets by the importers of agricultural produce.

A county meeting was held at Winchester, March 10, convened by the High Sheriff, and attended by about 4,000 persons, consisting of the respectable Yeomanry, when resolutions were unanimously passed, and a petition voted to Parliament.\*

**BUCKS.**—A meeting of agriculturists and others has been held at Aylesbury County Hall, to take into consideration the present distressed state of the country, when it was unanimously resolved to petition Parliament for relief from an overwhelming taxation, and for a thorough reform in the House of Commons representation. Lord Nugent attributed much of the present difficulties to the people’s fondness for War.†

At these assizes, 7 prisoners received sentence of death. Baron Vaughan addressed the Grand Jury on their very full attendance to discharge

\* The petitioners stated, that they had heard with astonishment that his Majesty’s Ministers, at the opening of the Parliament, declared the present distress to be partial; and that the retail tradesmen in country towns were in a state of prosperity; and that they conceived that nothing but the grossest and most culpable ignorance of the real state of the country could have induced these declarations; inasmuch as the distress is general and unprecedented; that all interests are suffering in a most alarming degree, and that the retail trade, in particular, never was in so depressed and ruinous a situation as it is at the present time; and that the only persons upon whom the general distress had not yet fallen, are those who are living upon the proceeds of taxes and fixed monied obligations in the shape of dividends, pensions, salaries, and sinecures.

That they are of opinion that a great part of the present distress is to be attributed to the alteration in the currency, a measure adopted without any inquiry as to the effect it would have on the industrious classes of the community, or as to the justice or injustice of the measure.

That it would have been impossible such ruinous and unjust measures could have passed the House of Commons, had it consisted of what the constitution supposes it to consist, the real representatives of the people.

That it is a notorious fact, that a large number of the Members of that House (Commons) are the mere nominees of Peers, and a majority obtain their seats by purchase, and are not elected by the free voice of the people; and that therefore it is expedient that there be an immediate and thorough reform in the Commons House of Parliament.

• The petition was founded on a series of resolutions, to the effect that the Speech from the Throne had created much dissatisfaction, and was calculated to cause great dismay amongst the people of this kingdom—that if some speedy and effectual remedy were not applied, the country will soon be overwhelmed with anarchy and confusion by the changes which have been made in the currency—that the interests of the kingdom have suffered and are now suffering from the absurd *Free Trade* experiments—that this kingdom has suffered, and is now suffering from the want of a Fair Representation in the Commons House of Parliament, which has been recently illustrated in a late trial in this county for bribery and corruption in Stockbridge, where it had been proved upon oath, 60 guineas had been regularly given for a vote!—that the only mode by which the present severe distress can be rendered supportable, is by an immediate reduction of those taxes which press on the productive classes of the community—that, in order to make such reduction, the public expenditure should be reduced, all unnecessary pensions and places abolished, and the national debt pared down to the altered value of money, &c. &c. [*Field Marshal* Colborne, his £50,000 per annum, and his other emoluments, were alluded to in the course of the speeches.]

† “Tell your children, and your children’s children,” said his Lordship, “to look back at the year 1830! and they will see the effects of War! In the deserted country-house; in the farmhouse, the occupier of which cannot cultivate his land, cannot support his poor; in the cottage, where the poor cannot keep out the elements—and the labouring population suffering to an unusual extent; all brought on by that belated War, whose hideous visage has been upheld by a Grinding Taxation!!!”

the important duty confided to them, and on the state of the calendar. This decrease of crime he hoped he might fairly attribute to the vigilance and activity of the magistracy of the county, and to the improvement of the poor themselves, whose patient endurance in a season of severe privation was highly creditable to them!!"

**SUSSEX.**—The last Report of the Brighton Savings' Bank committee states, that more than £186,000 have been placed in the Bank during the period elapsed since its establishment; of which sum nearly £14,000 were deposited in the course of the current year. That of the 2,045 accounts now remaining open, the balances upon 1221 are under £20; and that under the regulations adopted, they venture to anticipate still greater encouragement, and an increasing influence upon the morals of the lower orders of the community.

**WARWICKSHIRE.**—A meeting of the inhabitants of Coventry has taken place to take into consideration the distressed state of the country. Several speakers addressed the meeting on the subject, and some resolutions were agreed to, the substance of which was, that allegiance could only be reasonably expected while the government protected the people; that great distress existed at Coventry and throughout the kingdom, which had been produced by the unconstitutional system of borough traffic; and that the complaints of the people would never be attended to while the House of Commons was constituted as at present. A resolution was passed for forming a provisional committee of ten persons to prepare rules for a union for the promotion of a radical reform in the Commons House of Parliament.

The inhabitants of Long Itchington, Offchurch, Upton and Stockton, have petitioned Parliament on the present distress, respectfully attributing it to be caused by heavy taxation pressing upon reduced means.—*Leamington Spa Courier*.

A "Political Union" has been formed at Coventry, and by the report of the committee lately read to the society, it is established for the purpose of a real and effectual representation of the people in the Commons! the repeal of bad laws—the abolition of all sinecures and unmerited pensions, and to collect and organize the peaceful expression of public opinion, so as to bring it to act upon the legislative functions in a just, legal, and effectual way. The members have agreed to petition the Speaker of the Commons, requesting him "to insist on Mr. Heathcote attending to his parliamentary duties, or vacate his seat!"—*Coventry Observer*.

**WESTMORELAND.**—At the recent assizes, Mr. Justice J. Park thus addressed the Gentlemen of the Grand Jury:—"It is very satisfactory to me to witness that there is not a single prisoner in the goal of this county now in custody. This circumstance is highly creditable to Westmoreland, and I congratulate you upon it. It is a proud distinction, which perhaps no other county in the kingdom enjoys. There are no criminal charges to lay before you, and if nothing else should be preferred, I shall feel great pleasure in discharging you." The Grand Jury retired, and returned into court again in about half an hour, informing his Lordship that no business had been brought before them. They were imme-

diately discharged by his Lordship, and thanked for their services.

**LANCASHIRE.**—A numerous and highly respectable meeting has been held at Manchester Town-Hall of the merchants, manufacturers, and other inhabitants of that town, on the present distressed situation of the country, when it was unanimously resolved, "That the great manufacturing district, of which this town is the centre and the mart, notwithstanding the unwearied attention to business, and the incessant labour of its inhabitants, is suffering under a pressure of distress, which is wholly unexampled in its extent and severity."

A most appalling report was made of the state of Macclesfield, Chorley, Blackburn, and other places, connected with Manchester, the recital of which makes the heart sicken. In Macclesfield alone there are 903 empty houses, and 34 unoccupied factories! Other resolutions were passed expressive of "the enormous amount and unequal pressure of taxes,"—"of an immense standing army in a time of perfect peace,"—"of the payment of salaries and pensions wholly undeserved,"—"of compelling foreign nations to become our rivals, instead of being our customers," &c. &c. A petition (founded on the resolutions) to both Houses of Parliament was then voted, and has been delivered to the Legislature.

The opening of the Rock Perch Light-house at Liverpool, took place March 1. This building has been completed at the entire cost of the corporation, for the accommodation of the commerce of the port, and is a splendid specimen of mechanical art.

A meeting has been held at Liverpool, for establishing a permanent Asylum for the Houseless Poor, and subscriptions entered into for that purpose.

**LINCOLNSHIRE.**—At these assizes, 15 prisoners received sentence of death. The pressure

\* Mr. Shuttleworth said, in seconding the resolution, "There is not one department of business that I am aware of, in which capital can be employed with any reasonable prospect of fair remuneration; the prominent cause of which is, the overwhelming weight of taxation. If the taxes remain at their present dreadful amount, and are still to be drawn as heretofore—not from real property, whether land or capital,—but from beer, tea, soap, candles, sugar, and other necessities of life, it may be confidently stated, that they will in the end overpower all the energies which the country can put forth to meet them. A very slight glance at their immense amount will clearly account for the difficulties of our present situation. From January 1797, to January 1817, the gross produce of the revenue exceeded 1,290 millions, and in the same period the public debt was increased 450 millions, so that the total expenditure amounted in twenty years to about 1,740 millions—or an average of 87 millions a year. During a part of this period, the expenditure considerably exceeded this average. In the five years from 1811 to 1815 inclusive, so utterly reckless of consequences were those who then administered the national resources, that the expenditure amounted to £613,423,000, or an average of nearly 123 millions a year. From 1817 inclusive, the expenditure has been about 900 millions, which, added to the former sum, makes the expenditure for a period of little more than thirty years 2,600 millions—a sum, the mighty vastness of which no human mind has power distinctly to comprehend!!"

of the times still shows to a grievous extent in many parts of this county. Between 20 and 30 families are emigrating to America from Coningsby, Dogdike, and the fens in that neighbourhood, principally middle farmers and mechanics. The parishes are holding vestry meetings, to devise plans for assisting the industrious poor with large families to follow their rather better-off neighbours in their migration!!!—*Lincolnshire Mercury*, March 19.

**WILTSHIRE.**—Warminster is suffering as severely as any the distress which is now universally afflicting the country. Out of several cloth factories, only one is employed, and that only partially. The machinery is rusting. The depression in agriculture is dreadful; and there is not a tradesman in the town free from complaint.

Thirty-two prisoners were sentenced to death at the Salisbury and county assizes; 20 were transported, and 40 imprisoned for various periods. Mr. Justice Bosanquet, in lamenting to the Grand Jury the state of the calendar, said, "I am inclined to think that this increase of crime is to be attributed to the pressure of that distress which now unfortunately prevails in the country, rather than to any alarming increase of depravity amongst the lower orders!"

**DORSETSHIRE.**—At these assizes, 12 prisoners were condemned to death, 12 transported, and several imprisoned.

14 prisoners were condemned at Dorset assizes, 7 transported, and 12 to hard labour and imprisonment.

**CAMBRIDGESHIRE.**—Feb. 25, a public dinner was given at Cambridge to the gentlemen against whom the corporation of that town brought actions, to try their right to the tolls, known by the name of "Street Tolls," and to celebrate the triumphant result that has opened the market of Cambridge, and overturned the oppression and unlawful demands of that corporate body. After dinner, allusion was frequently made in the respective speeches to Colonel French and the Duke of Rutland, as connected with the present state of the representation of that town to Parliament, and to the place worth £2,000 per annum which the colonel receives, and of which Mr. Wells said he would do the business for £200: an object worth attending to in the distressed state of the country,

**OXFORDSHIRE.**—At these assizes, 8 prisoners received sentence of death, 6 of transportation, and a few of imprisonment.

**NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.**—At the Lent assizes, 12 prisoners received sentence of death, and 9 were transported.

A meeting of the freeholders of this county was held, March 12, at the Shire-Hall, Northampton, for the purpose of taking into consideration the great distress, privations, and difficulties of the agricultural, commercial, manufacturing, and other interests of this county and the kingdom in general, when a petition was unanimously voted to Parliament praying relief, by adopting the strictest economy in all branches of public expenditure.

\* **KENT.**—A meeting of the freeholders has been held at Pennenden Heath, when it was unani-

mously resolved to address the King for an instantaneous Reduction in the Civil, Military and Church establishments, and a Reform in Parliament. High debates took place, and *Field-Marshal* Cobourg's immense income and emoluments were alluded to—petitions were also voted to the Lords and Commons.

**RUTLANDSHIRE.**—A meeting of the agriculturists of the county of Rutland was held at Okeham, at which a petition to Parliament was agreed to, which attributed the difficulties of the country to excessive importation of *foreign produce at inadequate prohibitory duties*, and the contraction of the currency without a suitable diminution of the public burdens, and praying for retrenchment, alteration in the present tithing system, reduction of taxes, and for a reform in the House of Commons.

**NOTTINGHAMSHIRE.**—A private meeting was convened in Thurland-hall, Nottingham, for the purpose of discussing the propriety of forming a "Nottingham Political Union," similar to that lately instituted in Birmingham, when it was unanimously resolved that a "General Political Union" should be formed between the middle and lower classes of the people of that town. A committee was then appointed to prepare the necessary regulations.

At Nottingham county assizes, 7 prisoners received sentence of death, 4 of whom were under 20 years of age.

**SURREY.**—A meeting has been held at Epsom of the freeholders of this county, when several resolutions on the distress of the country were agreed to, as well as a petition embodying the same, including a prayer for the radical reform of the *Commons*! The county members attended.

**CORNWALL.**—A public meeting has been held at Bodmin, on the prevailing distress, when resolutions were entered into and a petition resolved on to the Legislature, praying an inquiry into it, and also into the present defective state of the representation of the *Commons*!

A meeting has been held at Liskeard Town-Hall, when a petition to Parliament, embracing a reform in the representation of the people, as well as the very great distress now prevailing, was carried unanimously.\*

\* Mr. Grubb, who proposed the successful petition (there being two proposed), said, "It was his firm belief, that 'milk and water' petitions would avail nothing. It was the duty of every honest man to speak out; nor could any doubt that it was so, when the distress of the country was considered. Ministers would not grant adequate relief until *compelled* to do so by an honest House of Commons, constitutionally elected by the voice of the people!!! Here was the bane of the State; the real source of the evils all now deplored. If the people had been represented in reality, government never could have contracted an enormous National Debt, and the overwhelming amount of taxation required to pay the interest of that debt would not have been required!!!"—"This," says the *West Briton and Cornwall Advertiser*, "is a new event in the domestic politics of Cornwall; and is, we trust, the precursor of more important occurrences. Cornwall sends 44 members to Parliament, and yet now begins to see the necessity of a reform!!!"